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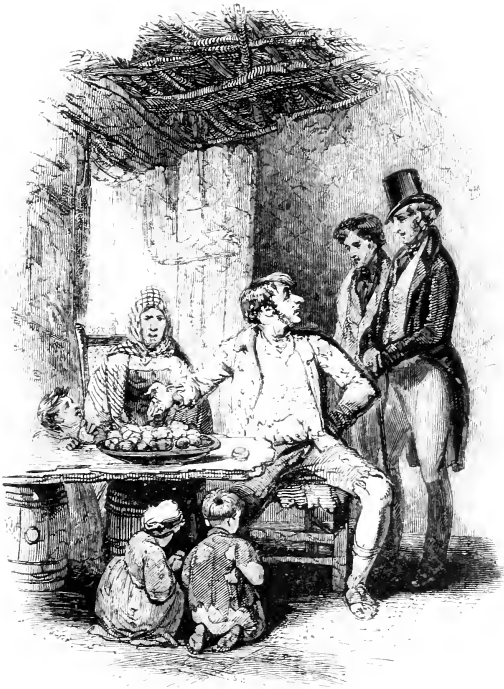

"You see Sir," pointing to the potatoes on his board, for he and his family were at dinner, "I am eating dry potatoes," &c.

See page 131.

THE

IRISH TOURIST;

OR,

THE PEOPLE

AND THE

PROVINCES OF IRELAND.

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CONTENTS.

PREFACE.

My intention in writing the following pages has been to present juvenile readers with as lively and graphic a view of Ireland as a diligent study of the best tourists, some personal knowledge of the country, and a memory, early filled with details gathered from the lips of those who knew well the land they spoke of, would permit me to put before them. I know that, by means of many beautiful fictions, young people have of late years been familiarized to some of the peculiarities of the lower Irish: their legendary lore, in particular, has been offered to them in a very fascinating form by Mr. Crofton Croker. But a book of travels in Ireland, comprehending accounts of the local curiosities, the scenery, situation of towns, and the general state of the country, they have not yet had; and a comparison of what has been written by different tourists, with a view to supplying the deficiences of each, together with such

particulars respecting natural history, antiquities, &c. as are only to be gathered from other sources, has been accordingly instituted; with how successful a result it is not for me to say.

I have treated of the four great and peculiar divisions of Ireland separately, and have conducted the traveller through each in turn. With Connaught, as being the least known, and perhaps on that account the most awakening, I have commenced. Connaught has, till lately, had an ill name: it is, however, rapidly undergoing that process which will alike strip it of its romance and its dangers, of some of its vices, perhaps,—but, perhaps, too, some of its virtues. Connaught, well governed, its people furnished with means and motives to industry, and its oppressions taken away, will not, perhaps, be less civilized a few years hence than Wales is now. But it is peculiarly hard to prophesy about Ireland. Who would believe, but through experience, that centuries of social neighbourhood should have left our sister-island what she is and has been through that long period? "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth," the greenest, the gayest, the softest, at times the most

majestic of countries;—there she still is, full of sorrow, starvation, and crime: her widows and orphans die of want in the midst of abundance: her strong men spend their energies in contests with law and government: the ministers of religion fight for a maintenance, and point the weapons of worldly warfare at their own flocks: pitiable superstitions close the minds of the poor against purer doctrines; while a general sense of the injustice of *a system* steels their hearts against the kindest of individual counsellors.

Such is Ireland's state. Some dawning hope of better days is rising upon her, for even the wild Connaught man sees that he is in the hands of a government kindly disposed towards his country. Her condition is looked into, her people will be fed, her wastes will be cultivated, her worst grievances redressed. Such anticipations make Ireland once more a land of hope and promise. The book need not necessarily, we feel, be dismal, which has that name stamped on its pages; and it is sent forth into the world not to ask for tears and sighs, but to gather up cheerful smiles and glad welcomes.

CONNAUGHT.

[Counties—Five.]

GALWAY.

MAYO.

SLIGO.

LEITRIM.

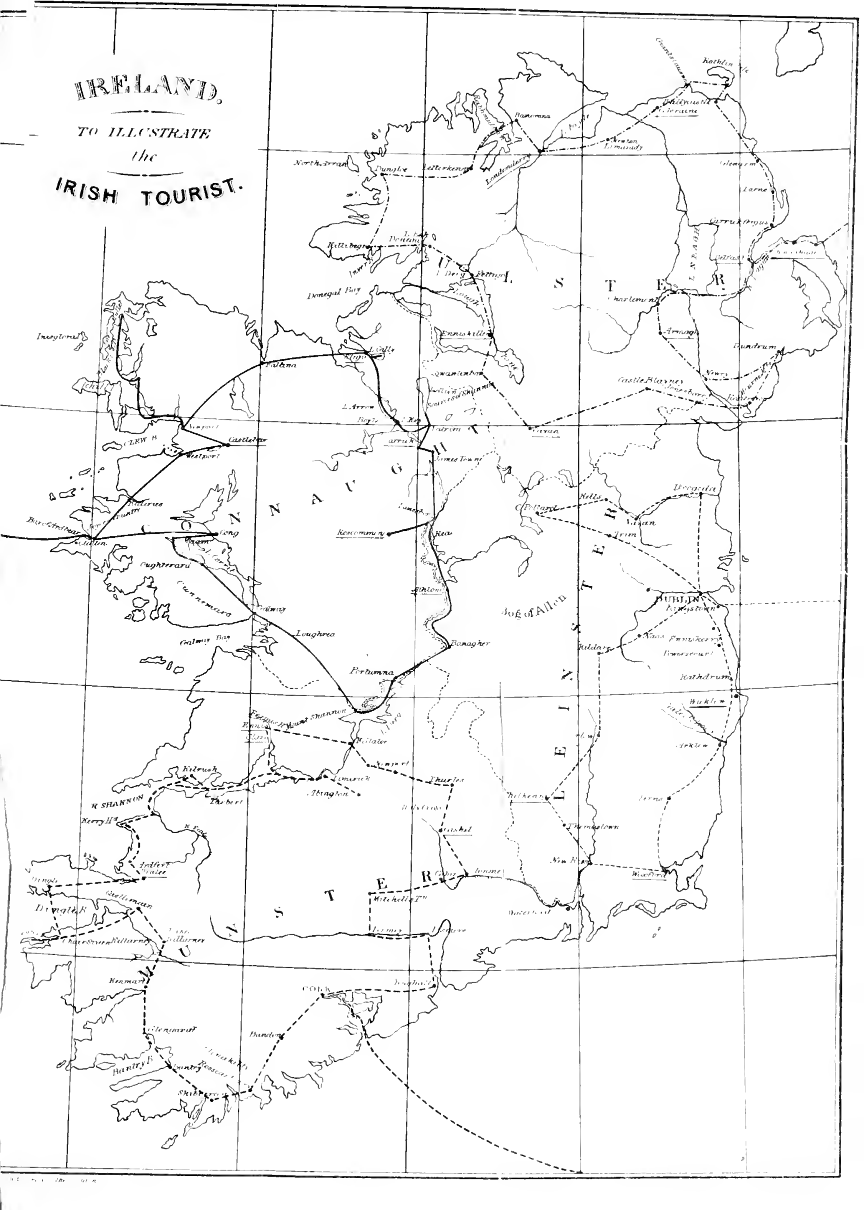
ROSCOMMON.

CONNAUGHT, &c.

INTRODUCTORY.

As I am about to conduct a traveller through one of the four great divisions of Ireland, it is proper to come to an understanding with any reader who may not be already tolerably well acquainted with the geography of Connaught; and I would at once advise him to study the annexed map, and inform himself respecting its general situation and boundaries. He will find the Atlantic battling with its broken and deeply indented coasts on the west, to the north, and to some extent the south also, while its eastern boundary is distinctly marked by the noble Shannon. If the map be what it ought to be, he will observe many peculiarities in this part of Ireland, especially as he approaches the west. Bays and creeks and nests of islands innumerable present formidable barriers to navigation, from the winding nature of the channels, and the heavy sea which rolls unbroken from the American coast to this point. He will also see ridges

of mountains and numerous chains of inland lakes, and if the map can portray bogs, bogs will certainly be there. The *counties* into which Connaught is divided are five in number, Galway, Mayo, Sligo, Roscommon, Leitrim; the three former are the highlands of Connaught. But there are subdivisions even here: at the north-west extremity of Galway there is a line of country, a sort of wild border-land, standing between the mountains and the sea, which is called Cunnemara,—literally, bays of the sea. Higher up still, and partly stretching into the adjoining county of Mayo, is a tract locally called Joyce's country, which owes its appellation to the predominance of a family, or clan, bearing that name, the principal individual of this family being a substantial proprietor, familiarly called Big Ned Joyce, but more respectfully *King* Joyce. The Joyces are all a large race, and King Joyce is pre-eminent in size; but he appears to rule among his kindred more by the better qualities of good sense and superior understanding than by any of those advantages which in former times were derived from superior personal strength. The lakes and mountains of Mayo, Sligo, and part of Galway, are numerous, but there is a general want of wood. More minute particulars, however, of the interior condition of this part of Ireland will be, it is hoped, supplied by the following pages.



IRELAND.
TO ILLUSTRATE
the
IRISH TOURIST.
ULSTER
CONNAUGHT
LEINSTER
MUNSTER
Londonderry
Letterkenny
Dunglo
North Arran
Killibegs
Donegal Bay
Enniskillen
Armagh
Charlemont
Belfast
Carrickfergus
Larne
Newry
Dundrum
Castle Blayney
Cavan
Sligo
L. Gill
Ballina
Newport
Castlebar
Westport
Clew B.
Cong
Clifden
Oughterard
Cunnemara
Galway
Galway Bay
Loughrea
Portumna
Banagher
Athlone
Roscommon
Kells
Navan
Trim
Drogeda
DUBLIN
Bog of Allen
Kildare
Naas
Enniskerry
Powerscourt
Rathdrum
Wicklow
Arklow
Ferns
Wexford
New Ross
Thomastown
Kilkenny
Carlow
Waterford
Clonmel
Cahir
Cashel
Thurles
Limerick
Abington
Kilrush
Tarbert
R. SHANNON
Kerry Hd.
Ardfert
Tralee
Dingle
Dingle B.
Killarney
Kenmare
Glengariff
Bantry B.
Skibbereen
Bandon
Cork
Youghal
Lismore
Mitchelstown
Inniskea
Achill
Mount Shannon

CONNAUGHT.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETURN.

The sun was just spreading his last beams in great glory over the Bay of Ardbear, and the fine back-ground of mountains, on which the eye rests when it turns inland, looked more black than usual by the contrast with the flood of light on the waves, when an American ship was observed standing in for the shore, and a signal was made for a pilot-boat from the nearest town of Clifden. There were some in Clifden who well guessed for whose use that boat was summoned. "Sure, had not his Honour's young son been a stranger long in Cunnemara; and was not it high time for him to leave off his roving ways, and settle among his own people,—*natural?*" "It was not for them to be blaming the youth because he had a taste for the foreign air and skies yonder, over the wide water; but his Honour was growing older, and the young lady, every one knew, wanted one to help her and cheer him between whiles; and it would not be like himself to keep the blessing from his father's roof any longer." And many were heard to say that "a welcome should young O'Ryan have, and a hearty one, let him come soon or late."

But there were those at a short distance from Clifden, who, though they knew not exactly what might be passing

at this moment in that place, had the keenest of all interests in the subject of discourse. Mr. O'Ryan had lived in Cunnemara for the last twenty-eight years; during five of which he had been left a widower, with one son and daughter. Arthur O'Ryan, the son, had been absent in Mexico during the greater part of this time: he was now returning to Ireland, having transacted some very tedious matters of business, much to the satisfaction of his employers: and the father and daughter had been taught to look for his appearance for several weeks past. They would have preferred his landing at a more distant point; for the coast of Cunnemara is rugged, and the winds sweep with tremendous force over the Atlantic, driving many a hapless vessel right upon the shore. But young O'Ryan had found a ship bound for this part of Ireland, and he could not resist the temptation of making his way at once almost to his father's door, "in the next parish," as he said, "to America."

It was gusty, uncertain weather; but the weather is always uncertain in Cunnemara. Sometimes torrents of descending rain remind the traveller of what he has read of tropical regions. A dozen times in a day will the vast water-spout pour out its deluges upon him, and between every shower the rainbow will be stretched from the distant islands of the sea to the hills of Ennis Turc, or across the sides of Mull Rea. Beautiful, broad, and bright are those rainbows, beyond the imagination of those who have never beheld such; and perhaps they are hailed with a more religious feeling in these regions than amid tamer scenery. After such deluges as the Galway resident is often called to behold, the pledge of promise seems more than commonly welcome.

Annette O'Ryan had lived long enough in Cunnemara to be well accustomed to these changes; and, for herself,

she loved them. It was not the landscape, more than the lights and shades and ever-varying hues which all these fluctuations in wind and weather brought to it, that she admired; but her enjoyment was not without its drawbacks. Many a winter night had her sleep been broken by the gusts of wind which shook her father's house to its foundation. As the mighty south-west gathered up all its fury, the roar of the waters could be distinctly heard beating against the rocks of the bay; and Annette would strain her eyes in gazing over the distant waters, as a gleam of moonlight sometimes revealed a vessel drifting fast on shore. The cry of "A wreck! a wreck!" would now and then be repeated under the window, on the first glimmer of morning light; and all hands would be off and employed in collecting the spoils on the beach. It may be well imagined that now, when autumn came, and her brother's vessel was daily looked for, every midnight or morning gale filled her with anxiety. But Annette did her best to hide this from her old father: she could not wholly conceal her emotion, when a louder blast than ordinary made the panes of glass rattle in the windows of their abode even, screened as it was by shrubs, and by the neighbouring height; but she bent down her head for a moment, played with the fine old greyhound, or touched her harp,—any thing to give a turn to her thoughts, and enable her soon to look up cheerfully.

Annette did not go often to the neighbouring town of Clifden. It required some effort to stay from the place where she was sure of hearing the *first* news of her brother; but she recollected that by giving way she should probably bring home a disappointed face too often to her father's fireside. He could come but once;—but once could there be joy, and triumph, and gratitude: and before that one prize should be drawn, how many might be the

blanks! It was thus that she strove to tend her flowers, as if for the mere enjoyment of their own beauty, and not because Arthur was coming, and all should look gay for *him;* she looked abroad, and strove to think less of the season as in connexion with him. On the evening we mention, in particular, she had enjoyed the day, which was unusually soft and calm; and had tried to worship God, with a heart full of confiding love. Many symptoms had of late marked the transition from summer to autumn, though the flowers and shrubs were in rich beauty. She had been sitting in the garden this evening with her father, who had now returned into the house, whither Annette was preparing to follow, when the well-known faces of two neighbouring peasants appeared at the gate. "Miss Annette, Miss Annette! sure here's good news entirely. May be his Honour, long life to him! will come out to see."

"What? to see what?" exclaimed Annette.

"Sure isn't it the young master himself, coming up as fast as the lame leg will let him!"

Annette did not notice the expression, in the ecstasy of her joy at the news. She ran in to her father;—stopped however ere her hand was on the handle of the door, and gathered calmness before she told her welcome news.

"Now thanks be to God!" said her father, "we will go and meet him:" and he seized his staff with a trembling hand, and prepared to go down the hill-side towards the inlet on which Clifden stands. His daughter, it may be supposed, did not let him go alone. The narrow road from their dwelling to the valley took a steep descent, although it was conducted in a winding direction round many points of rock, and the two peasants who had brought the first news were anxious to assist his Honour by clearing away every stray stone in the path.

"But, Blarney," said Annette, suddenly struck by the recollection of his words, "you said something about your young master being lame; we never heard that."

"And how would you hear it, Miss Annette, my lady, when the leg was as complate a leg, may be, as ever you seen, till just an hour ago, when it was smashed entirely? Sure, didn't I see it done with my own eyes!"

If Annette had not lived always among the Irish she might have been alarmed at Blarney's tidings; but well aware that to be "kilt" and "smashed entirely" meant often some petty injury not worth a thought, she questioned the narrator in a very quiet tone. "Well, Blarney, and how was it done?"

"Faith, my lady, and I'll tell yees. Sure the American fired his gun out yonder, for a boat to bring off the young master; and all the fishermen would be striving which should be first for his Honour's Honour. And then there's Jack Rory, that's not lucky any way, but will always be trying, come what will; he would go too: and when they got to the ship's side, twenty of 'em at least, my lady,—let alone a bull, no man could roar louder for custom than Jack; and the young master catching his eye, and seeing him so hearty, jumped at once into his boat, bad luck to him!—and the portmantel too, and the cloak, and the bits o' things beside, to say nothing of the dark young gentleman,——"

"Well, Blarney?"

"Well, my lady, and sure if there's a bit of a rock anywhere in the bay, it's Jack Rory that will be hitting upon it. He knows no more than the babe unborn what he's about; and then his boat is the worst in Clifden. The young master soon seed that he was wrong, and I warrant wished himself out; but Jack kept pulling on, talking all the while in his glory, like one mad. At last crash the

boat goes on the point of rock by the castle-side,—and there they were, quick as thought, all in the water. I wasn't frightened, Miss Annette; for I knew that it was he that could swim with the best of 'em:—and so he did, bless him:—but when he was fairly out of it, och! then the red blood streamed from the leg that was hurt——"

"Hurt! how?"

"By the rock, bad luck to it! plase your ladyship, when the boat struck. So when I sees that he couldn't walk for the pain, I calls Mike Riley, and bids him and Tim O'Rourke whip him up between 'em, and bring him hither in no time; but, sure, he would stay behind to look after the young dark gentleman that was kilt, and the portmantel, and the bits o' things. So I hied up hither to tell yees all the good news."

"Thank ye kindly, Blarney. But the young gentleman, was he hurt, think ye?"

"Only drowned a bit, my lady;—nothing more. He looked pitiful enough when they got him out of the water; and the young master stood dripping, like a duck, over him."

"Now Blarney, do what I say;—run as fast as ever ye can before us to the town, and ask John Spooner to see they have dry clothing and 'tendance. Tell them we will be there as fast as my father's strength allows!"

Blarney darted off as desired. He found the comfort of the voyagers had however already been cared for: the surgeon of the little town, and several of the inhabitants, by whom Mr. O'Ryan's family were regarded with strong feelings of respect, had surrounded the young man and his companion, and insisted upon their changing their wet garments before proceeding further. The surgeon also had looked at Arthur's wound, and pronounced it one which, with care, would soon be cured; but would not

allow him, on any account, to walk up to his father's house that night. "And here in good time," said he, "come, they who will enforce my orders," as Annette and her father entered the room, and each in turn threw themselves into Arthur's arms. They looked at each other, they smiled and wept, were silent and talkative, all in the course of a few moments; and then Arthur presented his friend, young Vergos, who had accompanied him from Mexico, on his return to Europe. They had often heard of the young Spaniard, and Arthur had before mentioned his desire to visit Great Britain—above all things, to see Ireland, of which land he had heard many tales in his childhood, from an Irish priest, who had been his tutor: and Arthur had promised to be his guide over part, at least, of his native country. All this Arthur rapidly explained, after the first burst of pleasure at their meeting was over; and then he laughed and said, "To be sure we have given poor Vergos a very cool reception. I might have remembered that awkward fellow sooner; but I did not till I was fairly on board his boat; and then I could not help reminding him of his upsetting me once, when a boy, near this very place. And what do you think he said? 'Och! sure, your Honour, and wasn't ye as safe and sound next morning as ever? Sure its not Rory would be harming any one, let alone yer Honour, beyant a trifling wetting.'"

"And the fellow came so easily and impudently," added Vergos, "for his reward just now;—boasting that nobody else could have upset a boat so cleverly. These countrymen of yours, O'Ryan, know how to put a good face upon the matter, at all events."

"Oh!" observed Arthur's father, "an Irishman is never in the wrong, sir. Whatever he does, however seemingly inexcusable in our eyes, he will endeavour to prove was done in the best way, or at all events better than any one

could have expected. This is the secret of much of the content you will see in the midst of misery,—the Irishman is in general well satisfied with *himself*. But, Arthur, we must contrive some way of carrying you up to the lodge."

Arthur would have deprecated all trouble about him, and protested he could walk, if it were slowly; but Mr. B. the surgeon was peremptory. "My dear sir,—I must insist,—that foot must not be put to the ground for a week: if you submit to my discipline for that time, I promise you a cure; but I will not bate one hour of the infliction. We medical men, you know, sir," addressing Vergos, "are obliged to be strict disciplinarians;" and the doctor drew himself up to his full height, and looked very pompous.

Arthur smiled at his sister, well remembering the character of the good apothecary, which was that of a man of talent and worth, gifted, however, with a good share of self-esteem, and affectation of professional dignity. The matter was soon settled:—a sort of litter was procured, in which the wounded man was deposited, and carried to his father's house by the willing and eager peasants; Annette, Mr. O'Ryan, and the Spaniard following on foot.

The day was now completely closed, and the moon had arisen, making the scenery rich in a different style of beauty. There were gusts of wind, and masses of cloud here and there driving up from the Atlantic, as if preparing for battle with the bright luminary which had arisen from behind the majestic hill. The Twelve Pins of Bennabola, those singular conical mountains which form the background of the picture, and, more distant, the Mam-Turk range, each caught the light; and their outline was rendered more picturesque by the occasional changes, as the moon was sometimes hidden for a moment. The higher they mounted, (and Ardbear Lodge stood on high ground, though sheltered,) the more striking was the view. They

were on the southern side of the bay, and traced the windings of the deep narrow inlet above which Clifden stands, to its source in the Atlantic. The whole coast appeared deeply indented, one sharp promontory after another jutting out into the sea. Beyond Clifden, to the north, looking over towards Joyce's country, that beautiful part of the country called the Killeries was visible. Turning to the south, the view was more desolate;—brown, boggy land, with lakes catching the moonbeams, and behind these the Urrisbeg mountain. This is all Cunnemara,—and it is worthy of its name,—"Bays of the Sea." The inland lakes and creeks, and boggy tracts form a singularly wild, rugged picture, when seen from an elevation like this. Vergos looked with dismay in this direction, and was glad to turn his eyes to the nearer prospect. As they approached the lodge, all was comfort and civilization: the arbutus, the laurel, and bay grew in thick heavy masses on the lawn and shrubbery, and sheltered the house. They were soon in the hall; and Arthur, placed on the sofa, near the bright turf-fire, looked around the well-known room, stretching out his hand to the domestics as they gathered round to welcome him. There was honest pleasure on the faces of all; but Vergos was most touched and interested by what followed. The family party was just settling into composure, the lights were brought in, and Arthur's father had taken his seat near the couch on which his son was stretched, when a murmur was heard in the hall, of several voices raised in sharp contention: above them might be distinguished that of a woman, who seemed indignantly repelling some attempts which were made to restrain her approach to the room occupied by the family.

"Listen!" said Arthur, with a knowing look. "Leave it to nurse Burrowes; we shall see if she will not win her way hither." And as he spoke, the door was quickly

opened, and a tight, matronly little old woman burst in; and without further ceremony, running up to him, threw her arms round his neck, kissing his forehead, and exclaiming with passionate fervour, "My darlint! my jewel; my born dimint! may the blessing of all above be upon ye, over and over. Och! but its I am glad to see ye in yer own father's house again!"

"Thank ye, good nurse; thank ye kindly," said Arthur, laughing. "I knew I should not be long without my welcome from you."

"Troth, and indeed, jewel, I would have been here sooner; but the spalpeens take advantage of me, seeing I have not the reg'lar gift of hearing as *wonst:* and sure it is only by questioning and cross-questioning that I can get to know the news at all, at all: and then that smart fellow, Will Blake, his Honour's serving-man, takes on him to say ye could not see me. *Me*, indeed, says I. Marry, Mr. William, times are changed indeed, an if the young master wouldn't see *me* any hour, day or night, an I comin' on purpose. Please to let him know, Mr. William, says I, speaking quite civil, that nurse Burrowes is here. Not to-night, says he. O, the villain! says I:—and I to go back to my own cabin, and not see the sweet young master. Young man, I'll not be troublin' you any longer. So I oped the door for myself quick; for I thought it but right to spare his Honour getting up to let me in: and so here I am, my darlint!" and before the sentence was well finished, her arms were round his neck, and another kiss was imprinted on his forehead. "And so, cushlamachree," she continued, "ye have had a hurt here: sure ye'll let me be the nurse now, and dress it asy, wont ye?"

"Thank ye, nurse; but really I don't know what there will be for you to do, Mr. ——, the surgeon, has dressed it already, and nothing is to be moved till he sees it again."

"Oh, but wont ye be wanting whey, and cordials, and somebody to move a pillow, may be, at night; and arn't all here young, simple things, that can't be trusted to attend on a sick man."

"I see, nurse," said Annette, "you hold *my* nursing in very low esteem."

"Och, sure, I forgot yees, Miss Annette, dear; blessings on ye; but ye won't say ye have the larnin of a nurse, tender."

"Well," interposed Mr. O'Ryan, "I see how it must be. We must have nurse Burrowes here for a few days; and I shall only condition that she does not let her tongue run on at too great a rate, which might keep the patient back. And I hope too, nurse," he continued, "you will be patient with the servants, and not order them about quite so much as you sometimes do. I should not like it myself, if I were in their place."

"Indeed, an if yer Honour were in their place, it's not nurse Burrowes that would be saying the thing ye might not like to hear; but the sarvants are another guess sort, entirely. But I'll not forget yer Honour's advice."

"Well, Burrowes, you shall go to the housekeeper now, and get your tea; and then you can see that Arthur's room is made comfortable for him: and if you like it, you can have a shakedown for yourself, in the anti-room, and be ready if he wants any thing, to give it him. I think, indeed, it *would* be well to let him have a little good nursing at first."

"To be sure it would," said the old woman, drawing up; "don't I know that, and didn't I come here on purpose? Thank ye kindly, Miss Annette, dear: see, I put on my clean cap and apron, all ready!"

Annette smiled, and bade her go for the present; assuring her she should be the nurse, so long as she would

but submit to the doctor's orders, and the wishes of her patient.

"There she goes," said Arthur, "a good specimen of her class,—as affectionate, faithful, and conceited as any of them; but cleaner, cleverer, and more judicious, I will say, than most; I am glad she came, and that Vergos saw her entrée."

"But does she really *order* your servants, as you say, sir?" asked the young man of Mr. O'Ryan.

"Oh, yes; she is the most imperious person. She thinks her connexion with our family, as the nurse of my children, justifies her being on the side of *the quality* on every occasion, and never misses an opportunity of showing her consequence. They do not like her, of course; but yet I do not think one of them would be saucy to her. She has so much good sense and truth about her, that they cannot help respecting her."

"And I find," added Annette, "that the female servants, if they are worth any thing, consult her with great deference in their difficulties. It is a sort of test with me of the worth of an attendant: if they are upright and faithful, they will soon learn to bear with nurse Burrowes."

The rest of the evening was passed in quietly recounting the history of Arthur's voyage, and in hearing Cunnemarra news in return. They separated, however, at an early hour: nurse Burrowes appearing, to announce that her young master's room was ready, and that it was to be the "state chamber, that the lame leg might have less way to journey." "But indeed," she added, in a tone of apology to Vergos, "every room in his Honour's house is as iligant as a state chamber; and only that the blue chamber hasn't the new carpet, and the best chist, it is as proper a room and as beautiful a bed as ever jintleman slept in."

Vergos thanked her, laughingly, and expressed perfect confidence in the goodness of his accomodation. Nor had she promised false: his apartment was pleasant and airy, and after the miserable lodgements on ship-board, seemed even luxurious. He soon slept soundly, and even in his dreams had a sense of self-congratulation on his arrival in a land he had long desired to see, and among a people in whose history and fortunes he felt the strongest interest.

CHAPTER II.

BOG-TROTTING.

"Indeed, Mrs. Burrowes, you are quite in an error," said poor Vergos, a day or two after the evening whose history was related in the last chapter: "I was not laughing at the brogue, or putting fancies into the master's head, I can assure you; I was only asking him to translate the word you said just now."

"Translate, indeed! as much as to say you Irishwoman can't speak Christian English, and must have it expounded to ye, like Latin."

"Nay, but nurse," interposed Arthur, "if all were so touchy and suspicious as you are, pray how should this gentleman ever know the Irish? Let me tell you, Vergos is of your own religion, a Catholic. He had an Irish priest

for his tutor ; and he came over here on purpose to see your country."

"Och sure, did he ! and that alters the matter entirely. A Catholic,—bless him :—one may see it in the eye !"

"Yes, I assure you, it is true: so now you may speak out all you think to him, and not put on that odd dull look, as if you did not hear, when the priest is mentioned."

Nurse Burrowes looked up, and a very comic expression for a moment appeared at the corners of her mouth ; but she corrected it the next instant, saying demurely, "Sure his reverence is a holy man, and 'tis our duty to spake handsomely for him !"

"Indeed if it be Father Nolan, nurse, you may very well do so ; I have a great respect for Father Nolan myself. I believe he is a good man, and a good friend to the poor."

"Troth, darlint ! and so he is;—was, I mane,—for sure Father Nolan is gone to his rest ;—and Father Dennis is another man quite. It isn't," she added, in a low and confidential tone, "that I am for speaking against any of them, 'specially the servants being some of 'em Protestants, let alone his Honour and yourself, Master Arthur ; but one priest isn't always like the other. Father Nolan never took the bit out of the widdee's mouth ; but Father Dennis says the widdees are the best rint. 'Tisn't long ago, (but darlint ye'll not breathe it,) that I carried him a tinpenny, when I hadn't a bit, not so much as a 'tatoe in it ; and I said, Father Dennis, says I, sure times are hard, and no help for poor craturs like me ; and here's all I've got in this blessed world,—so I held up the tinpenny."

"And would he take it ?" asked Vergos.

"Aye, indeed, that did he ! he never waited till I'd finished, but beckons me to hand it him ; and because I was slow, he chucks me under the elbow ;—then down it drops, and he picks it up and puts it quick in the pouch.

But sure it's the same blessed religion entirely, whoever be the priest: and as to people making *norations* about it, never heed them, jewel. Don't I know that He above is greater than all, and that none of us pay our dues there: and who makes us stupid creatures know Him, I say agin, barring the priest?" And here nurse settled down into that look of quiet dulness which generally came over her when any thing was said of her religion which she did not choose to hear.

Arthur and his friend exchanged significant looks, but chose to say no more before her.

As quick as thought she changed the theme.—"May be it's myself would like to give the foreign gentleman a taste of the buttermilk," said she, looking towards the window. "Sure the Joyces at the farm yonder has got some beautiful!"

"I should like to go myself to the farm for it, nurse;—will you go with me?"

"Is it I!—what, and leave the young master on the sick couch?—No, no; how do I know but some one will be doing mischief!"

"Nonsense, nurse: I don't want you at all. But, however, I believe Vergos will do best by himself now. He had better make his own acquaintances, which he cannot do so thoroughly, unless alone."

"I do not like to leave you a prisoner here," said his friend; "else I own myself well disposed for a long walk among your hills."

"By all means. You cannot amuse me more than by going out, and bringing home some account of your adventures. Only take my advice:—you are not an experienced bog-trotter, Vergos, and may be perplexed before you are aware of it. Ask any peasant you may meet to go with you, and guide you."

"And there isn't a man in Galway," exclaimed the nurse, "who wouldn't be proud to do the kind thing by the stranger! To be sure they can't all speak English; but they'll all be civil, notwithstanding, to him that's civil himself."

Thus informed, Vergos prepared for an expedition. He met Miss O'Ryan in the hall, who farther advised him to take shelter in the first cabin, if the rain, which she anticipated, should come on, for it would be no light shower. He bent his steps first towards what Mrs. Burrowes had dignified with the name of the farm-house. To Vergos's astonishment the owner, Mr. Joyce, came out to meet him with tattered garments, looking the picture of beggary; and his wife was without shoes or stockings. At first, doubting whether he could be right, he enquired whether a drink of the buttermilk, for which he heard they were famous, could be afforded him; but was instantly reassured by the hearty assent given. Half-a-dozen cocks and hens were eagerly driven out of the room, which appeared to serve as kitchen and parlour: but it was refreshing to see that beyond it, towards the north, was a small clean-looking little room, where stood the milk-pails, very creditably neat. Still the discomfort of the principal apartment astonished Vergos:—the dirty, dark floor, the entire absence of polish in a single utensil, or article of furniture, the smoke-begrimed walls, and the unwashed appearance of the children. To be sure, he had been accustomed to such things in Spain; but he had since seen England, and had no expectation of finding so much to remind him of home in his British Majesty's dominions. The buttermilk was brought, and, after the fashion of the country, was sour; but Vergos had no objection to this: it was rich, clean, and wholesome, and he drank heartily.

Mr. Joyce meanwhile seemed well disposed to enter in-

to conversation with his guest, and volunteered an account of his worldly condition, which Vergos was very willing to receive; though he did so with caution, thinking it not likely that a man of business, and a shrewd man, as this seemed to be, would tell the whole truth respecting his pecuniary affairs to a stranger. The appearance of Mr. Joyce was not particularly pleasant: he was tall and portly,—a real Joyce,—as Vergos afterwards found, when he learnt by comparison and enquiry to estimate the bodily powers of the gigantic race, which has given its name to the district adjoining Cunnemara. He had likewise all the ease and self-consequence of his family; seemed good-natured and hospitable in the highest degree, but also tenacious and authoritative. Had he been better dressed and placed in different circumstances he would have been a fine sample of full manhood; but there was a cunning couched under an appearance of frankness which Vergos did not like. When he better knew the Irish of this and a lower station, he accounted for and excused this, as one of the national faults which has grown with the growth of an oppressed, degraded, but clever race of beings. Mr. Joyce, however, was not servile: he was, by his own account, an independent man, as far as one in that station can be independent in Ireland. He told Vergos he had eleven cows, plenty of pigs and fowls, and a herd of cattle on the mountains;—that his landlord lived in Galway, and he paid him what he considered a high rent, about £3. 7s.:—it did not appear so to Vergos; and he listened in silence, and with some surprise, to the details of difficulties with which Mr. Joyce plied him, winding up, however, with the assurance that so long as he had potatoes and salt for his family, he should stay among the Joyces, who were all *cliver* boys, and could make a thriving bargain, if any could. There was so little that was inviting in the farm-house

that Vergos soon took his leave, attracted by the beautiful aspect of the hills, which now, covered with heath, as rich and bright in colouring as that he had often admired in Valencia, presented a most inviting appearance to the eye. Shaking hands, then, with the Joyce, he turned into a beaten path which appeared to lead across one of these flowery hills, and soon found himself breathing in full perfection the full breezes from the sea, and in a position to take a more correct view of the country than he had been able to obtain the night before.

Vergos was a practised pedestrian; and we need not tell such of our readers as have ever traversed a new and romantic country, how much one's strength is stimulated by curiosity, and how little the lapse of time or the shifting clouds are observed on such expeditions. Our Spaniard mounted a breezy hill; then, seeing the deep gorges between the neighbouring mountains, was tempted to explore, first one, then another, generally finding them occupied by lakes of greater or less magnitude, encircling wooded islands; their clothing being chiefly yew. Excepting on these islands, he was disappointed in finding no wood: the country towards the south-eastern side of Cunnemara appeared to be entirely without trees: no spreading oaks, no beeches, no towering masses of dark foliage broke the prospect, where it was not confined by a mountain, or projecting rock. The scenery of the defiles was however, very picturesque, and the black islands on the bosom of the lakes contrasted in a singular manner with the bright heath-covered sides of the mountains by which the lakes themselves were enclosed.

Vergos looked for plants to add to his Herbarium, and found that Cunnemara would enrich him with many floral treasures. There he found the bog-bean, the yellow as-

phodel, the pale bog-violet, the drosera (fly-trap) gentiana, the rarer heaths, the pink-streaked water-pimpernel, besides many delicate and rare ferns. Eager to collect specimens, he sprang from one knot of green rushes to another, till far advanced in an extensive tract of bog-land ; and now, looking round, found that he must retrace his steps, or venture to cross what appeared more perilous ground than any he had yet passed. He decided on the latter, having confidence in his own skill of eye and limb ; but soon found reason to distrust both, and, after various slips and narrow escapes from more dangerous falls, at length was obliged to come to a halt on a little knoll half covered with bog-myrtle and willow-herb, but presenting around it nothing to Vergos's view, save a labyrinth of small, standing pools, divided only by green tufts, which shook in the breeze, and evidently were not of sufficient stability to bear the tread of even the lightest animal.

Meanwhile the wind had arisen, and blew first from one point, then another, till it settled in the formidable north-west ; and then the clouds drove up, and big splashing drops began to fall : and here was poor Vergos in the most unfavourable of all possible positions for receiving a pelting shower. He looked round,—not in alarm, but as one provoked and angry with his own stupidity, in having placed himself in so uncomfortable and ridiculous a position, especially after the warnings he had received. How far he might be from the lodge he did not know,—perhaps three or four miles ;—but the half-mile of bog was the real obstacle ; if he could but cross *that*, all the remaining part of the walk would be as nothing.

Most happily for him, not many minutes had elapsed, while revolving in his mind the disagreeable prospect before him, when the sound of a female voice, singing one of the wild airs of the country, was borne by the wind to-

wards him, and he saw, emerging from a hollow between two rising grounds, on the side nearest that part of the bog where he was, a woman and two children tripping along, laden with baskets. Vergos shouted loudly:—the poor people started, and seemed inclined to run away; but presently one of the children, pulling its mother's cloak, moved towards the quarter from whence the voice came. His difficulty was seen in a moment;—and it was seen too that the will to remove it, in those he addressed at least, was not wanting. The children pointed, and called to him in Irish; but the mother put them aside, saying, "Whisht, whisht!" then setting down her basket, and throwing off her long cloak, lest it should encumber her by the way, she made signs to Vergos to remain quietly where he was, and proceeded carefully to reconnoitre the ground with a long staff. Her slow and cautious selection made him more fully aware of the danger he might have incurred. Again and again she examined and shook her head; tried a new point, and shook her head again; while her children, left on the brink, evidently alarmed at her peril, every now and then set up a shrilly wail, which sounded almost like a death-song. Vergos bitterly reproached himself for having brought a fellow-creature, a female and a mother, into manifest danger. He called to entreat her to come no further, unless she were sure of her ground; but she took no heed, except by motioning him to stay where he was; till, arrived within a very short distance of him, she made a dead halt, looking first at him, and then at the intervening ground, which she explored in various places with her long staff. Happily the rain had ceased; but the strength of the wind increased the difficulty of a passage where steadiness was so requisite.

At length the adventurous Irishwoman looked up; but it was not with the look of confidence or satisfaction.

"Sure, I doubt an it be to be done? Is your honour a light stepper?"

"Pretty well, my good woman, I believe. Are those holes yonder very deep?"

"Is it deep!" and she held up her hand in surprise. "A stranger ye will indeed be then!" She plunged her long staff into one of them, up to the head, and then, drawing it out rapidly, signified that once, twice, thrice, nay four times its height might be measured before a bottom could be found. "Ye may be a good warrant for walking, but sure an ill hand at a bog."

A violent gust of wind came at this moment, and appeared to shake the ground on which she was standing; but she was firm.

"For God's sake, my good woman," said Vergos, "don't stay here, if you are in danger! Go back to your children, and leave me to my fate: or, stay,—go as fast as you can to Mr. O'Ryan's, at the lodge, and send help to me!"

"Saints above! not all the O'Ryans in the world could do more nor Honour Joyce to draw ye out o' a bog. See, now!" and she put her finger to her lips in the attitude of consideration; "it isn't right to tempt ye to try this way; we'd bot! be lost, may be;—but take this," handing to him her staff. "Try that bit," pointing to a knoll; "may be it will bear ye!"

Vergos did as she desired; the knoll felt and sounded firm, and the woman was satisfied.

"Asy now, and tread like a fairy, if ye can," said she, as he sprang upon it. He was going hastily to try another leap, but she stopped him;—and well it was, for the staff ran through the superficial coat of soil, and sank far into the water below. She looked around,—"Try that!" pointing to another spot, which Vergos thought much more

doubtful :—he looked up surprised. "Try that!" she repeated, in rather an angry tone. He obeyed, and found it firm; yet still it *looked* suspicious. "Sure ye're no Roman!" said she, "or ye'd believe now, if ever!"

"I *am* a Roman, good woman, as it happens; and I'll do your bidding!" and he leaped lightly on the spot of solid ground.

"Asy, now, asy! Och! I see ye have the regular gift of it! And didn't my heart warm to ye the first moment ever I seed ye; and didn't I see it was a Roman, though I spake quick, may be, just now! God bless ye!"

"Thank ye! and now what must I do?"

"It is not myself can tell ye, just in a moment. See here; ye must wait a bit, while I go back: the ground won't be proud of bearing us both, sure!" and as she spoke she retraced several of her own steps: but Vergos observed that she avoided these, wherever practicable; seeming to choose new ground, as far as possible. He waited till she again spoke. Much time had been spent, and the day was closing in rapidly. The woman observed this with an anxious eye, "If his light were but higher," said she, pointing to the declining luminary. "'Tis ill treading pitfalls in darkness! yet for all that we may get ye out yet!"

Vergos had learned that his best policy was to submit to her guidance, and he therefore obeyed her implicitly, stepping only where she told him, and making many an evolution to avoid the dangerous places. His gratitude to his guide when he found himself on firm ground was great, and he was not ashamed to express it strongly.

"Ye're kindly welcome!" said she: "indeed, an' it would have been a shame and reproach to Cunnemara to have had a stranger perish without help! Put up the white money," added she, pushing back the money he had prof-

fered, though by no means certain of its acceptance: "sure 'twas only an act of mercy, and is not He above always merciful!"

"Well, my good woman, I will not press you to take it then; but you must show me where you live, and I must come and see you, one day, in your own house."

"Sorrow more nor a poor dirty cabin it is then, that the widow bides in! but ye shall be welcome. And now, honey, ye be going to O'Ryan's: I'll just walk the bit way before, and put ye straight as an arrow." And on she trudged, (resuming her cloak,) striding along with a step and at a rate which made it difficult for Vergos to keep up with her. The children spoke to her occasionally, in Irish; but Vergos distinguished the word Joyce, and he repeated it enquiringly.

"Joyce, to be sure!" said his guide, "am not I a Joyce, and the childer, and half the people! and arn't we all proud of our birth and race! O, the Joyces are a mighty great people!—the Cunnemarra boys know that to their cost!"

"And may I ask, Mrs. Joyce," said Vergos, "where you and your children have been this afternoon, and what you are carrying in those baskets?"

"Troth, you may, darlint, seeing you ax it civilly and like a gentleman:—they're scollops;" and, opening her basket, she showed it full of the shell-fish of that name.

"And you are going to eat these, are you?"

"Indeed and we are not, *ma vourneen!* sure 'tis to keep the agent in good temper till the rint is made up clean!"

"Oh! I undersand. And the agent, is he hard upon you?"

"Och! the nigger, true for you!—sure he'll take that same he can get, and not one tinpenny less;—and threatened the cow, poor cratur, last time he came! but

she shan't lave Honour Joyce's door while a man of her kin can wield a shillelah, I can tell him!"

"What then, do you take the law into your own hands in this part of the world?"

"Is it the Joyce's shall let a dirty English agent drive away the widdee's cow? No, no! there's neither law nor justice in bowing one's back to the yoke, that way: kinder to the agent too; for sure if the boys let him be meddling and making with such things, wouldn't he soon be found dead as a stone by his own door? but I pay him honest as far as woman can, and nobody does more."

"But why does he charge so high?"

"Many do the like; and all the world knows it is not to be thought of paying such rents; but they get all they can. Yet I'll not say we are so sorely dealt with as some I hear of in Ireland, 'specially where the landlord lives among us. If God send the good year for potatoes we manage to spin round and round agen. But if a bad season comes, och! but its a hard time in Cunnemara.—I'll go on yet a step farther to the cairn, and then bid good night to yer Honour.—Last summer was that time, for one. Och! to hear the childer and poor people crying out for food, and to see how the shore was covered with 'em, picking the shell-fish off the rocks; and then, when the gentry in England sent the meal, long life to 'em, to see the crowding and sthriving to get it!"

"You think it was fairly given?"

"I'll not say that;—not that they who gave it meant ill,—but all have their likings; and some said *this* body was not to be trusted, and another said *that* was not to be trusted, and so between 'em they missed the people likest to know the country, and some got meal who to my knowledge wanted for nothing, and some had none who were starving. The O'Ryan too was over the seas, out of

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it entirely, or he would have done it better; when he came back, bless him! he was entirely mad to hear of it, and never rested till government sent us more.—In good time here's the cairn; and there's the lodge, and the lights gleaming, and yet not dark either. Good evening to yer Honour. And *ma vourneen*," she added in an affectionate tone, "if ye'll take a poor widdee's advice, ye'll notbe stepping into the bogs till ye know more about 'em; —may be Honour Joyce may not be near another time to help ye out."

"Indeed, Mrs. Joyce, I think I shall take your advice, and am much obliged to you. I shall visit your cottage ere long, depend upon it."

"Long life to ye!—and proud I will be to see yees! —O'Ryan will show you the way any time."

Vergos was fatigued by his expedition; but little would he have minded this fatigue if it had not been for the fear of having excited anxiety in the abode of his friends. He had heard at a distance many horrible tales of Irish deeds of violence, and dreaded the alarm his long absence might have occasioned. But from this he was soon relieved. Mr. O'Ryan, indeed, reproached himself for not having more strongly recommended him to take a guide on his first expedition, in so perplexing a district; but from apprehensions of the sort to which his guest alluded, he declared himself entirely free. "There is not a country," said he, "on the face of the earth more free from outrages on the quiet traveller than this. Here, if anywhere in the world, I will venture to say, the stranger is safe. But, come, my young friend, it is no time to talk of these things now. Make your toilette with all expedition, and we will hear your adventures and discuss them when a good dinner has refreshed you. For the present, adieu to the subject."

CHAPTER III.

EVENING RETROSPECTIONS.

"See the power of association!" exclaimed Vergos, as he reclined at ease on one of the sofas, by the blazing turf-fire, in the evening, at Ardbear Lodge, "See the power of association! You have been laughing at my perils in your bogs;—now change the accompaniments: let me see;—*scene*, the glaciers of Switzerland; *instrument*, a Switzer's pole; *guide*, a romantic-looking mountaineer; *dangers*, yawning fissures in the ice, occasional avalanches,—instead of gusts from the Atlantic. All this sounds grand; and had I been able to place my romance in such a scene, you would all have looked grave and awe-struck. It would be difficult to prove my danger greater in one case than the other. Why is it so very ridiculous to be in peril of sinking a fathom deep in a bog, and so heroic to put oneself in danger of an untimely death, in crossing the Mer de Glace? But," continued he, "I have not nearly done with your bogs; what I observed to-day has greatly excited my curiosity."

"Ah!" observed Mr. O'Ryan, "they are interesting in every point of view: in these same bogs are preserved the records of a former race:—we have here trees and animals of antediluvian origin;—we have found Roman ships entombed in them;—we have also valuable fuel; and, whenever capital is directed this way, it will be found, on a large scale, as already it has on a smaller, that there is not a finer soil for the growth of crops of corn of every species, when the proper materials are employed to correct and

improve it. Of this, however, we will speak by and by. The growth of bog in itself is a very curious speculation to the naturalist: an ingenious gentleman, my neighbour, has a theory on the subject. You may see that in cutting the turf, (which is sometimes ten or twelve feet thick,) what are called bog-holes are often made. The large trunks of oak, called bog-oak, much used for furniture, and also for roofing houses, &c., are found under the turf, and where these are taken away of course a deeper chasm will be made than when there are no such bodies intervening between that and the subsoil. Well, sir, a little portion of bog-stuff will be generally left; and, on the top of this, water accumulates so as to form those pools you saw to-day: now, in the course of time, these will all be choked by the growth of the peat, but it will be long before they acquire the firmness and consistency of the bog around; and many a sportsman or poor four-footed animal slips into them while they are in their soft state, when, as you may suppose, they are more dangerous than at any other time. This brings me to my good neighbour's theory;—he says he has made great observations on these chasms, in their different stages; he finds that if the water be shallow there are a multitude of small worms constantly at work in the early stage, throwing up little cylindrical cells, reaching to its surface. These cells are composed of bog-stuff, and are from one to three or four inches in height, and thick in proportion, the largest being about the size of a quill. The smaller tubes stand separate; the larger are united, and form bundles of aggregated tubes. The little animal within is jointed like a conserva, is transparent and of a beautiful red colour. When the water from the pools is evaporated, the worms retreat low into their cells. My friend compares the labours of these animals to those

of the corallines; and fancies he has found at least one great agent in the growth of bog: at the same time he allows that there is a necessity for the existence of this peculiar vegetable earth, as they have never been found at work on any other basis."

"It is, at all events, curious," said Vergos, "and not at all improbable, that the animals in question may be accessary to the work. And pray how large a surface of Irish ground is it believed these bogs occupy?"

"Certainly more than two millions of acres.* The peat itself often extends, as I have said, to the depth of from twenty to fifty feet; and though it is in itself perfectly sterile, yet by various processes it may be brought into a state of high fertility at an expense of about £7 per acre. The ashes of the peat itself, mixed with lime, have been found a very fine manure for this sort of soil; and it is very remarkable how near at hand are the remedies for all this waste of barren surface. Most of the bogs are crossed by large ridges of limestone, the requisite material for the manure. Others are near the sea, and sea-sand is also found serviceable. Then our bogs, as you see, my dear sir, lie rather high, and can readily be drained."

"I had always thought," said Vergos, "that bog-land must necessarily be an unwholesome neighbourhood; but it does not appear, from all I have heard latterly, that this is the case."

"Oh, by no means!" observed Annette, laughingly: "a bog unwholesome, indeed! What would nurse Burrowes say? She that has lived on the borders of one all her days, and has brought up all her children in a

* See a letter to the Rev. T. R. Malthus on the Cultivation of Peat-bogs in Ireland, published in the Pamphleteer, vol. ix. The Parliamentary Reports, it is there observed, do not take into account any bogs of less extent than five-hundred acres, of which last description there is an immense amount. Mr. Nimmo reckons the total extent of *waste land* in Ireland at not less than five millions of acres.

cabin full of turf-smoke, and smacks her lips at the taste of potsheen!"

"I am persuaded there is, in the minds of many persons, a confused notion, that bog land and marsh land are the same," said Mr. O'Ryan. "Arthur's surgeon will tell you that the air is highly salubrious in the neighbourhood of the former, owing to the extraordinary antiseptic power of the peat. You have observed one or two reclaimed pieces of bog-land in our neighbourhood, and I need not ask you if they do not appear very productive;—one on my own estate I drained, and dressed with calcareous sand, and in four months after the spade was put into it, had as good potatoes, turnips, and rape growing there as ever I saw. I now let that land for twenty shillings an acre; and it will, in a few years, produce a rent of thirty shillings, without any oppression to the tennant. I hope the day is not far distant when all these wastes will be reclaimed."

"And I trust, too, you will do what you can to cover your barren hills with trees," said Vergos.

"Ah! you have touched a tender place.—Our trees, who shall restore them! Tradition says, that these mountains were once clothed with oaks and pines, but the English burnt our forests, as they destroyed those in Wales, because they furnished shelter for the rebels, as the Irish were called;—and now, with a country exposed like ours to the full force of cold gales from the Atlantic, it is extremely difficult to rear fine trees, excepting in hollows and sheltered places. Yet I do not despair: if we can partially succeed, we shall pave the way for others to follow us—and every prosperous plantation diminishes the difficulty, and gives us courage and hope. You see how beautifully evergreen shrubs prosper with us. Did you ever, in Spain, see a finer ilex than that I pointed out to

you yesterday on the lawn at Clifden Castle? and when you travel in the lower districts of Connaught, in Roscommon, and Leitrim, Arthur will introduce you to forests of laurels and arbutus."

"If I were an Irishman, I think I should never wish to leave the land," said Vergos; "if only for *this*, that the field for virtuous exertion really seems boundless."

"There you are right, physically and morally; there is an immensity to be done; but the great difficulty to cope with here is the spirit of party. I am known not to be an active politician, and therefore I can do more than most; but were I either agitator or Orangeman, I might do nothing but attend party meetings, or help in serving processes and recovering tithes, none of which will I do. I wish to see the people follow their religious teachers unmolested; and though I always tell them what I think, when a fair opportunity arises, they never find me helping to prop up a system which I feel is not just. I support my own Protestant clergyman as far as I can; but I have no right to help him to take his means of support from those who have also to pay the ministers of a faith they themselves approve. I believe many Catholic gentlemen would contribute voluntarily towards the remuneration of a good clergyman, if they were left free, but they cannot support the present plan, and I cannot wish they should."

"Have you had any of those unfortunate tithe affrays, of which we often read, in this neighbourhood?" asked Vergos.

"Alas! yes.—Only last summer—I knew the clergyman well—a worthy, well-meaning man, whose misfortune it was to consider it his duty to uphold the system in its utmost strictness, for his successor's sake. For himself he would have relaxed, for he was not a mercenary man, and

I believe he gave away a large proportion of his receipts among the people themselves, but nothing could persuade him to abate his claims. He served processes without mercy, and followed them up by seizing stock and goods; all the while arguing how unreasonable it was in the people to resist, when they knew how kind and liberal he was. Good man! he could not be made to perceive, that making a good use of money will not excuse its being ill-gotten—that it was the *principle* they objected to. Well, he went on, in defiance of the gathering murmurs. I heard of them; I knew they were gaining force every month, and all that entreaty could effect I did. I begged at least that he would never use fire-arms, or allow his process-servers to carry them; but I soon found that my caution was vain. The fact was, he took alarm at some appearance of resistance; persuaded himself the savages were thirsting for his blood; carried pistols always about him for his own defence, and armed his men also. They worked themselves into a perpetual panic; and in this state of mind no man can be trusted, for the most humane individual will commit merciless deeds.—So it happened here. There was a family in my friend's parish, consisting of a father, who was a small land-owner, his mother and three children. His wife had died the year before, under circumstances peculiarly distressing, and the clergyman had been most kind and considerate towards them in their affliction, and therefore, I suppose, made very sure of receiving his dues without difficulty, especially as the man was not wretchedly poor. There however he was mistaken: whether from his own spontaneous impulse, or led on by his neighbours, Nolans refused to pay the proctor; and his clergyman was excessively irritated thereby. He waited some time, and then served him with a very vexatious notice. Nolans was surrounded at the moment of receiving it by some

violent neighbours, and they set up a cry of abuse and indignation against the men whom my friend had deputed to deliver it. Nolans' children caught the sound, and begun, unknown to their father, to throw stones at the proctor. One of the men, irritated, made a cut at the principal boy with his whip; this brought up men, women, and boys, and a regular battle ensued. Stones were thrown, and one of the men hurt: they were mounted on good horses, and might, I am well assured, have escaped with ease; but in the panic, the proctor drew a loaded pistol from his side, fired at random, and shot one of Nolans' boys dead on the spot. Can you wonder at what ensued? The enfuriated creatures pressed round the unhappy murderer, and never left him till they had revenged the deed, and till two victims lay side by side for the one who had been slain in the beginning of the fray!"

"Dreadful!—and the clergyman; how did he feel?"

"That is the worst part of the story.—When men harden themselves in false views of duty, their feelings are seared as with a hot iron. I believe the death of his own servants distressed him; but I doubt whether he felt for the loss poor Nolans had sustained, or rather I suspect he considered it as righteous retribution."

"And does he go on in the same course?"

"No: happily he has been persuaded to resign his living, and return to England; but his power of doing mischief to Ireland is not at an end: the image of his daily and nightly fears still haunts him.—He goes about detailing the horrors of a clergyman's life in Ireland: he is a frequent orator at public meetings; and whenever our country is mentioned, way is made for him, by persons of like views, as a man particularly qualified to speak from experience of the bad effects of Roman Catholic principles, and the necessity of upholding the Irish Church Establishment.

Thus it is, that assemblies of individuals are deluded, and attachment to a dangerous, unjust, and inexpedient system, transmitted from father to son."

CHAPTER IV.

THE MOUNTAIN CABIN.

During the fortnight which followed the conversation concluded in the last chapter, Vergos contented himself with various expeditions in the neighbourhood of his friend's dwelling. He found much to amuse, to grieve and to instruct him. The people in this part of Cunnemara, though wild and rough, were less miserable, less utterly destitute than he had been led to expect, (for is not Ireland but another word for poverty, wretchedness, and destitution all the world over?) But he was told, and afterwards found reason to believe that, though very poor, their condition was better than that of persons in the same rank in many other parts of the country. They held their lands and dwellings, for the most part, directly from a few large resident proprietors, men respected and beloved in the district; and the system of middlemen was much on the decline, though by no means annihilated. It seemed an improving country: part of the bog-lands were under cultivation, bearing excellent crops of oats and potatoes. The little town of Clifden, which has arisen within the last

sixteen years, has a rapidly increasing export trade in corn: and there are marble quarries, and valuable opportunities for establishing fisheries in the neighbourhood. Yet, still the progress of things appeared to be slow. Lands came very tardily under cultivation, and help was wanted beyond what could be afforded by the residents. The rate of living was cheap: fish, particularly salmon, being most plentiful; and the supply of cattle considerable. Vergos talked with many of the cottagers, and compared their accounts one with another. Dreadful was the picture they gave of the miseries to which they were sometimes exposed in the failure of the potatoe-crops. And yet they had always something cheerful to add, of the relief that had come to them when they least looked for it: and when none had come, then it was, "Sure, it could not be helped, now."——

"And whither now, Mrs. Joyce?" said Vergos, one morning, when in the course of his walk he came suddenly upon the woman who had assisted him in his perils. "I was coming to your cabin according to my promise; but I see you and your children are going out." He observed a look of regret and trouble in her countenance, which he did not know how to interpret, and begged to know if any thing amiss had happened.

"Nothing at all;—that is, nothing at all *new*, your Honour: only I and the childer be under a vow to-day, and there's no breaking vows.—We are not going far; only to the old Abbey side, hard by; and if yer Honour would go into the cabin and wait, the door's open, and all readied, as far as such a place can be; and if yer Honour would like to go up higher, there's Norah Delany at home, and has beautiful buttermilk."—

"Well, I will stay there, or near at hand, till you come back," answered Vergos.

A feeling of curiosity, however, crossed his mind. The old Abbey which she mentioned, was a mere fragment of what had once been the wall of a church; but the burial-ground was marked with many fresh hillocks, surmounted with little black crosses, such as he had often seen in Spain; and this ground occupying the greater part of a conical hill, he saw distinctly the widow and her children making their way to it. "It is singular," said he to himself. "Has she lost a child, or a friend?" Her husband, he knew by her own account, had been dead several years. He continued looking in the direction of the grave-yard; and presently saw his guide throw herself on the ground, making the children do the same; while immediately uprose a melancholy wail, not loud and violent like the national howl, but dismal and despairing in the extreme. Vergos could distinguish the woman rocking herself backwards, as it appeared, over a grave, but not one newly made; and the children occasionally joined in her gestures and cries, though wearied, as it seemed, of grief, they soon slipped off to gather flowers, while she continued absorbed in her sorrow. Vergos did not wish her to find him watching her on her return, and therefore soon turned off in the direction of the cottage; and not caring to enter her own during the owner's absence, proceeded towards that occupied by Norah Delany. This was by much the poorest cabin he had seen; and yet it was something of a shop and inn, or halting-place for travellers. A large bottle of whiskey stood in the window, and some glasses and smaller bottles near it. A few apples and cakes, some tobacco, a little crockery-ware, and also a store of oatmeal, showed the nature of her trade. The day being fine, two or three long, lazy-looking fellows, in loose tattered coats, sat on a bench outside the door, each of whom had a piece of tobacco in his mouth or fingers, while Mrs. Delany's

voice, loudly raised in a song, might be heard from within. As Vergos approached, she stepped outside the threshold, and gave to view a dirty figure, with red petticoat hanging in tatters, brown boddice, and something like a square of very coarse dirty flannel, worn as a shawl on her neck. She looked no way surprised or abashed at sight of a well-dressed stranger.

"Would yer Honour be plased to want any thing in my way: here's the best of spirits, and iligant tathings, as chape as in Dublin."

"Thank you, but I cannot be a profitable customer, I fear; I want nothing."

"Nay, sure it can't be much that a gentleman wants and can't have, when there's money plenty: but may be yer a stranger, and would like to carry away a taste of the best; and it's Norah Delany knows where and when the still does its duty best.—Only look, yer Honour, just look now if it hasn't the right colour and all!—Sure ye're welcome to a taste," and she held up a brimful glass of spirits to Vergos. He tasted it to please her, but the draught was redolent of turf-smoke, and he could not, in honesty, praise it. The men, meantime, had risen from their seats, and stood in cringing attitudes by the door.

"Long life to yer Honour," said one, "and may the land that bore ye be blessed."

"Thank ye, good man."

"The saints above send ye good things.—Sure, don't we know the gentlemen from foreign parts that came with his Honour's Honour, and will give us a trifle to drink his Honour's health, no doubt," said the other.

"And we'll drink long life to him, in his Honour's own glass," rejoined the first, taking up the glass Vergos had just set down, and coolly quaffing off its contents. "Arrah, Mrs. Delany, sure the jintleman as good as in-

vited me to be drinking his health, and how would I say no! an' it's little ye need grudge it, I'm thinking—raal potsheen, quotha! Shame for you, woman, not to treat the stranger better. Yer Honour, I ax pardon, but ye know about as much of the true potsheen now, I'm thinking, as ye do about the blessed wine at Lough Deargh. Come now, Mrs. Delany, dear, stir yourself, an' give us the right thing. Don't I know the little keg in the corner.—Arrah, honey, the gauger never saw that, I'll be bound."

"Whisht! whisht! ye factious cratur; ye would spoil an honest woman's custom."

"Custom, never tell me, now. Don't I know the still, and the hill, and the snug spot where the blue mist rises so elegantly in a morning; and sure, the gentleman is not like the gauger, bad luck to him; terrifying poor craturs with the law. Bless him, 'tis not for the like's of him to be poking into things that don't consarn him.—Come, now, a glass—quick!"

But Mrs. Delany, now cautious of her customer, merely complied so far as to pour a few drops of the illicit whiskey into a glass, which she handed to Vergos, who again tasted, but was obliged to own himself no judge of the qualities of potsheen.

"May be, then, yer Honour would let me taste for yees. Sure, yer Honour's under a compliment to me, seeing I argued the matter with Mrs. Delany, in yer Honour's favour."

"My good man, I don't mean to give you another drop, nor another halfpenny to buy one. I will pay Mrs. Delany honestly for the glass you drank, and that's all I shall do, I can tell you. To say the truth, I suspect you take a great deal too much."

"Indeed! an yer Honour's quite mistaken. It isn't often that one of yer Honour's quality comes to put one into

temptation; for wouldn't it be a sad thing, now, not to drink the health of a raal gentleman, like yer Honour?"

"I should be inclined to think," said Vergos, "that a stout fellow like you, might be at work such a fine day as this, instead of lounging here."

"Yer Honour's right entirely, saving the megrim in my head—that work disagrees with between whiles; but if yer Honour has any little light job, such as showing the way to the quarry, or picking *specimints*, I'd be bound to do it with the best."

"And if," said his companion, "it's *time*, his Honour wants out of a poor man, sure he should have mine from now till evening."

"You are a couple of lazy fellows, I am afraid," said Vergos, "and do no credit to your country. If you want work, why don't you go to Mr. O'Ryan: he was saying but the other day he had employment plenty."

"Is it O'Ryan? sure, did'nt he once give me a job that broke the back entirely.—It's being no better than a nigger to slave at the roads all day."

"Well, I've no time to talk with you. If you want to be better off than you are, I know well that you may, and so, good morning to you," said Vergos, slipping a douceur into Mrs. Delany's hand, and walking off in the direction of the widow's cabin. She was returned, and had taken great pains to set off her poor cabin to advantage. Being a warm day, and not cooking-time, the room was free from smoke: the floor appeared to have been both better prepared, and was better kept, than in most of the cabins Vergos had seen. The pig had a house to himself, and it was tightly roofed in. The windows were not entirely whole, but, where broken, were fitted with board, or pasted up with paper, not stuffed with dirty rags. There were even a few attempts at ornament—a picture or two of the

Virgin and Child, and a favourite saint. It struck Vergos that there must be something particular connected with this day, since there were no signs of work about the house, and the mistress and children were clad in their best, poor as that was. He noticed the children, fine, bright-looking creatures, and found he was understood when he spoke, but that they were unable to utter more than a few words of English.

"Whisht, now! whisht, ye spalpeen!" said the mother, when one of the boys inadvertently, but naturally, answered a question in Irish. "Don't be bothering the gentleman with *that* he's no knowledge of." (She spoke in Irish, but we translate for the benefit of our readers.) "Poor childer?" she rejoined, "'tis not that I want 'em to leave their father's tongue, but I'd like they should know the maning of these words when they try and spake to a stranger in his own, and not be saying, 'Sure I understand it all, yer Honour!' and 'sure that's true every word of it!' when they know scarce one word in ten."

"And you really think that your countrymen are in the habit of doing this."

"Sure, I know it! arn't they ashamed to say truth; and don't they flatter the gentry to get their will by 'em! It's no ways right, I'm thinking; and the childer know it!"

"I agree entirely with you, Mrs. Joyce. But how did you learn your own English?"

"Indeed, and you're not the first that have axed! Then I lived sarvant long in the family where all spake English and nought else; but that's many years since;—and when I married a Joyce boy, and came back to my own in Cunnemara, I took to the Irish again, as if my tongue had never parted company with it at all, at all!"

"Did you ever go to England?"

"Never, yer Honour! but I lived with them that were English in Limerick, and wasn't that the same maning as to the tongue? Miss Alice, bless her! took pains to teach me to read it too: but it was lost trouble, and she was contint at last to say so. However, I never forgot to *spake* it after; and neither Darby (God rest his soul!) nor I ever repinted having travelled, seeing we learnt many dacenter ways than if we had lived here all our lives. In particular, he never could abide the whiskey, but always brought home all he earnt, so long as he had strength to work."

"I am afraid, by all I have heard, that you have had heavy sorrows, Mrs. Joyce."

"May be so; but don't I know that *He* above suffered much more nor one of us poor craturs can; and isn't it folly to talk now?"

Though there were traces of struggles in this poor woman's face they seemed to have been no ineffectual ones. Her look was in general one of calm self-possession. Vergos felt that he could not question her about griefs borne so quietly. But she soon began again of her own accord. "May be, being a foreigner, yer Honour doesn't know the maning of our customs here, and might think it neither decent nor civil that I turned my back on ye but now; but 'tis the very same day, five years gone, since Darby was put into the ground yonder; and I've not left keeping the burying-day. O, sure, that was a weary day to me and mine; and my heart was well-nigh broke, till Father Nolan that's gone, came and spake comfort to me. He was the man above any of the priests for that. He was a knowledgable man too, and wouldn't talk any thing idly. Glad was I, even in my sorrow, to think he was nigh to read Christian service over the poor corpse, and see that all was right and as it should be. He was often

wishing the Cunnemara boys would leave their heathenish customs, and let the priests bury their dead dacent; but he that's come now takes no heed of it!"

"Do you mean to say that the dead are often buried here without priest or service?"

"Sure I do! Havn't I seen 'em, times out of mind, carry the corpse without so much as a coffin,—only with a cloth thrown on it,—to the grave! and the body will be put in without priest or prayer;* and yet there may have been a mighty big wake too;—the house full from one end to the other."

"But surely this is not a usual thing in Ireland!"

"True for you! I never seen nought like it, save just here in Cunnemara! but the people don't like to be always sending to the priest, seeing they have little to pay; and as for coffins 'tis an awful trade, and unlucky to sell the *making* for them. His Honour *gave* me the wood for Darby."

Vergos turned the conversation towards her present situation. "You said you had a hard agent over you! Shall you be able to make up the rent?"

"May be I shall, and may be I sha'n't!"

"How do you mean?"

"That it's at the will of the proctor! Yer Honour sees the bit land the cow feeds on;—the childer and I have made it worth something, and some say the clergyman must have his dues out of it: so if the proctor comes first there'll be less for the agent!"

"And if he can't get his due, what will happen?"

"The Joyce boys 'll look to that!" was her significant answer. "I arn't afraid of having all my 'tatoes pulled up, and the very pig driven, and the chairs carried away,

* See Letters from the Irish Highlands.

and I in my own country:—barring that, they would soon take all!"

"Mrs. Joyce, I told you before that I was a Catholic; but I think no ill of a man for being a Protestant. Tell me now fairly, is the rector a good, kind man to the poor?"

"I never heard but he was; and if the boys would let me, I'd ev'n go, and tell him my tale plainly:—but ye see how it is! They say neither he, nor none of his, have a right to their tithe, seeing we never troubles him any way. They say we are many,—more by twenty to one,—than the Protestants, and that 'tis no justice to make us pay for one we never axed hither, nor wished to see; and so they won't let one of their people go to the rector to ax a favour, or make their manners. For my part it's often I've pitied 'em, poor gentlemen, to be sent to live here amongst them that behave so uncivil: but sure 'tis no fault of ours at all. They might come like the Scotch folk and the Swaddlers, and there'd be no objection;—foreby the priest might curse 'em a little, just at first, perhaps, for dacency's sake;—but then they would come on their own footing entirely, and would but take what the people chose to give, or else live on their own, and not be wresting the widdee's bit from her mouth. I tell ye," she continued, "I'm sorry often for the poor gentlemen, seeing they mane to do kindly by us. I'd be glad at least to have the childer go to the fine new school they've built; but the Cunnemara boys say no! They won't by no means take any thing in good part, seeing the whole thing is put upon 'em against their will."

"But, my good woman,—Mrs. Joyce, I mean,—it is a pity you don't follow your own opinion, and get all the good you can for the children."

"And that's what's sometimes too hard for me! It's the childer's good I think of. But what would I do if

they were to bring the priest upon me, and if all mine were to turn their backs on me ?"

"You do really think they would be friends with the rectors if it were not for the tithes ?"

"Sure I do ! why would they not ? Let 'em come and live quiet among us, not axing for money or goods of them that don't belong to 'em, and why would not our hearts warm to 'em when we saw 'em warming to us ? I don't say," continued she, "but that there must always be the differ between the Roman and the Protestant; but let them that send the rector pay him ; 'tis murtherous work putting the poor craturs in here, and give 'em nought to live on but the bread they take from them that don't want 'em, any way !"

"But then *they* say," said Vergos, (taking the Protestant side, our readers must observe, by way of exercising the good woman's powers of arguing her own,) "*they say* that your priests are ignorant, and keep you in ignorance : and that you will never look for better teaching for yourselves or children of your own accord, unless they provide it for you."

" 'It's all a crochet, yer Honour ! all a *concate !* Don't I tell you, that I would fain send the childer to the new school ? and what is it hinders me, but that the Joyces won't be behoven to the clergy any way ? And what makes 'em angry with the clergy but the tithes ? But ye were asking just now about the rector. Troth, and I believe he *is* a mighty good man ;—time he should,—*maning* that the late one was an awful man for a minister ! Did O'Ryan tell ye how he duped the bishop that had never been in Cunnemara, and made him buy the bit of glebe by the sea, on purpose for him to be more convanient for the smuggled goods ? Och ! many a storehouse and barn did he build, and many a bale of ill-gotten things was

hidden there. May be he thought 'twas kinder taking his living in this way than fighting with the people for the tithe. So there he built up his house, four miles out from the church, and looked after the potsheen, and the wine and things. And the poor young man that's come in his stead, who knows no more of potsheen than a babe, has to toil all the way, come the season what it will, to do his duties. They say he has larnt the Irish tongue to be the plainer among the people, poor young gentleman! It makes one's heart ache to see him living in a wild place that nobody nor a free trader would take to."

"And your priest, do *he* and this new rector ever meet and speak civilly?"

"Father Dennis, maning no wilful disrepect, is not the man to spake civil. Sure his breeding wasn't any ways genteel, and he came back from Maynooth free like and asy as he was afore, and yet not with the ase of the raal gentleman! But I don't go much in his way, only to mass on Sundays; and widdee Joyce is too poor for a station to be kept at her house! When the childer grow older he'll put them in mind of the marriage fee, never fear!"

The above conversation is only a specimen of one among many, held by Vergos with the poor people of Cunnemara. When he returned from his rambles he was accustomed to detail the opinions he had heard, and the information he had gained, not however mentioning names, and carefully avoiding any breach of confidence. He found that Mr. and Miss O'Ryan rarely came to a different conclusion from his own, with regard to any of the practical grievances of the Irish. There was indeed great difference in their religious views. Vergos, long accustomed to view Catholicism as the ancient original faith of Christians, deplored all separation from the mother church, and looked

with the fellow-feeling of a brother worshipper on the long-persecuted Irish Catholic. Nor did he see, as his hosts did, the bad effect of those superstitions which the priests so carefully cherish, and which shut out the possibility of making a wholesome impression on the minds which are full of them. Yet he was often shocked, much shocked, at what he heard and saw; and often declared that he wondered not at those who had only seen Popery in Ireland, being very unfavourably disposed towards it. He thought the government had been doing wrong for its own sake, in fostering home establishments for the education of Catholics, rather than encouraging their more liberal instruction abroad.

In this Mr. O'Ryan agreed. He said Father Nolan was one of those men whom he had always pleasure in associating with; and, as far as his experience went, the old foreign-educated priests were milder, more liberal, more considerate to their flocks, and far better able to lead them on than the generality of the priests educated at Maynooth. "You have no idea," continued Mr. O'Ryan, "of the difficulty which we, as Protestants, have had in keeping on terms of decent civility with some specimens of the Maynooth men who have fallen in our way. In consequence of the moderate expense of obtaining education at this college, and the honour which a family in low or moderate circumstances always derives from its connexion with a priest, we find the small farmers and landowners extremely anxious to bring up one son at least to the ministry. You may judge that this son, when first sent to college, must be pretty much on a par with the rest of his family. No doubt he may derive, if he pleases, many advantages from the instruction he there meets with; but his associates are likely to be, for the most part, as rough and narrow and low-lifed as himself: they learn

to be keen politicians and agitators, and though we find exceptions to the rule here, as well as elsewhere, we are very well satisfied that the mode of education does not liberalize our poor countrymen. Then, unfortunately again, as you find, our clergy of the Church of England, who are, I must say, when residents, for the most part zealous, excellent, and well-informed men, are crippled in all their powers by the effects of a bad system. If they came as voluntary labourers, supported only by their own people, or the government, they might be of incalculable service in Ireland. But, alas! in the present position of things they have to work against the rooted antipathies of the nation."

"It is a grievous state, indeed!" said Annette, "and you will enter into our painful position, sir, as Protestants ourselves. We respect and honour the clergyman, for instance, of this parish,—the same whom widow Joyce compassionates so much; but circumstances forbid our actively co-operating with him as we could wish; and at present we see little fruit of his labours. In fact, if we would do some good among the people, we are obliged to avoid as far as possible awakening their suspicions and those of their priests. If we were to do as our good clergyman wishes, and labour at direct proselytism, we should find the door shut against us at once. Even old nurse Burrowes draws in directly if I venture on an approach to the subject: and, far worse than reserve and shyness, we are constantly meeting with insincerity upon those points which of all others demand to be purely and simply dealt with.

"Did I tell you, Arthur, of the woman I met the other day? the woman who enquired so affectionately for you?"

"Dora Creelan, was it not?"

"The same. Well; I walked part of the way to her cabin with her, and the conversation turned upon preparation for death and the joys of heaven. If you had seen her distrustful face as I spoke to her! I own I am doubtful whether she considered I had any chance in an hereafter; but she made it appear that *mine* was the clear case, and hers the bad one.—'Sure, it's not for the likes of us poor, dirty creatures, to be going to such a fine place as Heaven!' And again:—'But, may be, now, if I could but get hold of the tail of yer Honour's gown, I might slip in with yees!'"

"Such are the speeches one continually hears when addressing them on any solemn topic: they have the cleverest, and, at the same time, the most disheartening way of turning it off into a compliment to oneself.—How far worse, how far more hopeless than stupidity!"

CHAPTER V.

PROJECTS AND DISAPPOINTMENTS.

"Now, Vergos," said Arthur O'Riley, one morning, about a fortnight after his arrival in Cunnemara, "I am determined that this shall be the last day of my imprisonment. I have given the doctors and nurses fair play: my wound is perfectly cured. To-morrow we set out on our proposed journey."

"But what will your father and sister say to my running away with you so soon after your return?"

"Oh, they will bear it very well. There will be time enough for me to show you the whole of Connaught, quite at our leisure, these autumn months: then, as you must go to Liverpool for the winter, I will take my leave of you, and come home to do my duties in Cunnemara, while you are learning commercial secrets in the merchants' counting-houses. In the spring, please God we live, I will meet you in Dublin, and we will visit the South together."

Vergos liked the plan too well to object. His father had given him a year for England and Ireland. With England he was already, however, acquainted: and though it was necessary for him to spend some time in transacting various matters of business in Liverpool and Manchester, he wished a large allowance to be bestowed on Ireland and his friend O'Ryan. When the young men's plans came to be discussed in the evening, Arthur's father willingly assented; saying, that he himself had business at Westport, and should like to accompany them so far in his own car. It was then agreed that the horses should be sent forward, and that they should use the car only during this part of the way.

"You are not going among strangers," said Mr. O'Riley; "and therefore I do not attempt to discourage you; as Arthur, I know, will be gladly welcome wherever he likes to rest, should his wound again become painful. I will give you letters to some of my friends at Sligo, and you will be sure to spend your time pleasantly wherever you may think proper to halt."

We have already supposed our readers to be aware that the district of Cunnemara comprises a part of two of the fine counties of Connaught, viz. Galway and Mayo. In pursuing his travels, Vergos was now to enter into Joyce's

country, part of which is also situated in Galway and part in Mayo. The boundaries of these two divisions are not very accurately marked. As the reader has found, there were Joyces in Cunnemara; and between these and the Cunnemara people, particularly the numerous clan of the Flinns, there were frequent petty hostilities. There were certain spots especially, which, from time immemorial, had been disputed ground. King Joyce maintained them to be included in his territories; while the Flinns as sturdily claimed them for Cunnemara. Now it did so happen that, on the very day fixed for setting out on their expedition, a *pattern*, as it is called, was to be held at the Killeries, through which our travellers were to pass; and Vergos was not sorry to have an opportunity of seeing an assemblage of the country-people under such circumstances. Fortunately for the party, it was a beautiful day. Passing through Clifden, they reached a fine mountain-road, skirting the western base of the Twelve Pins of Bonabula; while the sea, breaking in on the shore in picturesque bays and inlets, formed the boundary on the left-hand. At times, this road entered defiles, and wound round the base of some steep hill, which rose betwixt it and the sea. At other times, a very deep inlet of the ocean itself, would compel the path into some sudden turn, which presented a totally new view of the mountains and surrounding country. Large lakes occasionally filled the hollows of the valleys: the curlew and plover here dwell, in general, undisturbed: great flocks of them were to be seen as the party drew near their haunts: and here, occasionally, in some lonely spot, was to be heard the booming of the solitary bittern. Of interesting plants there was no scarcity. The trailing arbutus, with red stalk and bright red-berries, the black-berried heath, the alpine ladies' mantle, and the pretty gay London-pride.

Also, in plenteous abundance, the genuine Irish heath, (*erica daboecia,*) found on every mountain and almost every plain of Cunnemara and Joyce's country: no poor stunted plant, but a handsome erect bush, almost deserving the name of a shrub. All these were pointed out, or at least observed by Vergos: and floating on the bosom of the lakes he also saw the yellow and white water-lilies; while along their margin grew the delicate *lobelia dortmann,* with the *eriocaulon.* A few cattle and sheep were browsing on the mountain's sides; the bees hummed loudly amid their banquet of heath; but of human habitations there were not, during a great part of the way, many traces; and, what there were, were wretchedly poor and unpromising. They seemed untenanted also; but as the party drew towards the Killery, it was easy to see that there could not be a very scanty population in the neighbourhood. At length, on reaching a height, Mr. O'Ryan called to the driver to pause, and Vergos looked with astonishment at the scene below:—the Killery, a very deep, but narrow inlet of the sea, which runs far up into the country, as may be seen by reference to a map of Cunnemara and Joyce's country. On both sides this inlet is bounded by majectic and picturesque mountains. The water is seldom more than a mile across: it wears, therefore, at some times, the appearance of a tranquil river; but at others, when a strong gale blows from the west, the waves of this inlet are fearfully agitated. The mountain-barriers, also, rise in many places abruptly from the water itself; and in stormy weather it is as much as the boatmen can do to effect a safe landing. It is necessary for the boat to be caught, as it were, in the arms of those on the shore, to prevent its being dashed to pieces on the surge. Upon this scene, which wants nothing but wood to make it as beautiful as it is grand, our travellers gazed for a few mo-

ments; and then they turned to the busy, noisy assemblage, which covered a small plain on the top of one of the passes between two of the Killery mountains. Vergos asked what could be the motive for holding the pattern at this place. Mr. O'Ryan replied by pointing to the ruins of a holy well. "No doubt," said he, "a pattern was originally held in honour of the patron saint of that well: but I lament to tell you, as a good Catholic, that the whole business is greatly degenerated. No higher motive, I believe, than that of recreation, has brought all these good folks together; and I wish I could be sure that the day begun so harmoniously may not end in drunkenness and fighting."

It might be so, Vergos thought; but he could not find in his heart to wish the pattern forbidden. The nearer they drew to the scene, the merrier did it appear. All the fun and finery of the land was there:—rags and dirt, it could not be doubted, were brought to the pattern, but they were well concealed:—and then the brilliant colourings, the pea-green petticoats, the scarlet hoods! It was plain they were preparing for a dance on the short green turf. A young man, violin in hand, had just struck up a rousing jig; and lads and lasses having cleared a wide space for their intended evolutions, stood up front to front, in eager anticipation; while the elder people sat or stood in groups around, some drinking, some smoking, some talking, some quarrelling, perchance.

"That young fellow," said Mr. O'Ryan, looking towards the musician, "is the dancing-master of our district. Pray, what do you suppose is his remuneration?"

"You do not mean that the science is held in sufficient estimation among your country-people, to secure any payment in money to him who teaches it?"

"Indeed I do. Few, among our peasants, have grown

up without the expenditure of a few tenpennies on dancing-lessons. Yonder professor charges two tenpennies for a course of eighteen lessons; and I assure you that, when he came to Clifden, all my Irish servants, and most of the poor you have seen around us, availed themselves of his services. Poor fellow! he has delicate health, and the heat and toil of his lessons was too much for him.—Ah, Dora!" continued Mr. O'Ryan, accosting a young woman who just then came up, "are you come to show Mr. Cregan how well you have profited by his instructions?"

"Troth, I am, yer Honour."

"Well Dora; and some one has equipped you handsomely."

"And who would it be, I'd like to know, but Miss Annette herself! Didn't she let me choose the colour out of all the things that came from England: and beautiful it is, I'm thinking," casting an eye of complacency on her new petticoat, and yet colouring with a bashful consciousness at the same moment: nor was this consciousness abated, when a fine young man of the group below, stepped forward to claim her hand in the dance.

"There they go!" said Arthur;—"merry creatures!" as they jumped and bounded along in the jig. "If it were not for my late accident, how glad should I be to join them! I well remember the joys of an Irish dance."

"And years seem to be no great obstacle, if I may judge by what I see," said Vergos, pointing to a tall, worn-looking female, who, to his great surprise, he discovered to be his old friend, widow Joyce. "I really could not have believed it."

"Oh, Mrs. Joyce is not only a skilful bog-trotter, as you know, said Annette, "but one of the best dancers any where in the country. I believe she is rarely absent from any of the neighbouring patterns; but she takes the

amusement in a different way from the neighbours. In all things she is original:—she walks off early in the day to the gathering; has her dance with the rest; but never touches a drop of spirits, never stays till sun-set, and comes home always alone, as she went."

Vergos could have stayed long to observe the humours of the scene, but Mr. O'Ryan could not delay. "If we stay here much longer," said he, "perhaps I shall be appealed to on some knotty point, between different factions, not easily solved. Let us get out of the way before any trouble comes. I am old, and privileged to turn my back on such scenes, and my younger neighbours must deal with them."

"Will Mr. Archer interfere, sir, properly, in case a fight begins?" asked Arthur.

"Yes, I can trust him. Most of our magistrates are sadly remiss on these occasions, but Archer is not one of them: he spares no pains to separate the factions before any mischief is done, if possible. I am sorry to say, many of his brothers on the bench rather encourage fighting; they think it better these rough, wild fellows should exhaust their strength and passions on themselves."

The party turned their horses from the spot on which the pattern was held, and descended the steep road leading down to the waters of Killery Bay: but steep as it was, there were little mountain-paths, steeper and shorter, and bringing the foot-passenger to the water's edge in a much less space of time than could have been by the beaten road; and there, at the very bottom of the defile, at the foot of a steep projecting crag, they saw before them the very woman whom they had so lately observed in the dance. She held up her finger to Mr. O'Ryan as he passed.

"Well, Mrs. Joyce, what do you want with me?"

"I ax pardon, for crossing yer Honour's path; but I have a bit of a request: will yer Honour step this way?" drawing him aside. "Yer Honour's going to Westport, may be?"

"You are right; but what is that to you, good woman?"

"Troth, and I'm glad yer Honour will be out of it, entirely; for why should one, like yer Honour, be bothered with the boys, at all, at all? it's what myself would'nt be; only," speaking quick and low, "if ye've really a-mind to save life, ye'll send up Mr. Archer and the Westport men, soon. The boys, there, have got a notion, that Ned Bruce has paid tithe; and they've vowed to make him remember if he have."

"What can you mean? Have not you paid tithe, and I, and many of us round?"

"I know that, yer Honour: but some have vowed not; and Ned is one of the sworn boys, and is under an oath not to pay—which makes the differ; and he'll not be let break this oath for nothing."

"And is the poor man there now?" asked Mr. O'Ryan, in some alarm.

"No, yer Honour; 'cause why; I 'ticed him last-night to go and see a friend of his old mother's, ten miles on the other side: but he'll come back by evening, or I don't know him at all."

"And you really wish to save your fellow-creature's life?" asked Mr. O'Ryan, looking at her with a penetrating glance. She stood it firmly.

"It's what I do, O'Ryan: but sure, if he's fated to fall, he'll fall; and he's wilful. What occasion for him to take the oath at all?—I tould him so then."

"You told him true: but let me think what is best to be done."

"The best thing, yer Honour, would be for the soldiers

to lay hold on him, and send him right out of the country at wonst; for the boys 'll never let him rest, I'm thinking."

"Could not you prevail on him, if you met him, to go of his own accord?"

"Not for all the words I could spake, yer Honour; not unless I could bring him where he might hear the boys themselves plotting his death."

"You think he is safe till evening?"

"Entirely: and it's partly what brought me here. I'm going my way before the sun is down; and I thought I might meet him, and turn him off from his doom, belike."

"This is a bad business, I fear," said O'Ryan, drawing his son aside. "There will, in all probability, be murder committed, unless we can find means to prevent it ere morning. One thing at least is clear, I cannot go on to Westport. Annette and I will return from this point, and you and Vergos must take boat, and row as far as you can towards Leenane. You know the horses are waiting for you there. Make no halt, but ride as fast as you can to Westport. Give my compliments to Mr. Archer, and beg him to come up with some of the Westport guards. Tell him," continued he, "that it is merely as a measure of precaution."

"But surely you would not have us leave you, sir," said Vergos, "if there be any occasion for alarm?"

"There is none, whatever, as far as I am concerned: but I know the virulence of these fellows against any one supposed to have broken an oath; and I hope to prevent Bruce's coming into their hands: for fear I should not, however, or to guard against the consequences of their disappointment, it will be right to have the soldiers at hand. My chief trust, however, is in this good woman. Will you undertake, Mrs. Joyce, to watch for Bruce, and bring him up to Ardbear Lodge? Tell him I have par-

ticular business with him:—we can keep him safe for one night, no doubt."

"Indeed, yer Honour," said the widow, in a determined tone, "I'll do no such thing."

"What! did you not tell me you wished to save the poor fellow's life?"

"True, for you;—but not to risk one that's worth far more nor twenty Ned Bruces. Mightn't many an eye see me bring him that way; and then, is it my arm or voice can save ought belonging to ye that stands in the way of vengeance?—No, no, Honour Joyce knows better nor that."

"But what can we do?"

"See then:—let yer Honour write a bit note to 'Squire Martin, living all the way down to Galway; and leave it to me to send Ned Bruce with it for yer Honour. Tell the 'Squire to keep him a day and night, and ye'll find means to let him hear again."

"She has thought of the best plan," said Mr. O'Ryan, "if she can but meet with Bruce;—but that is the hazard:" and hastily taking out his tablets, he wrote such a a note as he thought sufficient to detain the bearer in a place of safety; while he avoided any communication that might endanger his security, if the note should be found upon him. Mrs. Joyce undertook the charge of this.—"I trust you will take care of *yourself*, in the business, Mrs. Joyce," said he.

"Your Honour may trust me. I go out and in, and nobody quistions Honour Joyce:—the childer help too. One way we'll save the man, if it can be done."

"Well, do so; and God prosper you."

"I'll go back to the dancers, now; and no one'll think any thing of my being out of the way awhile; but yer Honour had better ride on a bit, just as if going in the car for

a *tower;* then ye can put the young gentlemen into the boat, and come home, quiet and easy, by the other road—if come home ye must."

The whole plan was arranged and followed with perfect ease; and Arthur and his companion, though sorry to part with the father and daughter, agreed that it was the best measure, under existing circumstances. The feelings with which they now pursued their way were not favourable to the enjoyment of the scenery, yet they could not help admiring it. Once launched in a boat on the Killeries, the views were indeed sublime:—the dark mountain barriers on each side, forbidding egress to all but the fowls of the air; the measured sound of the oars, and, excepting this, the perfect stillness of the scene, were very striking.—On they rowed, quite up to the Killery-head, and there, at the top of this ocean inlet, stands Leenane, the residence of the head of the Joyce family. Here, according to appointment, our travellers' horses were in waiting. The great King Joyce himself was from home, but as expedition was required on our travellers' present errand, they did not very much regret this: indeed, Arthur had been dreading a delay at this place, for it was, he well knew, not easy to escape the hospitalities which would be pressed upon them; and as Mr. Joyce possessed a considerable share of curiosity, and not a little address in extracting any thing that was to be known, he was well pleased to be spared a cross-examination.

"This is truly a noble prospect," said Vergos, pointing to the fine mountain-range before them, as they took the Westport road.—"And what is that mountain which stands so proudly out from the rest—a great deal higher, I should judge, than any of them?"

"Oh, that," said Arthur, "is the Reek; that is, the ce-

lebrated Crow Patrick. From that mountain, you must know, St. Patrick drove all the venomous beasts in Ireland into the sea,—when he had, with great pains and difficulty, collected them together; and ever since that blessed time, we have not been troubled with so much as a toad.—To do him honour, there is an altar on the top of the mountain. It rises directly from the shore of the Bay of Westport:—it is truly a magnificent mountain; and if you have a mind to ascend it, you will find plenty of pilgrims to keep you company. It is a most famous place for 'stations;' and you may see crowds at some particular times in the year, doing penance, by making the ascent in the most laborious and painful ways possible. But come, you will have the Reek before you for a long time: I must not let you pass by all this nice cultivated country without observation. Look;—this is all the Marquis of Sligo's land; and, in general, you may see it is in an improving state:—more wood is springing up, more corn, more cattle, and you will find these cottages better than those you have lately seen. Westport itself is decidedly less flourishing than it was a few years ago, I am sorry to say; for the linen trade, which used to be carried on very extensively, is now much diminished: but my father tells me that, to make up in some degree for this, there is an increased export trade in corn.—And now look at the harbour," continued he, as they reached an elevation commanding a noble view of the Bay. The mountains of the coast and the sea were not the only picturesque objects Vergos found. The Bay itself was studded with islands, some rugged and mountainous. Among others, Achill Island and Clare Isle were particularly pointed out to him. The former of these is 24,000 acres in extent, very bare, and the inhabitants wretchedly poor. There are good sound-

ings among these islands, and, once within them, vessels may ride safely; but the navigation is intricate and troublesome.

"This Mayo district is a fine specimen of wild mountain country," observed Vergos. Yon pretty neat town, and other symptoms of civilization, seem hardly in keeping."

"I see a considerable alteration, indeed," said Arthur, "even in these three years; and believe half those white houses have sprung up within this time, thanks to our landed proprietors. But still, I am sorry not to hear a better account of our linen-trade. I remember when a man used to earn ten shillings a-week by this business:—let us hope it is but a temporary depression."

The travellers pushed on, mindful of their first errand, on reaching Westport, to the house of Mr. Archer, the magistrate. He was at home, and readily undertook to go immediately with a police-force to the pattern, and also to inform Arthur of the event the next morning. Meantime, Vergos and his friend were most kindly pressed by his wife and family to take up their quarters for the night at his house, a little way out of Westport; but as they wished to spend the evening in making a little circuit in the neighbourhood, their hospitable offers were declined.

"I must show you," said Arthur, "a spot which, in my boyhood, I always considered as a perfect paradise. I want to see if it has lost its attractions:" and he led his friend into the small, but exquisite domain of Lord Sligo.—A lovely lake, abundance of fine timber, near views—warm, sunny, and Italian in character;—the distance bounded by the sea and the never-tiring mountain-range. These formed a whole, quite sufficient, Vergos thought, to justify his friend's admiration; and he could not but grieve to see so sweet a spot untenanted. Leaving this domain, they took a nearer view of the Reek, and made a

circuit round the base of a neighbouring mountain, which changed the whole view. The poorer people whom Vergos addressed, seemed, as usual, in a state of great poverty. Many of the men were gone to England to the harvest, leaving their wives and daughters to maintain themselves as well as they could in their absence. He enquired if they would really bring back the greater part of their earnings, and was assured they would:—that they would probably beg their way back, sleeping either in the open air, or under sheds by the way-side, if permitted.

"How miserable must be the state of these poor creatures," said Arthur; "and how much are they traduced, when we see them undertaking such journeys as this, merely for the earning of a pound or two, to pay the rent of their cabin or potatoe-ground!"

"What becomes of the family at home in the absence of the father?" was Vergos' next question: his eyes turned, as he asked it, upon two or three miserable hovels on the coast. He saw a poor half-naked woman, with two children, go to the door of one of these hovels. He saw the door open; and after a moment's parley, to his utter amazement, he saw the inmates of this hovel, but one degree better clad than the poor creatures without, reach out their hands, and bestow a gift of potatoes on the beggar. She seemed noway surprised: she took it, as if it was her customary daily portion; sat down by the road-side, and ate herself, and gave to her children.

"Stay awhile," whispered Arthur; "more are coming." And as he spoke, other applicants were observed, creeping along from different points towards the cottages; and it seemed that, while a potatoe was left in the bowl, they were supplied.

"Are these all vagrants?" asked Vergos, of a decent-looking man, who just then approached from the town.

"Not one of them, sir, I believe," said the man, touching his hat civilly. "I think I know every face among 'em; and well enough I may, for they're regular customers. That woman, that has scarce strength to crawl, and drags along with her a little boy in her hand, is Pat Rochfort's wife:—a decent fellow, and good workman as need be; but he's off harvesting."

"Good heaven!—and is there no provision for a decent workman's wife, that she must be driven to live by begging till he returns?"

"It's no more nor less than most of them do, sir: but they don't reckon it begging. The neighbours can't bide the reproach of having them starve at their doors; and 'tis cheaper to give potatoes than money."

"But those poor people, living in those wretched cottages,—surely they cannot afford to spare even a potatoe!"

"Ill enough, sir, indeed; but they know, when their turn comes, they'll be helped. We all take turn-about. I suppose, in the long run, I give the worth of two shillings in potatoes and milk every week; and some, and not rich either, I know, do more:—none like to have the curse put upon them."

"But have these families no means of living but this, in their husbands' absences?"

"One or two may, sir; but very few, I believe. When you know that a man has but fivepence a-day for labour, you may well think there can have been no provision beforehand."

"This is shocking!" whispered Vergos;—"most shocking! But what, then, becomes of your widows with families, of your aged poor, of your sick?"

"Oh, sir, it is sometimes a dreadful tale:—no one would wish it *twice* told. One comfort is, that suffer as

they may, they never have the feeling of being entirely forsaken. If a poor creature dies for want, and, indeed, I don't deny that many do, sooner or later, there's still always somebody near to pity, if they cannot help:—nobody can say their hearts are hardened.——If you have time, sir, as you seem to be a stranger and curious about us, I should like you to speak to a poor widow in yonder cabin. Where you have lived hitherto, I don't know; but you ought not to forget what is to be seen in Ireland, if nowhere else in the wide world. But here she comes—ask her any thing you please. She's civil and clever; poor creature as she looks."

The woman of whom he spoke was miserably thin, bony, and worn: but though her clothing and whole appearance were those of gaunt poverty, there was a look of intelligence and civilization about her. Her clothes, such as they were, were decently put on; and she walked steadily, (as steadily as weakness would permit,) as it seemed, on an errand of real business, making her children curtsey to the gentlemen, as she was about to pass, and not attempting to attract their charitable notice. Yet the look of hunger in her pinched countenance struck Vergos most painfully.

"Is it to the kiln again, Mrs. Kirle?" asked the Westport townsman in a softened tone of voice. "I'm afraid that kiln is killing ye. I wish, now, you would sometimes call as ye go by, and ask for a drink of buttermilk for the children."

"I haven't come quite to that yet, Mr. Daly," she answered; "though well I believe ye mane kindly: but Sally Kirle must fare worse still, ere she asks with the beggars."

"But I did not mean ye should come with them. I only asked ye to stop, like a civil neighbour; and then

my wife likes to see the children drink a sup.—This gentleman, being a stranger, would like to hear about the kiln—would you mind telling him ?"

"Not the least; that is, if the gentleman would be plased to step to the kiln himself. But I don't deal myself for the meal; does he know that ?"

Arthur quickly explained, that neither he nor his friend were traders; and when he had mentioned his name, and Vergos' wish to know the real state of the working people, she answered every question readily and respectfully, leading the way at the same time to the kiln, at a short distance.

"My husband," said she, "was one who bought in oats to sell again, when dried and dressed for meal; and I used to help him, till I learnt to tend the kiln for myself. Now he is dead, and I have nothing better to do than to follow the business; and thanks I owe to the Lord that we have it:—I and the four children must have begged, else; for we had nothing, not a tenpenny left in the house when the father died; and a sore time it was. I was ill, myself, too, then, and my heart half-broke with grief: but what couldn't I do, when I looked at the poor things ? At first, the kiln-masters said I should never be able to stand the work; and that no man, let alone woman, would, or could do what I talked of. I won't say I was sure I could, either;—but I tried; and I done it up to now: only I know very well it is killing me, it is, in no time."

Vergos asked a few questions about the nature of the employment, and remuneration. To his amazement and deep concern, he found that this poor, but most respectable and deserving woman, was employed for twenty-four hours without intermission, three or four times in the course of every week,—sitting up the whole night each time,—to watch the kiln, and receiving only from four-

pence to sevenpence every cast. He learnt that, during the busy times of the year, she seldom laid down on a bed—sometimes not for three weeks together; but merely obtained short snatches of sleep between the kiln-casts. About two-and-sixpence per week was her highest wages, for this worse than Negro labour; and at times, of course, the remuneration was less. She owned she had often lived upon one meal of potatoes in the course of the day; that she had scarcely ever been able to buy herself or children clothes; but the neighbours had sometimes assisted her:—now and then she was able to procure a very little milk, and once in awhile, a red-herring. Yet it was her pride to say she had never begged, nor would she allow one of the children to do so.

By the time she had finished her narrative, she was eagerly called for by the other kiln-driers, and quietly resumed her station; while Vergos could not forbear expressing himself in the strongest terms, on the misery and hardships of such a lot.

"Hard enough, sure," said one of the men who stood near, and whose business it was to superintend the general work of the kilns. "I say, hard enough, master, sure; and if she wasn't a clever body, she couldn't do even that, or any thing like it: for my part, it would kill me in a month."

"If I were master here, my good man, she should at least have better wages," said Vergos.

"That is, sir, I suppose," said the master himself, coming forward, "if it were a clear case, that you could do so without doing more harm than good. I now employ more labourers by half than I want, or wish for:—if I were to turn off twenty, I could afford to give ten better wages,: but, surely, while pressed down by numbers, as we are, we must try to keep as many as possible from

starvation; and this it is that keeps wages so low. Then the crowds of beggars are a continual drain on our purses, in one shape or other."

"You must wish very much for some regular provision for these destitute creatures, I am sure," observed Vergos.

"I have not made up my mind on that, altogether," said he; "though I know something should be done. I'm inclined to think a great many kinds of help are wanted: but the grand thing is, that at present, we have ten times the number of hands there is profitable employment for."

"And this is a Christian country!" exclaimed Vergos, as they turned towards the town:—"civilized, too; and under the government of no dark tyrant, no half-barbarous despot. Here is one land yoked to another; that other, far above herself in all that is generally esteemed honourable to the human race:—here is poor Catholic Ireland, protected and governed, as it is called, by free, liberal, prosperous *Protestant* England!—A precious hand she appears to have made of it."

Arthur was silent; but as his friend spoke, he could not help anticipating a yet more indignant philippic hereafter. It was a great relief to their minds, when they found, the next morning, that Mr. Archer was returned, bringing with him intelligence of the safety of those they had left behind; and also a note from Arthur's father, informing them that Mrs. Joyce had been successful, and had sent the obnoxious individual off to Galway, where he would probably be detained till they reached that place.

CHAPTER VI.

A DIGRESSION.

"And now, gentlemen," said the worthy magistrate, "if you are not particularly pressed for time, I have a proposal to make, which I shall be glad to find proves agreeable to you. I am going to-morrow morning to visit my friend Colonel B——, who has a sporting-lodge on the coast of Black Sod Bay: if you have any wish to see the sports of as singular a tract of country as ever you visited, do accompany me. I will ensure you a welcome from the Colonel, and I will venture to say you will find it worth your while."

Vergos saw that his friend's eyes sparkled at the proposal. "The very thing!" answered he. "I did not venture to start the project myself, because I knew our over-careful ones would have objections innumerable; but really it is a shame, that Vergos should visit Mayo without coasting it northwards and seeing our fine game."

"Agreed, then," said Mr. Archer. We start to-morrow morning."

"And our horses; our equipments?"

"Leave that to me. I should recommend you to send them from Castlebar with your servant to Ballina: there they can wait a day or two for you; and we will have hired country ponies for this expedition: we shall boat it, also, good part of the way."

"Then heaven send us fair weather!" exclaimed Arthur: "for we all know the miseries of boating on our coast in bad."

"There is a young moon," observed Mr. Archer, "and it looked fair and promising last-night; that is all we can say."

Early on the following day, Mr. Archer's car, and the travellers' horses were at the door; and they proceeded, over a tolerably good road, to Castlebar, which is the capital of Mayo, and a large and populous town. At this place Mr. Archer hired strong ponies, and two guides; and they proceeded first to Newport, also a port and market-town; and afterwards, by a very rugged road, along the indented coast. On the left hand was Clew Bay and its many islands; on the right, hills and barren moorland. After travelling some miles, a pass opened inland, between the mountains, and our travellers turned their backs, for awhile, to the sea. But here is another of those deep winding channels, which convey the waters of the ocean many miles up the coast:—a branch from Black Sod Bay nearly meets the waters of Clew Bay, almost encompassing a large tract of main land: and here it was that the gentlemen found Colonel B—'s galley in waiting for them. Sending their ponies on by land, they went on board. It took them about an hour to shoot through the confined, dangerous channel, and to reach the broader waters of Black Sod Bay: and though it was a voyage of some little danger, from the gusts of wind which vessels encounter at every turn round the projecting headlands, they were well repaid by the view of this bold coast, and the numerous other natural objects of interest. A noble pair of eagles flew leisurely just over their heads; and flocks of the curlew made the rocks ring with their piercing cries. The shores still rose precipitously from the water; and a ruined castle crowned the summit of a rock; but there was now little leisure for further observation. The vessel doubled a projecting point, ran up a creek, and in a short time our travellers were at the wild mountain-lodge of their friend. A singular spot it was. The house was low, as best be. fitted its situation: it did not idly "court the boisterous

gale," but spread forth a broad base, promising ample shelter and security. A vast cliff, jutting out athwart the head of the creek, at the bottom of which stood the dwelling, afforded it considerable shelter in stormy seasons; though not so complete, but that the spray and foam of the Atlantic often dashed against the windows. The rooms were neat and warm; blazing turf fires diffused their heat around, and all the bustle of a farm surrounded the house. At the door stood the host, a hale, hearty sportsman; and a little way from him, near the dog-kennel, his son, (he was a widower,) a young man about six-and-twenty. The pair seemed made for each other, and for the life they led: neither cared a straw for cities or society. Fishing and hunting, shooting and otter-catching, all the delights of a primitive country, abounding in game, were their very life of life. They could tell every point in the history of the tribes of earth, air, and flood:—they talked of the creatures around them, with a fondness, which we have observed to be, by some singular anomaly, pre-eminent among men whose pleasure it yet is to pursue and destroy them. No doubt a philosopher would call it selfishness; but it is not wholly so. Real sportsmen generally abhor petty, unnecessary cruelties: you rarely find them wanton tormentors of animals; on the contrary, they are thoughtful of whatever may conduce to the comfort and pleasure of the existence of these races; and when they destroy, do it in the way to produce the least of suffering.

The season was so far advanced when our travellers visited Black Sod Bay, that Colonel B—— did not promise them much sport; but he at least gave them hearty welcome. The hopitalities of his table were rather redundant: fresh, beautiful cod and hake, exquisitely cooked; grouse and venison from the hills, with large accom-

panying libations both of claret and whiskey, detained Vergos and his friend somewhat longer than was agreeable to them; but slipping out of the room, they strolled into the fresh air, and mounted a hill which screened their host's dwelling on the north. A glorious prospect opened to them: hills stretched off to the north and west, and narrow defiles between, promised shelter for the grouse, and perhaps for the deer. As they were gazing in this direction, their host's son joined them, and told them they were not wrong in their conjecture; for that the beautiful and rare red deer of the country were sometimes still seen in these valleys; and that a magnificent one had been shot very lately. It was pathetic to hear the lamentations of the young man at the rapid decrease of these animals. "My father," said he, "when a boy, used to meet sometimes as many as forty herded together. O, when shall I see such a sight! I have never been fortunate enough to find more than ten or twelve: they are more and more scarce every year. Our greyhounds are already gone; and when our noble red deer are extinct, what will there be in Ireland worth living for?"

"But cannot you keep up the race by care?" asked Vergos.

"I am sorry to say it is almost impossible. We have taken the fawns young in the mountains; but we generally fail in rearing them: and if we confine a couple of older ones, even in a wide park-like enclosure, their offspring are still far inferior to the wild mountain-race. There are some particular plants and lichens on which they feed in their native state, which are difficult to transplant, and seem essential to their prosperity. In the winter-months, when the severity of the weather obliges them to seek the sheltered valleys, our native freebooters make sad havoc among them. But I am afraid," continued he, "our

mountain air is rather too cold for you at this time of the day: I should recommend your returning to the house and taking coffee: to-morrow we will take as long a round as you please."

As they walked towards the house, Arthur enquired about the summer's fishing, and the general plenty of game on the hills and moors.

"The priest, and my father and I," answered the young man, "have often caught as many as twelve or fourteen fine salmon in a morning with the hock. When we use the net, which is allowable from the latter part of June till the 12th of August, the quantity is of course much greater; and we also catch a vast number of white trout in the pools and lakes: they are not so large, however, as you may expect. From seven to fourteen pounds weight is the average of our salmon; though my father once caught a monster weighing fifty-six pounds. There is much poaching carried on at night; and now, though the fish is unwholesome, I believe a great many are caught: but you were enquiring about other game.—Yes, it has been plentiful; but our grouse and pheasants have many enemies. We are sadly tormented by wild cats, foxes, weasels, and other vermin: and then the birds of prey are numerous. There, on that promontory, a pair of sea-eagles have had their eyrie beyond the memory of man, and no art of ours has ever been able to reach them. Year after year they bring up a new brood to our annoyance. If you were immediately under the cliff, you would be astonished at the proofs of their voracity. Heaps of bones, and feathers, of rabbits, hares, poultry, and small game, as well as fish, meet our eyes."

"You said, you had in vain tried to get rid of them," said Vergos: "may I ask *how*?"

"There is but one possible mode of attack. The nest is

full two hundred feet above the sea; and to get at it from below is out of the question. We let down our henchman by a rope, in a basket, last year, from the top; but the cliffs beetle over so far, that he could not get near it, and the old ones attacked him so furiously, as almost to upset the basket. Another time, a young peasant tried the same plan; but he also was attacked by one of the birds, and in endeavouring to defend himself with a sort of cutlass which he carried with him, he was unfortunate enough nearly to cut asunder the rope by which he hung: one strand of it, however, remained, and he was cautiously and safely drawn to the top; but the horror of his situation had so strong an effect upon him, that his hair, which had been of a dark auburn, in that short period became perfectly white!"

When they reached the house, the Colonel and his friend came out to meet them, and joined in the conversation. "In the island of Achill," said the former, "the poor peasants suffer sadly from the eagles and foxes:—they have nearly left off keeping ewes and fowls, and our salmon-pools are much thinned by the destroyers."

"What can that very small object be which I see yonder?" asked Vergos, suddenly.

"Oh, that is Nora Creagh, fishing in her corragh. I wonder she stays out so late in the afternoon."

"A woman!—good heaven! And in what a vessel!"

"You may well say so: but mark her, she is coming on shore."

And even as he spoke, the little skiff danced over the waves, and the rower sprang to land, dragging her vessel after her: it was a very nut-shell: a few hoops secured with cords, and covered by canvass, rendered water-proof by a coating of tar and tallow. The bottom was strewed with fish just caught, which the woman laughingly gave to

a boy who came to meet her, bringing a basket. This done, she slung the corragh over her shoulders, and passing our party with a modest courtesy, was going up towards a distant cottage.

"Well, Nora," said the Colonel, "you have had good success, I see. Long life to the corragh!"

"Ah, long life to the corragh! yer Honour may well say that: it has carried me over the wild waves like a sea-bird, when his Honour's cutter could not have stood the gale an hour:—the children love it as if it were a thing of sense."

"And when, Nora, did you go to Achill last?"

"Indeed, and it was but yester eve I went, Colonel."

"So lately?"

"Yes; and what would ye be thinking, now, of my taking a lady;—a raal lady over wid me!"

"I should say, she was a brave woman, indeed."

"Ye may say that; for the tide was running this way and that way in Achill *farsett;** and the sea-birds screamed, and the wind howled; but she never turned pale; only sat calm and quiet; and I thought, sometimes her lips moved, as in prayer."

"How came she to go with you? She might have had my galley, and welcome? Why did not you come to me, Nora? I take it very ill of you."

"There's no occasion," quietly rejoined Nora. "Sure, myself begged her to let me come to your Honour; but she said, she knew ye were no friend to the *missioners*, and she would not ask ye to do what, may be, ye would gladly deny."

"Oh, I understand;—a missionary; going to make war

* The *sound* between Achill and the main land:—the reader has but to look at the map, in order to be convinced of the danger of this passage; opposite tides from Clew Bay and Black Sod Bay meeting in this narrow passage.

on the priests, I suppose. Poor men! they have a hard battle to fight, when fair ladies attack them in their strong holds!"

"But, Colonel, I will say this, that a gentler creature never trod the turf, than this lady. My heart warmed to her:—and then, I found it was to take care of the brother she was going, hearing him to be ill; and no doctor nor nurse near: so she came all the way from Dublin to visit and tend him, God bless her!—and it was worth your lapfull of gold to see the meeting:—how he first blamed, and then kissed her, for coming; and how the tears came into her eyes, when she saw the poor hut on the side of Slieve More, where he had laid so long, with only a poor old woman to see to him."

"The creature makes a child of me," said the good-natured Colonel, brushing away a tear. The missionaries are good sort of people enough, I believe, though there has been no peace with the islanders since they came. But the lady, Nora; I am afraid she could find very poor accommodation."

"The best in Achill, yer honour; the new little cottage, where the coast-guard and his wife live. There's a neat room, and elegant bed, and the lady will have that: she spoke quite cheerfully about it, and said it was only better than she had at all expected: and then she has the minister's wife near at hand; and the school, and the Protestant folk, and the *turned* Papists; but I don't believe in *them*, any how."

"Now, there you are wrong, Nora," said a fisherman, coming up: "I say they *are* turned. Don't I know at least a score of 'em that never minded the priest's curse one straw, and send their children to school, quite reg'lar!"

"And how long 'll that last?" asked Nora, in contemptuous tone.

"I don't know, Mrs. Nora: 'tis folly to be bound for any; but, certain as I stand here, I believe there's some of 'em that would go through fire and water or ever they go back to mass; and what's more, I'm one of 'em, and I don't care who knows it, not I!" added he, passing on, while Nora muttered a few words, and dropping her curtsey to his Honour, took her leave.

Something was said that night at the Lodge of the Protestant colony at Achill. Many *pros* and many *cons* were uttered by the speakers; but none could help admiring the zeal and patience, which had led these families of Christians to forego the comforts of civilized life, and take their portion with the inhabitants of the wild, sequestered Island of Achill. Even the Colonel, who, to say the truth, would have preferred the undisturbed dominion of his sportsmanlike friend, the priest, allowed the merit of the missionaries; and said he was determined, as far as in him lay, to protect them from injury. "Poor people!" said he, "a hard time they are like to have of it. The crops have failed this year, and I doubt there will be such a time of starvation as scarce has been known before: and yet it was horrible enough last time. If you had seen the peasants, wandering up and down on the rocks, living chiefly on sea-weed, with the typhus fever all the while raging among them, and no doctor in the place; but there is one coming, I'm told, to settle among the missionaries. You saw, of course, Slieve More," continued he, addressing Arthur, "as you came up this way;—that high mountain, where the eyrie is: Dugurth, the only village, is just under it. If you had time, we could presently cross, wind and weather permitting."

Arthur thanked him, but feared they had no time. He said, he should not be satisfied with merely seeing; he should think it right to stay some little time, if he wished

to form a just judgment of what was doing: and he had rather believe, as he did now, that the mission was carrying on in a Christian spirit, than see or hear little details, which might strike him as objectionable in its proceedings, without having sufficient time to comprehend the difficulties.

The next morning, the Colonel's galley being ordered out, the party embarked in it, sailing northwards, towards that part of the coast called the Mullet. Here they landed, and walked a considerable way up the country, till they came to a narrow valley between two steep hills, where their host told them three red deer had lately been seen. They kept along the top of one of the hills, which formed the boundary of this glen, cautiously looking, at times, down the defile, till the Colonel suddenly made a sign to them to stop, and lie down on the turf near some bushes. Having obeyed his order, they had the pleasure of seeing these beautiful animals browsing on the turf. One of them was a magnificent animal, much larger than a fallow-deer; and as he trotted at his ease along the valley, they admired his stately looks, and grieved that so fine a race should be nearly extinguished. As they had all guns, there was a momentary temptation to fire; but the Colonel shook his head, and would not allow them to meddle with the noble creatures: and on they went, looking at the trout-pools in the valleys, and the haunts of the grouse on the moors, and hearing abundance of sportsmanlike talk: while the guns were often put in requisition, and the bags were soon well charged with game. At one spot, a favourite setter-dog made a dead halt, and pointed with such a look of earnestness and consequence, that the Colonel predicted something extraordinary; and accordingly out flew a large bittern from a reedy pool, and was laid low in a moment by his gun. The quantity of birds astonished

Vergos; and still further to excite his admiration, the Colonel, on their return to the galley, ordered his men, as the afternoon was fine, to round the southern extremity of the Mullet, and run towards Inniskea. As to landing at this wild spot, he had no thought of it: in the calmest weather it is dangerous: but he wished our travellers to see the numerous tribes of birds which inhabit the promontories. While gazing upwards, a very small floating substance shot out suddenly from the rocky shore, and as it came nearer, they perceived it to be Nora in her corragh, fishing for codlings and gunners.

"If I really wanted to land," observed the Colonel, "I should get into Nora's vessel: it would take me on shore as quickly and safely again as any of the boats you see." And while he was speaking, Nora came up, offering her services. "No, thank you," said the Colonel: "we are going back immediately;—but, stay: now I think of it, I want my servant to speak to one of the islanders: we will wait, if you will take him;", and the man sprang into this little ark, and was at the shore in a trice. He soon returned, bringing with him some fresh cod and lobsters. Meanwhile, the party had been admiring the bold headlands, and the numerous birds and animals that tenanted them. They could well conceive, that the riches of these islands were considerable. The plenty of fish, fowl, and rabbits, (which are remarkably fine ones,) and the excellent firing, also the quantity of pasture-land, which enables the islanders to cultivate the breed of sheep, render them altogether more independent than the natives of such islands often are: but, on the other hand, nothing beyond the produce of the island can be procured for the winter-months: and, even in summer, the priest who would visit his flock in Inniskea, is obliged to watch his opportunity carefully. The experience of the natives enables them to

detect the approach of a storm; and at a moment's notice, he is hurried away, or must abide where he is for weeks, perhaps.

It is a very remarkable thing, that these dangerous spots are often selected by the Irish as cemeteries; and hence, a burial is often attended with the peril of many lives. They will keep the corpse unburied till the last moment, in hopes of an abatement of a tempest; and often embark it, when the voyage cannot be undertaken without infinite hazard. Fortunately, our travellers saw the coast at a favourable moment, and returning home to the Colonel's hospitable abode, finished the evening with much mirth and good cheer; remembering, not without regret, that they were to part on the mrorow.

CHAPTER VII.

THE JOURNEY PURSUED.

Sligo is a beautifully situated town. The Bay, opening to the north-west, is enclosed between fine lofty banks; and the river flowing through the town, is also richly adorned with wood and hill, and soon after swells out into a fine lake, called Loch Gilly. At Sligo, Vergos and his friend halted two days; and they found plenty to see and to interest them. They were surprised to see the bustle and traffic in this town. They learned that its ex-

ports were steadily increasing; and that larger and larger quantities of grain, butter, pork, &c., are every year shipped from this port; that the timber-trade was also flourishing, and a constant interchange of commodities kept up with the Baltic; but that there were no manufactures in the place. They found, among the buildings, two Protestant churches, and many benevolent institutions, and three good libraries. The tenantry around Sligo, they learnt, comprised a good many Protestants, brought here by the Protestant landholders in the neighbourhood; and the general appearance of the people was less Irish. Many wealthy and educated families reside in the neighbourhood, partly attracted by the extreme beauty of the scenery; and the whole appearance of the country gives one the idea of improvement and prosperity. Our friends took boat at Sligo, and having sufficiently admired the beauties of the river scenery, entered the lovely Loch Gilly, which Arthur said he was disposed to consider one of the most beautiful scenes in Ireland, even though he had visited Killarney. It is only about eight miles long, in breadth never exceeds two: but the richness and undulation of its banks, and its twenty-three wooded islands, render every thing the eye takes in as perfect as scenery of a like character can be. Here the vast evergreens, as fine as Vergos had seen in Spain, grew and flourished. Arbutus, laurels and bays were trees of enormous size and consequence: large oaks and elms, ashes and limes, threw their shade over the waters, and at every sweep of the boat, called forth some exclamation of admiration from those who had so lately travelled over the woodless mountains of Cunnemara: the contrast, indeed, was so striking as often to arouse Arthur's lamentations over the devastations which had stripped his native coast of its glory. "We have fixed, you know," said he, to

Vergos, "that our excursion should be confined to Connaught; and I therefore shall not have an opportunity of showing you any nearer approaches to prosperity and civilization than you have seen to-day. We shall get back to the *mere* Irish, you will find, as we proceed; but while we are in Roscommon, you will see the same appearances as you have observed to-day. To-morrow we shall have Loch Arrow and Boyle, and Rockingham House, which, alone, is worth coming many miles to see; but still, it is not decidedly *Irish*."

"But it is a splendid place," thought Vergos, as the next day they stood beneath the marble portals of Lord Lorton's princely abode. They had passed through the pretty town of Boyle, and visited the ruins of its Abbey: and now, when they had rowed up Loch Key, and surveyed its wooded islands, and landed at the smooth sloping lawn on which the edifice is situated, they were struck with the quietness of the whole scene. There is one remarkable peculiarity about this mansion:—the offices are mostly covered over, and subterranean passages are carried from them to the lake, and, in another direction, to the stables, so that servants, and people of business, are not seen hurrying to and fro; but the quiet of the place is perfectly preserved. Another remarkable particular is, that the house is built of marble from a quarry on Lord Lorton's estate. And now they turned their heads a little northwards, towards Loch Allen; remarkable, chiefly, for being the source of the noble river Shannon, which they were to follow as long as it was a boundary to Connaught. Vergos had heard so much of this river, that he had long been anxious to behold it: he knew that it possessed the singular character, (singular, at least, among rivers of the old world,) of being navigable from its mouth to its source, a distance of two hundred and thirty-four miles. He knew

that it expanded in several places into noble lakes; and was capable, through a good part of its course, of bearing vessels of four hundred tons burden;—that it carried wealth and commerce along with it, through ten Irish counties; and was, beyond all comparison, the finest river in the British dominions.

"There it is!" exclaimed Arthur, jumping to the ground and bending, as if in reverence to the stream:—"there goes the noble Shannon! I have seen many a broad river since I beheld it, but never one I love so well. O, how glad I am to be here again!—But this is nothing, Vergos—nothing at all. You will see, as you go on, what the Shannon really is, when it has escaped from the influence of that sleepy parent lake. You see," he continued, "there is not much that is attractive in the scenery here; but I could not but show you the source of our great river. Now we must take a southerly direction, and accompany the Shannon so long as it favours Connaught with its presence, which is as far as Lough Derg. My proposal is, that we send our horses on to Galway, and take our chance of conveyances there. I should like to take, for at least a couple of days, a voyage on the Shannon; and if your patience holds out, even to follow it through Lough Derg to Killaloe, halting on the way where we please. In this voyage you will see more than half the course of our Shannon, and a very large tract of country also."

To this arrangement Vergos readily assented. Directions were given to the servant who accompanied them, and they engaged an experienced boatman with a capital boat. From Loch Allen to Leitrim, the little capital of the country, they found nothing to interest them, nor till they reached Carrick. Here the country improved; and as they further descended to James Town, it became very interesting. From this place to Athlone the river range,

through the smaller Lochs of Bodarig and Boffin, was strikingly fine. From Richmond Bar, their next remarkable point, a canal has been cut (about ninety miles) to Dublin. And when they halted at Lanesboro', Vergos was informed that, from that place to Athlone, a distance of twenty-one miles, they would be employed in traversing Loch Rea, another and larger expansion of the Shannon; but Arthur thought it worth while to digress about three miles from the river's banks to visit Roscommon, the principal town of the county bearing this name; and accordingly they hired a car for the purpose: there was not much, indeed, to claim their attention. The cathedral, originally a fine Gothic building, though now merely a parish-church, was however an interesting object: but a more curious one to our travellers was the tomb of Phelim O'Connor, an ancient King of Connaught, well preserved in the ruins of the Dominican Friary. The soil hereabouts was fertile, and the stock on the farms appeared numerous and good. Instead of halting for the night at Lanesboro', as had been at first proposed, our travellers slept at Roscommon, returning to Lanesboro' early in the morning, and again entering their boat, were launched upon Loch Rea. Happily the weather was fine. The islands on this lake added greatly to the beauty and interest of the scene. Among the rest, Inchturk, and Inchmore, each of them large enough to be well cultivated, and to be the site of capital houses, attracted their attention. Although, however, the villas, the woods, and the corn-fields afforded undisputed marks of the care of man, it was with a feeling of melancholy that Arthur pointed out to his companion the absence of brisk and stirring signs of business on this vast expansion of the river; for Arthur had been on the Clyde, and had seen the busy vessels plying incessantly to and fro; and though he loved the solitude of fine scenery, he knew it

was a bad sign, that so little use was made in his own country of so great an advantage. True, there was a steam-vessel; but it was a solitary thing, moving like a single caravan in the desert. Loch Rea is, in some places, a broad expanse of water, branching far to the left; but through part of its course, is contracted to river-breadth. Its waters are, in some places, very deep;—about one hundred and eight feet: in others, they diminish to ten or eleven feet; but it is everywhere navigable for vessels of considerable size. The river at Athlone is three hundred yards wide; but both above and below the town, the navigation is connected for a short distance by canals, on account of some rapids, which present a difficulty in the way of the passage of the vessels.

It was hardly to be expected, that very picturesque scenery should be found below this point; for it was evident that our travellers were now approaching the Lowlands; and accordingly, soon after leaving Athlone, which is an ugly, though a populous and busy town, they found themselves winding along with the broad and brimful river, through low, brown, boggy lands:—a duller prospect could not well be seen. To the left, as they descended the stream, lay the Bog of Allen, and the Bogs of Galway were on the right. The former, as our readers will find on reference to the map, forms no inconsiderable portion of the King's County in the Province of Leinster; and being out of the district of Connaught, did not come within the boundaries of our Spaniard's present journey. Nevertheless Vergos, having heard much of this most celebrated, because largest, of the Irish Bogs, looked upon it with some interest. In fact, it extends through great part of the centre of Ireland, though partially reclaimed, and naturally intersected by belts of gravel and arable land. As the eye roamed over this brown, unproductive waste, and

then rested on the miserable hovels which bordered it, it was impossible not to feel how useful and easy it would be to convert the former into a source of employment and comfort for the inhabitants of the latter.

"Surely," said Vergos, "the nation that has given twenty millions to rescue its African subjects from slavery might do something to reclaim three millions of acres from the waste—to give bread and peace to its own afflicted people!"

While making their observations on this desolate country, (not the less desolate, because they passed by the way the ruins of seven ancient churches,) they came to the part of the river called Shannon Harbour, from whence another grand canal, seventy-eight miles in length, is carried to Dublin; and a regular daily communication is established, which is also connected with the steam-navigation of the Shannon to Limerick. The river, soon after this, is divided into a number of branches by many islands of various sizes: and this continues, after passing through Banagher, a small, but increasing town. A few miles below this place, the boatman pointed out the fine ruins of Meelek Monastery on the Galway side: excepting these, there was scarce any thing deserving of notice. The river spread itself through vast low meadows, which are always overflowed during winter; but, in summer, furnish rich pasturage to innumerable herds of cattle: and Vergos said, this part of the voyage reminded him forcibly of the banks of the Guadalquiver between Seville and Cadiz. From Banagher to Portumna our voyagers availed themselves of the accommodation of a steam-vessel, being tired of their slow course; and finding the accommodations comfortable, and the weather likely to be showery, engaged their passage the whole way to Mount Shannon, thirty miles; twenty of these being occupied by Lough Derg.

Having so lately seen Loch Rea, they were perhaps the less struck with Lough Derg; which though bordered by an interesting, fertile, hilly, and woody country, is not sublime or romantic. They were principally struck with the numerous villas and pleasure-grounds throughout this part of their course; the green lawns, the cultivated shrubberies, reflected in the blue waters, themselves sprinkled with islands. Here, while Connaught still bounded their view on the right hand, Munster was on the other. Munster, the richest of countries in deep and noble woods. Mount Shannon, where they had agreed to leave the river, now presented itself;—a pretty village on the Galway side, boasting accommodation for summer residents; and commanding a lovely view of the Lake and of Holy Island, on which is one of the round towers of Ireland. Near this village was the residence of a gentleman, to whom Arthur's father had given them a letter of introduction, which procured them every civility and kindness; and in the society of a most amiable family, and surrounded by every thing beautiful and luxurious, they were tempted to prolong their stay for two nights: nor were they sorry to be on shore when, on the second of these nights, the wind suddenly rose to a perfect hurricane; and they saw the waters of Lough Derg agitated, if not to an alarming, yet to a very uncomfortable degree, for those who might happen unfortunately to be voyagers. The next morning, however, was bright and balmy: their host furnished them with a car across the country to Lochcree, a small town, only renowned for its being in the neighbourhood of a ruined abbey. This part of the way had much that it was painful to contemplate. The country was poorly cultivated, the cabins wretchedly mean; the cottagers themselves destitute of comfort, and almost of necessaries. There was little to invite our travellers to halt; and ac-

cordingly they pushed on as rapidly as the ordinary vehicle procured at Locheree, allowed, in their course towards Galway.

CHAPTER VIII.

GALWAY.

Arthur had not told his friend of the traces which he would find in Galway of its Spanish origin; and it amused him, to see how involuntarily Vergos seemed to find himself at home, and how frequently he seemed to make an effort to recollect that he was in a foreign land. When they arrived at the house of Mr. Connor, the gentleman by whom they had been expected for the last few days, Vergos instantly pointed out the Spanish peculiarities of the mansion. They passed under a sculptured gateway to a large inner court: they entered a large door, and ascended a broad and heavy-looking flight of stairs. They even saw a small sliding pannel or wicket, in one of the doors on the landing, cautiously withdrawn, and caught a glimpse of a pair of laughing black eyes, surveying the strangers as they mounted. By and by, when they had gained the reception-room, and looked from the windows toward the market-place, they saw a host of friars, in their appropriate costume, mingled with the crowd; women, in brown jackets and red petticoats, but without shoes or stockings;

their black, glossy hair, dark eyes, and bright complexions, giving them an appearance, however, of intelligence. Fishermen were there bringing up their commodity, and, as soon as sold, departing with a business-like air, and a total lack of interest in the discourse and doings of the townspeople. A few Sisters of Charity patrolled the ways:—a nunnery and convent rose in view; with Catholic chapels in various directions. This was Galway. It required an effort still to think themselves in Ireland; but that effort was aided by the entrance of their host, a true-born Irishman, who made them welcome with all the gentlemanly frankness of one of the old school, introducing them to a lady-like matron, his wife, and to his only daughter, a damsel of twelve years old, whose black eyes had, as above related, taken cognizance of them from the wicket. Of this fact her father was not aware, till he saw her conscious look, when in allusion to the resemblance of Galway to his native town of Seville, Vergos mentioned the wicket of observation: but then the host glanced at his child, shook his head at her, and said, "O, Dora, you have been at your post again! I must apologise," continued he, "for the impertinence of this little damsel."

"But I assure you, gentlemen," said his wife, "your vanity must not be flattered by it: her glances were not directed in anticipation of your coming, I have reason to know; but of the arrival of a favourite little playfellow, for whom she has been looking all the morning. I have not been able to keep her from the wicket since breakfast."

"Mamma, here she comes! here is Grace!" exclaimed the child, as a beautiful girl, a perfect contrast to herself—light, fair, and flaxen,—bounded into the room, and sprang towards Dora, regardless of visitors. "How late you are,

Grace!" exclaimed her friend: "I thought you had forgotten it was my birth-day."

"Papa was so poorly, I could not come sooner, indeed; and I had to go this morning, with nurse, to the Claddagh for him, before I could get ready to come."

"To the Claddagh! What, does your papa let you go to the Claddagh;—all among the fishermen and their wives?—I should be quite afraid!"

"Oh, you need not be afraid: the Claddagh people are very civil, when you visit them, though they live so entirely among themselves. Papa has several very good friends there; and as he was too ill to go this morning, he wished me to call and hear how the poor little boy was, who was so nearly drowned yesterday: and I saw him, and he is almost well. His mother is such a nice woman: she spins or makes nets all-day: and though she is a widow, she is not suffered to be in want. Her eldest son is a boat-builder, and he brings home all his money to his mother; and this little lad is to be a fisherman, and goes out already every day with a neighbour."

"Will he not be afraid to go, now?" asked Dora.

"No; he told me not: he said he hoped he should soon learn to swim, and then he should not mind it, if he did fall into the water again. The old fisherman who takes him out, was very much distressed, indeed, at the accident; and could hardly speak to the mother, when he brought the boy home. I did not stay long, because I saw brother John coming to see them; and papa does not wish me to talk with the friars."

"Your papa goes to the Claddagh often when he is well, I believe, my dear, himself," said Mr. Martin.

"Yes; he used to go very often; and the poor people seemed to like to see him: but he could not do what he wished. He found the children had no school, and that

they grew up very ignorant; and he wanted much to have had such a school as the friars and priests would not have objected to; but they were afraid of him, I believe; and he could not persuade them to help; nor could he get any of the fishermen to send their children to school in the town."

"I dare say you are aware, Mr. O'Ryan," said their host, "of the peculiar way of life of our Galway fishermen. They are not so entirely independent a people as they were; for they used to have a mayor and laws of their own, and our magistrates found it scarce possible to penetrate into their little kingdom, which was a better kind of Alsatia: but now they are under the general government of our laws in every thing that does not immediately concern the fishing; there they still make and follow their own by-laws: and I have always found them an industrious, well-behaved race, though very unsocial in their dealings with the townspeople. I do not believe an instance has yet occurred of the Claddagh settlers marrying out of their own community."

"I have often talked of them with our Clifden fishers," said Arthur. "In fact, you know they are all connected; for our bays, as far as the Killeries, are all under the same regulations. I think we reckon about a thousand boats to be employed, and the number is increasing, I am told."

"You have not told me what are the fish chiefly taken," said Vergos, "on this coast."

"Haddock, cod, herring and bream. The herring-fishery on our coast is terribly hard duty: the men are not allowed to drop their nets till the sun has set, and they must take them up again at sunrise. This is a wise and necessary law, for it is well ascertained that one single *day's* fishing would entirely frighten a shoal of herrings off the coast. You may imagine, so suddenly as the winds

spring up along our stormy coast, that the nets will often be dropped in vain. Terrible gales may come on by morning, and as the temptation of gain to a fisherman is very strong under such circumstances, very many boats are lost every season. They are certainly far from *expert* fishermen, or even boatmen, but this is a good deal owing to their poverty, which disables them from procuring properly stout and well-rigged vessels, suited to so dangerous a coast; and they have little or no patronage or assistance. It is a curious fact that although the most productive whales (spermaceti and Greenland) abound at no great distance from the coast, the fishers have, till lately, been almost ignorant of the circumstance, and unable to avail themselves of it. They have never, indeed, taken the benefit of these visits except when one of the monsters of the deep was accidentally drifted on shore; and then, through their bad management, half of the oil has been lost. There can be no doubt, however, that, if Government thought proper to encourage it, a whale-fishery might be carried on here to great advantage."

"But, sir," said Arthur, "I think Government *has* interfered in former times, though unsuccessfully, to promote the whale-fishery in *the North*."

"True; I think it was in 1763 that the Irish Parliament granted £1500 to Messrs. Thomas and Andrew Nesbitt, great speculators in the fishing-trade, in the county of Donegal. But that it did not succeed, I believe, was owing to the imperfection of their knowledge and skill. A different mode of using the harpoon is necessary in *our* northern seas to that in use on the Greenland coast, the water being in general so much more rough. But I still repeat, I have no doubt that much might *now* be done with the whale-fishery, if it were properly supported. As it is, the expense and losses of the smallest fishing-boats

are often great.—It is reckoned that the boat, with oars and ropes costs from £8 to £10; this is generally held in partnership by four persons, who have afterwards each to provide a share of net, perhaps costing from three to four guineas. When storms come on, the nets get entangled: whoever comes first, cuts away in order to save his own, and get free as quickly as he can; and thus many are spoiled and damaged. With all this, the trade is pretty good, and they clear sometimes from £7 to £20 per man in a season by the herring alone: but, you know, the herring is always a capricious visitant. Sometimes, for ten years together, they almost desert a coast; then they return for as many years, or more."

"My dear," said Mrs. Connor, "I believe the gentlemen would rather discuss fish over our dinner-table, than in the drawing-room, at present."

"By all means. We will adjourn sight-seeing till to-morrow morning; when, if Signor Vergos pleases, we can visit the Claddagh, and all our other curiosities. You will find lodging-rooms, gentlemen, prepared for you; and your horses are safe in my stable, We have been looking for you these two days," he added; "and your man-servant was in despair, and half inclined to run over the mountains to Cunnemara to proclaim the fact of your non-appearance; but I laid forcible hands upon him and detained him, together with a countryman of his, who has been sent here for safety by your father. By the bye, O'Ryan, there is no occasion for any uneasiness about him, for he has fully determined on going to Canada by a vessel which sails in a few days. He finds many Galway friends are emigrating; and, having no particular ties to your country, he has been readily induced to join a party. I persuaded him not to go back to sell his cabin and bit of land; but let your father transact the business for him,—

which, indeed, was soon effected, for your father immediately sent me the man's full demand, taking the concern into his own hands. But I am detaining you. The dinner-bell will ring, I believe, in a few minutes. The servant will now show you your rooms."

When Vergos and his friend descended to the dining-room they found the party enlarged by the addition of a gentlemanly-looking Catholic priest, the family confessor, for Mr. Connor was a Catholic. A Galway merchant, also, one of his neighbours, had joined them; and there was no lack of conversation, or of spirit in maintaining it, notwithstanding that it appeared the party was divided both in religious and political faith. In Galway the preponderance of Catholics is so great, and the wealth and education is so equally distributed among the higher orders of both religions, that they have, by common consent, sunk their differences, and live together in great harmony. There is no great refinement, and little literary taste, in the place; but the people are hospitable, indeed somewhat too hospitable, encouraging each other to live beyond their means, and keep very luxurious tables. It was with no little difficulty that our friends escaped a longer sojourn over the bottle than would have been agreeable to them, and made their way to the drawing-room, which the merry sound of childish voices rendered very pleasant;—nor were they above contributing their share to the fun which was going on there.

The day was Saturday; and Dora's young friend reminded her that she must take early leave, for papa had always a little more business on Saturday night, and would not like her to be away. When she was gone, Mrs. Connor told the gentlemen that she was the daughter of an English clergyman, now in declining health; that her mother was already dead, and she had no relation in this

part of the world. The prospect for the poor child, she said, was a very distressing one. She did not think the father would ever recover: he was one of the most industrious curates in the diocese, and the most respected; but he was very poor. The rector was himself unable to collect his dues, and could afford to give but little to the curate; and what would become of his daughter when he died, she could not tell. The difference in their religious faith, she added, alone prevented her offering to bring her up as her own child with Dora, for she knew the curate would never consent to giving her into a Catholic family; but, whatever plan was proposed she would always gladly contribute any thing in her power to the child's maintenance or education.

The priest, who had joined the party, bore a willing testimony to the excellent character of the Protestant curate, and expressed his hopes that a provision would be secured for his orphan, if it pleased God to remove the father.

Young O'Ryan was benevolent by nature, and strongly and deeply interested, as a Protestant, in the fortunes of a clergyman of his church. He made little observation on what he heard: but the next morning, while Mr. Connor was occupied in showing his friend the docks and mercantile buildings of Galway, he resolved to call on Mr. Eustace. He found him a middle-aged man, of mild but fervent demeanour; unobtrusive in his conversation, but full of his pastoral work, and scarcely able as yet to argue himself into submission to the dispensation which had broken off all his plans of spiritual usefulness. He seemed little infected with the spirit of party, though zealously attached to the doctrines and discipline of his church. He complained that so much time was wasted in Ireland, even by clergymen, in matters not strictly belonging to their holy office, and wished some method could be

adopted of supplying the reasonable wants of the Protestant clergy, which should not oblige them to have any thing to do in collecting their own incomes.

"Ah, sir!" said he to Arthur, "you are young, and may have many opportunities of bearing your testimony to the state of things in this country: let me entreat you to hear the voice of a Christian minister, who must soon render up his account, warning you against this fatal, dreadful spirit of party, which prevents so many here from seeing and knowing the truth even of what passes before their eyes. Do not let one set of men convince you that it is a matter of indifference whether we are of one faith or another; do not be blinded to the immense value of freedom from degrading superstition and spiritual bondage; but neither let any sophistry, or the power of any example, lead you to do injustice to the Catholic in order to promote the Protestant cause; —I know both these snares, and have with difficulty steered my course. May you be enabled to do better than I have done!"

Arthur adverted to the violent method taken by some of the clergy to recover their tithes.

"Talk not of it!" said Mr. Eustace, writhing under the painful recollection. "I have no words strong enough to express my sense of the injury such conduct is doing to the cause these gentlemen were sent here to serve. I bless my God I am but a curate;—and yet, when I look at my child, shall I own to you, sir, that my heart sometimes sinks. I could wish, having spent my strength in the work, that it were in my power to make some small provision for her. But, alas! I have no more than will just support me now; and to lay by is impossible. I have even been unable to effect any insurance of my life, as I could not pay the annual premium. However, I

know I am in the hands of the best of masters; and the kindness I receive from the people of this place I cannot describe."

Arthur left this worthy man considerably touched by the interview, and privately resolved to interest his sister in little Grace. "She is so fond of children," thought he; perhaps she would even like to have her live with her and my father at Ardbear: at all events, I am sure she will do something for her. And Arthur shook hands with the little girl, and asked her if she would like one day to come into Cunnemara.

"What, that wild country over the mountains, where king Joyce lives!"

"The same: and remember, Grace, some people would frighten you about the Claddagh; and yet, you see, it is all nonsense. You can go and come very safely, and so it might be in Cunnemara. I have a sister there, who is very comfortable and happy."

"Oh! if your sister lives there, I am sure I should not be afraid;—but will papa go?"

"I fear not, my dear;—he seems very ill!"

"Yes, poor papa; but, perhaps, in the summer he will be better, and then I will be sure to ask him."

Vergos, meantime, had visited the fishermen's town. He was much interested by the Claddagh, as it is called, which is situated quite apart from Galway, to the right of the harbour. Streets and lanes, and squares, and rows of cabins met his eye in every direction,—the abodes of at least seven thousand fishermen; and most of these were decently furnished,—far superior to the country cabins he had hitherto seen. It was pleasant to see the industry of these people; all the women were as busy in *their* departments as the men, making and mending nets, or spinning; no loungers about the doors,—all at work and active. Surely

that is no just accusation which alleges that the Irish are incurably lazy.

The Bay of Galway is safe and capacious ; it is divided from that of Ardbear by a vast ledge of rocks, called Slive Head ; on the other side, in the distance, are seen the soft blue mountains of Clare, while the entrance of the bay is guarded by the rocky Isles of Arran. These isles are inhabited partly by fishermen, whose little rude barks, called *corraghs*, may be seen paddling about. On the south coasts, upon which Galway looks, are bold cliffs, abounding in puffins, on whose eggs the poor inhabitants live in times of great scarcity, such as have happened at no very distant interval of time. As there is no town of importance east of Galway for many miles, the place is one of increasing wealth and business. It exports largely wheat, oats, and flour, and has many corn-stores and mills.

It was not a very inviting day when our travellers set out on their return homewards. They were now again about to enter the mountain land which they saw at a little distance before them ; and Arthur O'Ryan, wishing to show his friend a little more of the interior of these Highlands, proposed taking a more circuitous road than that which leads across Cunnemara to Clifden. He preferred crossing Mam Turc, and descending, by the mountain paths, this fine pass into the western parts of Cunnemara. They reached the shores of Lough Corrib after riding about four miles. Here they might, if they pleased, have taken a boat and pursued their way to Ouchterard by water ; but having so lately passed several days on the Shannon and its lakes, they preferred following the shores of this large expanse of water on horseback. The scenery of the lower part of Lough Corrib is not so striking as the upper ; but it is a noble lake, being thirty-seven miles in length, and covering a space of 30,000 acres. It is pro-

posed to connect these with Galway by a canal, by which means the great advantages of inland navigation would accrue to an extensive tract of country. It is studded with islands, varying in form and size, some affording pasture for sheep and cows, others bearing crops of potatoes,—others, again, wholly barren.

Mr. O'Ryan's servant, an elderly man, pointed out many spots among these islands, and on the main land, which had served as places of retreat for suspected persons during the Rebellion of 1798. He told them he had been pressed into the service of the Government, (being a protestant,) as a volunteer; and how he had been obliged to assist in hunting out these poor fugitives, a task which he had evidently performed very unwillingly. The wind blew cool and strong over the lake, and its waves broke so roughly upon these islands, that it was observed it was hardly safe for the boats which here and there were plying between them; and he did not doubt that there was something going on which required promptitude.

"Those are the very places," said Arthur, pointing to the islands, "for the manufacture of 'mountain dew;' here they can ship it off from one place to another so quickly and cunningly as to avoid detection; and here too, in the dead of the night, the potsheen can be distributed through a very considerable range of country. But we are coming to Ouchterard."

Ouchterard, I must inform my reader, is a straggling little town, standing on the western side of Lough Corrib, and on the very boundary between Cunnemara and the lowlands. Some ruined castles are to be seen on the southern coast of the lake, and in the background a wavy outline of hills; but to the west rises the magnificent Cunnemara range—the summits of the mountains veiled in clouds. There is a pretty stream tumbling over

rocks, and making a succession of waterfalls above and through Ouchterard; and near these is a cottage, the property of Mr. Martin of Galway, which he calls his gate-house, a road from this place passing through his estates to his dwelling for twenty-six Irish miles.

"How large do you think this same parish of Ouchterard is, Vergos?" asked Arthur O'Ryan.

"Indeed I have no idea."

"It is thirty-three miles long, master," said the man, "and near fourteen broad."

"And how many people, do you suppose, inhabit it?"

"About nine thousand."

"And how many protestants?"

The man could not but smile as he answered, "From thirty to forty."

The stream which our travellers had been admiring looked so beautiful that Vergos was glad to find the road led by its side. As they proceeded it expanded into several small lakes; but after passing two or three of these, they turned off to the right, for it was Arthur's desire to bring his friend to the head of Lough Corrib, where there is a single house, which its owner has called by the grand name of Corrib-head Hotel, but by the natives is usually denominated Ma'am. Here they rested their horses for a while, and refreshed themselves by a very good dinner. Salmon, as usual,—salmon, the most plentiful of Connemara eatables,—and roasted kid: true mountain fare.

The situation of this hotel, in the bosom of lofty mountains, is extremely fine, and wants nothing but wood to make it as beautiful as it is grand. After dinner, again mounting their horses, they rode, still pursuing the shores of the lakes, to Cong, where are to be seen the ruins of an abbey, in which Roderic, an ancient king

of Connaught, ended his days. His Majesty Roderic was a great man in his day: from being king only of Connaught, he was raised, for his own merits, to be king of all Ireland, and was renowned for chivalrous deeds.

"We have now gone as far out of our road in this direction as will be worth while," said Arthur, "and we will bring you through our famous pass of Mam Turc into Cunnemara. But I must take you to a place where you will see both Loch Corrib and Loch Mask, only about a mile or two to our right. We shall then enter the barony of Ross." Our travellers were, however, destined to see no more views this evening: the clouds, which had been gathering over head all day, now suddenly discharged torrents, and they had reason to be glad of their present shelter at Cong,—little inviting as were the in-door accomodations,—for the best inn was truly a miserable place. Yet, such as it was, here they were compelled to stay all night. It was a thatched building about thirty feet long by fifteen wide, and the space was divided into an outer and inner room on the ground-floor; above were two lodging-rooms; and higher still a roosting-place for the fowls. The inner room of the ground-floor was furnished with two beds; but the floor itself was damp and dirty, and the room very dark.

Arthur and his friend had travelled too many miles in a wild and uncivilized country, to distress themselves at the prospect of one uncomfortable night; but neither were much inclined to sleep. They prevailed on mine host to light a fire in this inner apartment, as the evening was really cold, and sat up late in discourse. It proved indeed that they were not to be in undisturbed possession of their apartment. Just as they had determined to lie down on the uninviting beds, a long lanky-haired Irish-

man put his head in at the door, and with a grin and a bow asked "if their Honors would be plased to let him mount the cockloft ?" the only means of ascent to which was by a ladder fixed in the travellers' room.

"Oh, certainly, my good fellow ! Pray come in. What, I suppose you are the hostler here, are you not ?"

"I suppose I am, yer Honour ; and proud I was to take care of yer Honour's horse,—and a fine baste it is !"

"Well, Pat, and you have a pretty place of it here, I dare say !"

"Not much of that, yer Honour, seeing the wages are nothing ; and travellers like yer Honours are rare ; but I makes shift to live. I dare say," he continued, waxing bolder, "ye never seed anything so fine as the mountains here ! Isn't it a glorious country ! Myself thinks sometimes that the heavens above are proud at it ; and the clouds they do like to come down and cover the top of Mam Ture ! Ye'll spake a good word for us at Cong ; for isn't it an iligant room now ? and the master and all the people civil,—as they ought to be ? Would yer Honours be wanting a taste of whiskey to-night !" he added in a wheedling tone.

"No thank you, Pat, we are going to bed, aed advise you to do the same."

"Plase yer Honours," said the man, turning back his head just as he had reached the last step of his ascent, "I entirely forget the *caves*,—sure it would be a shame to leave the likes of them behind, and they the finest things in all Ireland !"

"Pat is not altogether wrong," observed Arthur, after he had disappeared, "you should see these caverns as you are here ; and it would be worth while staying an hour the longer in the morning." So saying, he threw himself upon his couch, and Vergos followed his example, but

was not equally successful with his companion in courting sleep. First the loud nasal music overhead, from the sleeping Irishman, annoyed him, and soon after the cocks began to crow, and the hens to cluck, and dawn appeared. Vergos, tired of his vain attempts to sleep, rose from his comfortless bed and gently endeavoured to open the window, in order to ascertain the state of the weather,—but this was a task too hard for him; it was plain the window was not made to open. Vergos next, fancying he heard some one stirring in the house, opened the door. The spectacle which presented itself was curious enough, it seemed as if all the other inhabitants of the tenement, including the pig, the ducks and geese, were gathered togethered pell-mell upon the floor. Legs and arms appeared in all directions; but Vergos, desperate in his desires to breathe a better atmosphere, made his way as well as he could among them, and, careless of having aroused a chorus of gabbling ducks and geese, lifted the latch, and was in the morning air again. It was cold, no doubt, but bright, and a brisk walk among the mountains was no unpleasant variety. He was not destined, however, to walk in solitude: Pat, whom he had left, as he thought, enjoying most comfortable slumbers, had been awakened by the opening of the door, and now came running out of the house after him. His appearance was in character with the place,—without a hat, without shoes or stockings, his clothes hanging in tatters about him, yet, with a good-humoured grin, and that readiness to oblige in every way but by withholding the honour of his company, which is so characteristic of the low Irishman. "May be yer Honour would like to see the caves," said he, "and indeed it might be as well, for the poor craturs are troublesome in the day time."

"Who do you mean by the poor craturs?"

"The beggars and the boys, sure, that wait for the quality at the caverns!"

"Well, I will go with you."

"Yer Honour's right, no doubt. Pat Seevan's the boy to show the caves, and no wonder, since he was born and bred close to them. And now where will I take yees first? Och! to the Pigeon-hole, of course!" and he led the way to the middle of a field covered over with masses of limestone, which looked exactly as if piled together preparatory to building some vast edifice, and were as smooth as if polished by art. Here is the entrance to the Pigeon-hole; a broad dark well, in which thirty or forty steps, roughly hewn in the rock, lead down to a stream which flows under-ground through a series of long and very picturesque arches, till it rises into light, turns a mill, then buries itself again in the earth, and once more appearing as a broad, deep, crystal river, flows on till it falls into the lake.

Cunning as Pat had been, it appeared that the customary guides to this cavern were not to be outdone. As Vergos approached, he had observed some most deplorable hovels built up against some of the masses of rock of which we have spoken, and out of these emerged first one shoal of half-naked urchins, then another, all crowding round him, and clamorous in their offers of service.

"Be asy now, ye unmannerly blackguards! keep back! Don't ye see the gentleman is under my pirtection!" exclaimed Pat, laying about to right and left, with a strong hand; but the boys, though dispersed for a moment, were not defeated,—fresh reinforcements joined them. If Vergos stooped to pick up a stone, a dozen were scrambling on the ground to save his Honour the trouble; if a gate were to be opened, twenty rushed forward,—aad then each and every one claimed his reward.

Vergos scattered his small coins among them till he had no more. "My purse is empty," said he to another applicant.

"Och sure, then, we know yer Honour's joking. Isn't it a gentleman's purse, and don't we know that a gentleman's purse *can't* be empty!"

But now came up another person. It was a tall, haggard old woman, with a scarlet cloak thrown loosely round her, with long streaming white hair, and a lighted torch of bog-wood in each hand. As she came forward the boys drew back, and even Pat slunk on one side, as if conscious of his usurpations. She spoke sharply and vehemently to him in Irish, then turning to Vergos, "Isn't it a shame now, yer Honour," said she, "to cheat the siller from a poor widdee, as that blackguard, bad luck to him, is after doing! Don't he know that the Lord, long life to him, has *set* the cave to me,—to me, Winny O'Reil,—and haven't I four pounds to pay for it; and what will I do to raise the money if every nigger comes, and get in afore me?"

"Well, well, Winny," said Pat, "ye know I never comed in the broad day! but his Honor was wakfu' the morn, and I did not like to disturb ye!"

"I warrant ye! Well, now be plased to go down the steps, and I follow arter!"

Vergos did as she desired, and soon found himself in darkness, while he heard the rolling stream pursuing its way in the caverns, but presently the old beldame's torches threw their light on the scene, and soon also its singularity was increased by the glare from some bundles of straw, which she lighted and threw them blazing on the stream. Down they floated rapidly, and their light showed grottoes and arches sparkling with stalactites,—each light going out in the distance, like so many small tapers. After them followed Vergos, as fast as the slip-

pery stones would allow; and as by degrees he approached daylight at the opposite extremity, flocks of wild-pigeons flapped their wings, and flew out of the cavern. No sportsman ever dares to meddle with these birds, the cavern being sacred ground; and they are therefore tame as domestic pigeons. It was pleasant to emerge into the morning light; for now the sun was wholly risen, and his eastern beams spread beautiful light over Loch Corrib and its woody islands and barer rocks. Various ruins of castles and abbeys lay in sight; and religious houses in Ireland, however ruinous, are seldom deserted while a stone of the original building remains: often, when all trace of it is lost, the ground has not lost its sacred character. There are still carried the remains of the village dead; the tottering wall itself mouldering to decay, is yet an unviolated sanctuary for those committed to its keeping.

Vergos would have enjoyed a morning walk by the shore of Loch Corrib, but for the impossibility of freeing himself from his train of attendants. They did not clamour, but their starved and miserable condition annihilated all his pleasure. The cottagers on the shores of Loch Corrib are wretched beyond description. The cabins do not keep out the air; are often unglazed, chimneyless, and the roofs admitting large glimpses of the sky above: it was a miserable spectacle.

As he returned to Cong, Arthur came out to meet him, and finding his companion had already seen the caves, proposed that they should take the homeward path as soon as they had breakfasted. From an eminence about a mile from Cong, O'Ryan pointed out to his friend the striking view which might thence be seen. Lough Corrib to the south lay smooth as glass, reflecting her varied islands in her dark bosom. Lough Mask to the north spread forth her waters also: her woody islands having assumed all the

rich tints of autumn: and to the west were seen the dripping sides of the snow-capped mountains glittering in the sun; groups of mountain cattle were scattered about, and these were followed here and there by a gossoon, or a red-kyrtled damsel with her pail.

"The fords of Bealnabrack will be bad work for the horses after the rain, I was thinking, sir," said the servant, coming up, "I suppose you would not like to turn up the new road?"

"No, Stevens, I have set my heart on going this old way, once more;" and here, climbing the pass of Man Cloughaloon, they had, for a little time, no thought of any thing but the guidance of their horses; for the ground was slippery, and it proved a difficult undertaking. At the end of the pass the Fords appeared; where the stream, though not deep, rushed down with much noise, and rapidly.

Vergos thought it required some courage to breast this brawling antagonist, when he found that they must actually ride along it, and even *in* it, for several miles, in order to arrive at the pass of Mam Turc. But he soon found the horses were well trained, and not to be alarmed by the din of a noisy brook.

"These streams, Mr. Arthur, are something like the Irishman, I can't help thinking; they make a deal of noise about a small matter," said the servant; "How this shallow water hisses and brawls at us."

"I do not mind this part of the way," observed Arthur; "but I know Mam Turc will be difficult:" and so indeed it was: scarce any track was visible, as the mountains abruptly rose before them, but round the shoulder of one of those mountains they were to wheel as best they might: and well it was that the horses were used to mountain travelling; for a single false step would probably have

been attended with very serious consequences. The summit attained, however, and how richly were they repaid! The broad Atlantic lay before them: the twelve pins of Bonabula with their many lakes; Derry Clare, Ben Gowr and Lettery Mountains, all exhibiting their fine outlines. Ardbear, Clifden, the Killeries, all lay below them; but they had yet to skirt lakes, and descend one or two passes, before they reached the high road. Nor was it until sun-set that they arrived at the hospitable door, which Vergos had learnt to consider as his Irish home.

MUNSTER.

[Counties—Six.]

CORK.	CLARE.
KERRY.	TIPPERARY.
LIMERICK.	WATERFORD.

JOURNAL

OF

A TOUR IN MUNSTER.

I left home, accompanied by my son, on the 16th of June, 1835, with the intention of making a tour of some extent in the south of Ireland. I had heard of that country, and longed to visit it from my very boyhood. I had read all that Miss Edgeworth has written on the subject; and, having sometimes employed poor Irish labourers in my fields, had amused and instructed myself by hearing their details of their home-life; but I could not always trust these people: their wonderful address in finding out what it is you *expect* to hear them say; and their quickness in supplying, not the exact truth, but as much of it as they think will be acceptable, I have often observed: and thus, though I have always liked and been a friend to Paddy, I could not depend upon his statements. My son and I used to admire the content of these poor hay-makers: we gave them but low wages, because they earnestly begged for work on any terms; and we found that we should really oblige them by giving to *two* the pay of one of our English labourers. Low as it was, however, they made it answer their purpose. They drank nothing but water from the spring, except when we, of the farm-house, brought them out a draught of milk, which was always thankfully ac-

cepted, and they ate the very poorest fare. Potatoes were not in great plenty at this time in our neighbourhood, but they begged any of our refuse garden vegetables; and with these they used to mix up a dish which, I believe, would have been disdained by our poor. Sometimes, but rarely, they afforded themselves a piece of bacon. The only table luxury in which I ever saw them indulge, was eggs. An Irishman, high or low, has a natural relish for an egg: it is not prohibited diet at any time: the most rigid keepers of Lent contrive to maintain their strength by its means: and Irish housekeepers find in this article no inconsiderable item of expense during the season of abstinence from meat. To return to our hay-makers. I believe they carried home with them the larger half of the wages they had earned with us. Some of them were going to Munster, some to Connaught; but they would not expend much on the road. Till I went to Ireland, I did not know how this was managed; but I found that they all *begged* their way back again; that they slept by the road-side or in out-door hovels, and seldom expended more than a very few pence during the whole journey.

It was my intention, when I left Berkshire, to proceed to Milford Haven, and thence cross the Channel to Waterford. From this purpose, I was, however, soon turned. In the coach by which we travelled to Oxford, was an intelligent man, who had, I found, visited several of the ports of Ireland in the course of the last year; and, by his urgent advice, I was induced to alter my plan in favour of the passage from Bristol to Cork. I had no particular wish to lengthen my land journey in England and Wales unnecessarily, and when I found that the voyage, though longer, was little more expensive; and that I should at once land at one of the most interesting points in Ireland, I gave up my first scheme, and took my place in the Bristol coach.

I cannot give any account of the road to that ancient city, the greater part of the journey being performed in the night. My son and I felt little inclination to sleep, however; and we sometimes ventured to discuss our future plans, though in an under tone, for our companions were enjoying very peaceful slumbers, and we did not wish to awaken them. It was a calm, sweet summer night, but the breath of morning was, as is often the case at this time in the year, dewy and chill, and we were not sorry to see a good fire in the coffee-room in the hotel when, at six o'clock, we arrived at the end of this stage of our journey. I believe my young companion was much disappointed in his expectations relative to Bristol. What he had pictured to himself I cannot tell; but when he walked with me along the close narrow streets, and saw the multitudes of ill-favoured and ill-dressed people that thronged them, he could not help expressing his hope that we should not be obliged long to take up our residence there. His opinion altered as we took the direction of Clifton; and when I brought him down to St. Vincent's Rocks, and made him look at that very picturesque defile through which the river takes its way, he allowed it was indeed beautiful. We crossed the river, and wandered through the wood on the opposite bank; gathered in quantities the bee-orchis and man-orchis, and watched the vessels coming in. All this we did because I had ascertained that the steamer for Cork did not leave Bristol until the evening, and thus the day was before us. We also visited the Cathedral: there it was that we both stood and read that beautiful inscription by Mason on the tomb of his wife, which my children have often admired;—

"Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear."

But many are the young and promising whose mortal re-

mains have been committed to the tomb in this abode. Many a beautiful and interesting being has been brought to the neighbouring Hot Wells of Clifton, in the hope of recovery, when disease had nearly finished its work, and when there was but one step between the sufferer and the tomb. I could not pass from the lovely walks by the river-side to this last dwelling-place, without picturing to myself the many sorrowing parents and friends who had followed their beloved children or relatives along the path I was treading. "And could there be opened before us the hearts of all these mourners," I said to myself, "on which among them would the rays of comfort be seen to have descended? Surely on those who had looked to a Father in heaven with meek submission—to those especially who had seen their beloved ones 'die in the Lord.' Is there any other consolation? I know not any. Blessed for ever and ever be the Power which has given it."

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Our steam-packet left Bristol at the appointed hour, and we took care to be in time, and to secure comfortable accommodation. It was a large, handsome vessel, well appointed, and capable of performing the voyage to Cork in thirty hours; at all events, it was rarely more than thirty-one or thirty-two hours. The night being calm, my son and I remained on deck to a late hour, and though both fresh-water sailors, the water was so smooth, that we felt no inconvenience for some hours from the motion of the vessel; yet I should say that the incessant jarring and straining and thumping of a steam-engine, when you are placed in its immediate neighbourhood, and without the possibility of escape, is, in itself, one of the most irritating of sounds and sensations to persons of excitable nerve. When at last we retired into our cabin, and I stretched myself on one of the sofas, I found it impossible to sleep: the qui-

vering motion of every thing round me, and the regular recurrence of the thumps; their dull, heavy, muffled sound, and the jarring sensation they sent through the head, seemed to me a worse evil than the tossings of a tempest. But then I knew not the voice or aspect of a tempest at sea, except by description. I lay awake, and my reveries would not have been unpleasant, but for the uncomfortable sensations above adverted to. The room was full of gentlemen passengers; some stretched, like myself, on the sofas and berths round the sides of the cabin; others sitting round the table, and one or two alternately visiting the deck, and coming down to report progress; yet I was surprised at the stillness of the whole: it seemed as if we were getting on without the assistance of human aid or labour. I heard no trampling on deck: the mighty machine seemed to be doing the whole work.

We had a large party of ladies on board, but all was still in their apartment. Towards six o'clock in the morning, however, signs of greater activity appeared: the stewards and stewardesses were moving about, preparing coffee for those who called for it. The gentlemen, one by one, removed to the deck; and I found some of the ladies were early risers also: as for my son, he had fallen into a sound sleep, from which I did not like to arouse him; but putting on my cloak, I also mounted the deck, and found we had indeed made good progress. I could see the whole of the south, and part of the west coast of Pembrokeshire, left some miles behind, and we were now stretching in a south west direction for Ireland: we were no longer, in fact, in the Channel; we were on the verge of the Atlantic itself, where its big waves touch and meet those from St. George's Channel. We now saw no land for about three hours in the direction towards which we were going; but, by the end of that time, one blue mountain after another

began to appear. Then the nearer view came out more and more distinctly; the high, rich, woody hills, rising like an amphitheatre on each side the bay. The town of Cove spread over the steep terraced mountain on one side of the basin of the magnificent harbour. The wooded islands, farther on a broad river, sometimes divided by islands, sometimes spreading, lake-like, and forming a most secure inner harbour—land-locked, and calm, and deep. Higher up, by some miles, the city of Cork itself: it was beautiful, even in the distance, but certainly more so the nearer we approached. I cannot express my admiration of what I then saw. It would have been worth a voyage of tenfold length and multiplied inconvenience to approach these luxuriant shores. When fairly in the river, our attention was constantly called out by some new beauty: the windings of the Channel disclosed something lovely every moment: at one time, a Gothic castle; at another, villas and groves, whose overhanging boughs swept the blue waters; at another, a large nunnery; at others, the villages of Passage and Black Rock. Last of all came we to Cork; and here, safely landed, and established at one of the handsomest hotels I ever visited, I bring my third day's wanderings to a close.

CORK.

Both my son and I were so well refreshed by an excellent night's rest, so exhilarated by the thought of being in Ireland, that our morning meal, though we alone partook of it, was one of the merriest breakfasts I ever ate. We laughed over our little adventures in the packet; we went again, in memory, over the lovely scenery of the Coves; and we made ourselves merry with the brogue of the waiter, though not openly, as his respectable appearance

convinced us he would be much affronted if regarded in the light of a *specimint* of Munster Irish. Putting the brogue out of the question, his nationality was very perceptible in the lengthened and flowery answers he returned to our questions about the neighbourhood. The Irish are surely, the French excepted, the most wordy people in the world; but, having said this, I am bound to add, that the words, though superfluous, are infinitely more meaning, more calculated to awaken and arrest attention in the case of the Irish than of the French. A series of pictures are placed before us in the common course of an Irishman's discourse, which, though not calculated to serve the purposes of an utilitarian, have their charm and their merit. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn," they certainly have in a remarkable degree. This, my first day's impression, was yet more forcibly that of my last day: I cannot, therefore, hesitate in recording it.

And now for the city of Cork. Every way it is pretty, picturesque, and even stately. Houses of all sizes, of all styles of architecture, yet so built as to avoid the appearance of confusion: the surface extremely irregular, and the whole crowned by wooded heights. The streets of business are wide and fine: the public buildings, if not beautiful, are spacious and convenient; but there is an absence of towers and spires, which, rising from a town built like this, in a hollow, and reaching up the sides of the hills, would add greatly to the effect: here there are but two.

The people of business, appeared to me highly respectable; the shops, about on a level with those of Bristol; and though I certainly met with beggars, I can say, that I have seen quite as many in Islington or Hampstead as I saw this day in Cork. The numbers of poor, but decently clad people, going to and fro on their day's work, showed

that there was no lack of employment. "If this be a fair specimen of Ireland," thought I, "I shall go back and contradict all our reports of Irish wretchedness:" especially I might say this, when, in answer to my enquiries about wages, I was told that many of these men earned sixteen-pence per day, at the mills and breweries and distilleries, which are the *leading* manufactories of the place. These flour-mills are magnificent establishments: I have never seen any equal to them in England. The city, also, exports in large quantities, bacon and butter, and live stock.

But the Cork people are by no means slaves to business. Commend me to a city whose inhabitants have a keener relish for their own particular pleasures. Their love of the country is a passion. The banks of the river are lined with villas of all sizes, and Cove itself, now a considerable town, has sprung out of the country taste of the citizens of Cork. Hunting, also, is an amusement, I fear, too eagerly pursued by them. Almost every body who can by any means afford to keep a horse, hunts; and six packs of hounds are kept in the neighbourhood. We know how highly the Irish hunter is prized in England: it is certainly a most admirable animal. The English horses are far behind them: their training appears to be absolutely perfect. My son and I, while taking a walk in the environs of Cork, suddenly found ourselves in the midst of a hunting-party, and were witnesses to the gentleness, docility, and skill of these beautiful creatures. Their riders were awaiting the arrival of the hounds, and amused themselves with leaping over some stone fences which lay in their way. Some of these fences were from three to six feet high. In some the stones were cemented, in others, loosely piled; some, again, were edged by ditches, on one or both sides. *N'importe*—neither hunter

nor huntsman stood still to con the difficulties. Over they went, and the beauty of the whole was to observe how sagaciously the horses distinguished between a loose wall and a firm one; for if it was the former, they would not touch it with their feet, but sprang over at a leap; if the latter, they took the matter more easily, making a kind of halt at the top, mounting it with their fore and hind feet like a dog. My son, who loves horsemanship, was so enchanted at these beautiful feats, that I could hardly persuade him to leave the scene. Well for him, perhaps, that he does not live in Ireland, for I am sorry to say the hunting hours, in themselves rather too many, are generally followed by as many or more spent over the bottle. I am told Ireland is improved in this respect; that the country gentlemen do not drink so deep as was their custom a few years ago; but there is yet great room for amendment, if what I have heard be true. We spent one Sunday at Cork, and went in the morning to one of the largest of the Catholic Chapels, where we beheld a full assemblage of the lower classes. Besides the numbers within, there were several hundreds prostrated in the inclosure surrounding the chapel, all deep in devotion, and many counting their beads. Here I saw very few in rags. I heard the Catholic bishop preach a sermon, which I must own surprised me, accustomed, as we are in England, to associate all that is irrational with the services of the Catholic church: it was in a strain of simple, feeling, fervid elequence; a truly apostolic appeal to the hearts of Christians in behalf of the Gospel. I heard not a word calculated to remind me of what was objectionable in the doctrine and discipline of this worthy man's church; but, I must own, that I came away more a Protestant at heart than ever. We walked to our hotel, however, in silence; but, in the evening, when discussing the impressions of the

day, my son observed that he had been endeavouring all the afternoon to reconcile his mind to the idea of such men as our morning preacher being sincere in their professions of adherence to the Catholic Church. "How *can* an honest man," said he warmly, "make himself a party to such frauds as the annual liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius?—How is it possible that a really intelligent, high-minded being can patronize pilgrimages like those at Lough Derg and Patrick's Purgatory?"

"I have been meditating on the same thing," said I, "and I confess myself quite as much at a loss as you; only that, having seen more of life than you, I know how very early associations often confound the judgments of good men, and darken the sense of positive right and wrong. I can imagine that, rather than give up a system which a man holds very dear on the whole, he will tamper with his conscience, and give less and less weight to fair objections; but I own I can hardly think it possible that highly enlightened Catholics should ever be able to behold such scenes as those you mention, without compunction; and then you will say, why do they not denounce them?—No, they are not courageous enough; not single-hearted enough for that; they cannot bring themselves to be thoroughly honest with themselves.

"But, Edward," I continued, "this is a fault we in England are not free from, although, happily for us, it is less injurious in its effects on society. There is not a church or sect among us which does not disguise its own faults to itself. We are none of us thoroughly honest, 'no, not one.'" I have said nothing as yet of our acquaintances in Cork. It so happened that my letters of introduction were rendered useless by the absence of several principal merchants; nevertheless we visited with one family,—a social hospitable circle,—and with the father,

mother, two sons and one daughter, we spent a day at Blarney, about six miles from Cork. "What is Blarney?" I hear you say. Blarney is a castle, a massive square tower on a hill; and Blarney is a lake, overhung with trees, and supporting lovely white waterlilies on its quiet bosom; and Blarney is a great stone, and he who kisess that stone may thenceforth flatter till his tongue is tired, and may reasonably hope to be believed, whatever he may say. My son being conscious of rather a deficiency in the power of finding and using courteous language, embraced the stone most fervently, and fancies he has ever since felt a great propensity to flatter, or *blarney*, all whom he approaches. I cannot say I have made a similar observation; but then I did not perform the requsite ceremony.

The province of Munster contains six counties, and Cork gives its name to the largest of these. The rest are Kerry, Limerick, Clare, Tipperary and Waterford.

We were now making our way to Kerry; but I wished to coast the county of Cork, as far as conveniently we could to the south; and, therefore, our first stage was Bandon. We really now began to feel ourselves in Ireland. We had hired a car, one of an immense number kept by an Italian from the Lake of Como, who lets out horses and carriages of all kinds to travellers in the south of Ireland. He has his head-quarters at Clonmell, a town in Waterford county; and as his history is somewhat curious, I noted down a few particulars, which I did not indeed learn so early in my travels as it would appear from my present mention of them, but some time after, when at Clonmell, from Mr. Bianconi's own lips. He was, he says, well connected in Italy, but being rather an untractable youth, his friends put him under the care of a person who was travelling on some commercial business to Great Britain. This person employed him in carrying about

small prints for sale; and afterwards, when his protector returned to Italy, young Charles set up business on his account. First he sold two-penny prints, then six-penny, then a shilling. His wearisome foot-journies led him first to think of his present car-establishment. Something that might be cheap as well as convenient, on a road which in summer is generally thronged with tourists and travellers. Gradually having realized a little money he set up his first car: it did not immediately answer his expectations, but his speculation has at length become so great a favourite with the public, that Bianconi has now five or six-hundred horses, and upwards of two-hundred vehicles. At near fifty towns of the south and west are they to be met with, and nothing can be better conducted than the whole concern. My son and I were delighted with the humane care displayed in all the arrangements both for the drivers and horses. There is an hospital for the sick among the latter; and when the drivers fall ill, or are disabled, they and their families are well taken care of. This Italian is a real benefactor to the south of Ireland. He is active in every plan for the good of the people. His cars are larger than the common jaunting cars of the country,—and an Irish jaunting-car, save and except its complete exposure to weather, is certainly a very convenient vehicle for traversing a hilly country, where you are obliged often to alight;—you may step off and on in an instant with no danger from wheels, which are far out of reach. They are ugly and awkward carriages for town use, from their great breadth, for there is a considerable vacant space in the centre, or *well* as it is called, and the passengers occupying the sides of the carriage, and sitting back to back, must take their chance of having their legs bruised or broken by the carelessness of any driver they may meet, who may think proper to brush too

near them. In the country, however, you ought to be munificently endowed with cloaks or great coats to throw over your whole defenceless person in case of a heavy shower, and surely Mr. Bianconi could contrive some further protection, something of the palanquin kind. In general we may hire a decent car at an inn *for the day* for ten shillings, with an additional fee to the driver; and the horses are so well kept and trained that they will go at the steady rate of nine miles an hour, even in this hilly country. Most of Mr. Bianconi's, however, are on the footing of an omnibus or stage, admitting travellers at all prices according to the distance. We in this manner were now travelling together with three other passengers to Bantry. We found reason to congratulate ourselves on the arrangement, especially as we were thus in a way to hear the remarks of our fellow-travellers, which were more or less intelligent, but all valuable to us as strangers wishing to make acquaintance with the people as well as with the country. We were sorry to find that the farther south we travelled, the poorer was the condition and appearance of the people. Bare feet, ragged cloaks, coats thrown on without making use of the sleeves, and fastened with any thing but the proper button; wretched hovels,—but you can hardly form an idea of the wretchedness of one of the worst of the Irish cabins, and I shrink from describing such a den of dirt and discomfort. Our own pigs are lodged in luxury compared with it.

While we were travelling along this road, I was alternately amused and pained by the importunacy with which a beggar accosted us at one of our halting-places; poor, ragged, and destitute, as he seemed to be, the good-humour and wit of his repartees, as my fellow-travellers rebuffed him, was most striking. At last he extracted a few pence, and we saw him immediately go and lay it out on tobacco.

Presently afterwards I met with him again, and said, "What good will this do you, my friend? surely you had better have brought a loaf, or a bit of bacon!"

"Och, then, 'tis plain yer Honour doesn't know the comfort of the *'backy!* sure the only pleasure such as we have in the world is just to take a smoke!* I would rather have a pinny-worth of tobacco than three eggs!"

This poor fellow was in tatters from head to foot; of course I could not tell whether his story was true or false; but I met in the course of my after-travels with numbers who, I ascertained, were driven to beggary by the nearest possible approach to starvation; but these generally remained quartered in their own particular locality; they were not vagrants, but only under (it is to be hoped) temporary distress. I will note down, however, what I found to be the state of the labourers who really *had* employment, and, as compared with others, might be said to be well off. Here is a man with a wife and four children; the farmer who employs him lets him live in a cabin which he reckons worth £1. 6s. per annum. He has also some ready-manured ground, reckoned to be worth £5. more; and he has grass for one sheep, 10s.; now all this money (£6. 16s.) he has to pay for by his labour, his wages being reckoned at six-pence half-penny per day,—to make up the sum he must give two-hundred and fifty-one working days. When this has been punctually paid, and all the chances of sickness, unfavourable seasons, &c. are taken into the account, it may be well judged how little is left for food *not* reared from his own ground, or for clothes and furniture and firing. As to the clothing, how they come by even the rags they have, I cannot imagine. The poor children of the man above mentioned cannot go to school, though it is close by, for want of

* Report of the Commissioners appointed to enquire into the state of the Irish poor, p. 253.

them. He said, "Poor craturs! they have so many wings and flutters about them, that if they go out on a windy day, a smart blast would *hoise* them over the ditch!"* I was pleased with the feeling of this poor man. "It is a great relief if we can sometimes have an egg,—it is a great strengthener; but I sent my hen's-eggs to be sold, and bought potatoes, because if I ate the egg it would be all to myself, but a halfpenny-worth of potatoes can be divided."†

Half of them have no bedsteads, I found; but lie on straw spread on the ground,—and "the gronnd" is literal —for there is no flooring; it is simply the earth beat level —is often very damp in wet seasons, and sometimes even covered with water. I saw many cabins, certainly, with a pane or two of glass, to let in light; but many again with only a small square opening, which was stuffed with rags or straw at night. I saw too that most, nearly all, had chimneys; but they were very badly built up, and often full of smoke. Turf in this part of the country was tolerably plentiful and cheap; but it is in some places very dear.

We passed through four towns of some name in the way to Bantry:—Bandon, which was once a tolerably flourishing manufacturing town, but is now much depressed and full of poor: Clonakelty, another decayed place: Ross-Carberry, near to which place the scenery is very picturesque; the town is half hidden in wood, though it stands high; it is at the head of a long, narrow inlet of the sea, which here again we beheld in great beauty, for some miles the coast being a series of wooded, deep bays, and winding inlets. Skibbereen came next, a busy, thriving town, but ugly; and after this, till we drew near Bantry, we had ample opportunities of ac-

* Report, p. 253. † Report, p. 251.

quainting ourselves with bogs. Some of these were reclaimed, others for variety's sake we liked very well in their state of nature; white and yellow lilies, collected in the little pools, looked pretty, and then the white tufts of bog-cotton were new to us. But, as we drew near Bantry, having heard much of the celebrated bay of that name, our attention was wholly fixed upon the road before us. The scenery improved greatly the nearer we approached: on one side are Lord Bantry's beautiful and extensive grounds,—hills richly wooded, rising softly one above another, the town lying at the head of the bay. It was a great pleasure to find so large a proprietor as his lordship so well spoken of, and so also is his brother, whose estate is not far of, at Glengariff; both are Protestants, but they live in peace with their Catholic neighbours. In times of great and open outrage, indeed, neither they nor any one else is secure, and in one of the White Boy conspiracies, these brothers had a narrow escape with their lives. They were attacked in a long, deep glen, by a party of Irish posted on the heights above them, which party had rolled down a vast mass of rock exactly across the narrow road they were passing; they were thus entangled both in front and rear, and, but for the speed of their admirable hunters, must have been sacrificed: these horses climed a steep, projecting rock, and carried them off with only a slight wound between them. Passing as I did through this glen, I was much impressed by the awful character of such a situation,—rocks before, and fierce, misguided creatures behind. I cannot easily conceive of situations more perfectly *beautiful* than some that are to be found about Bantry, Glengariff and Kenmare. The rushing, sparkling streams, quiet little coves, picturesque back-grounds formed by mountains, richly wooded hollows, form a succession of beautiful pictures, and the

moist, warm climate brings to perfection rhododendrons, azaleas, arbutus and (in gardens) more tender things than these are allowed to stand abroad through the winter. I saw very fine red and white camellias which had thus been left, they did not even cover their magnolias, which attained high beauty. Lord Bantry and Colonel White are great benefactors to the country: they employ numbers of men on useful public works, and I found the state of the poor much better. I saw large portions of bog reclaimed, by the simple process of bringing to it quantities of Bantry sea-sand, which is the very best manure known for correcting the bog soil. It is coral sand, and from having a larger proportion of lime is found more effectual than any other. We allowed ourselves a day or two's halt at Glengariff, and wandered about in the domains of Lord B. and his brother; nor were we satisfied without halting also two days more at Kenmare. I should call Kenmare a beautiful little town; it is situated on the banks of the estuary, called the Kenmare river, and is twenty-six miles distant from the sea, of which, I should add, it is everywhere difficult on the Irish coast to get an open view, so many are the inlets and promontories, and so vast the irregularities of the coast that, except from some very lofty eminence, you look in vain for the broad ocean. Kenmare has many new and neat houses; a convenient pier, built within the last two years, (in great part at the expence of Lord Lansdowne, whose property lies in this neighbourhood,) and is beginning to export the agricultural produce of the country.

My son and I determined here to hire two Kerry ponies renowned over all Ireland for strength and sure-footedness, but shagged and uncouth in appearance. We wished to traverse part of what is called the Barony of Glanrough, and to see the Blackwater Bridge, which is about

six miles from Kenmare : a most picturesque scene it is : the river tumbles through a deep channel, its sides clothed with oaks and ashes. A high bridge of two arches is thrown over it, and one looks down upon the chasm not with any sensation of affright, but with a feeling of something eminently beautiful and romantic. We pushed on beyond this considerably, to the sea itself indeed, and found the coast black, naked, and rocky, interspersed here and there with bogs, and singularly forlorn and cheerless to the traveller. I did not go, however, so far as Derrynane Abbey, the seat of the Great Agitator, though by no means indisposed to do so; but he himself was absent, and from all I had heard I conceived our time would be better spent in exploring country a little less wild and inhospitable. The valley of Kenmare is bounded by such high and steep hills, that every way when we wished to leave its confines, we found it no trifling undertaking; but there is now a very fine road to Killarney, which is well-managed, and breaks the steepness of the ascents. We halted in the course of our rambles at several farm-houses and cottages, and found them on the whole better than many of those we had seen on our way from Cork; some, however, were very wretched, and I was shocked to see the multitude of beggars along the line of road leading to Killarney. In the wilder parts of the country they are of course not so numerous, but even there I saw them repeatedly besieging the farm-houses. One day a sudden shower had driven us to the shelter of one of these farms just at the time of dinner: the family were taking their meals, of which potatoes formed by far the greater part. This was a lonely place, I could see no other abode from it, and yet even here the servants were called up five or six times from the dinner-table to relieve the applicants at the door, and in no case was the application refused,

nor even answered churlishly. I could not but admire the patience of these people, for it is after all a matter not less of expence than of constant interruption and irritation, which I should have thought calculated to sour the temper and harden the hearts of those subjected to it. On the contrary the habit of giving seemed to be the established one, and refusals quite the exception. The more I saw of the spirit of the farmers and tradesmen in Ireland, the more I felt how difficult it would be by any system of poor-laws to check mendicancy; they have so accustomed themselves to an indolent unenquiring habit of bestowing food on all who ask, and take so little heed of the quantity outgoing on this account, that they really would consider it a burden to be made to pay a very trifling tax, and a serious hardship to be at the trouble of denial. I once requested a farmer's servant to be so kind as to ascertain for me how large a quantity of potatoes was given as alms at her master's door on one summer's morning; she accordingly filled a measure of nine stone early in the morning, giving out of *that* and nothing else, and bestowing only at the usual rate,—by two o'clock the basket was empty! How much was added in the course of the afternoon, I had no opportunity of learning. Even the labourers, I found, while they had even a basket of potatoes in the house would give out of that to any who asked. The farmers were all very unwilling to calculate on the subject, and if I began upon it, I soon saw they were desirous of evading it. They mostly said, however, that they would rather give as they did now than have any compulsory assessment; they do not miss what they bestow in potatoes, but a money tax they cannot pay. I once ventured to ask whether instead of giving indiscriminately to all who came, it would not be better to put the same quantity aside and send it to a mendicity society,

where the *really* distressed would be relieved, but impostors detected; but the farmer replied, "I would rather give them myself,—besides the wife would never come into it, nor any woman in the parish." I must add, that although I myself was often most eloquently importuned for alms, I never heard the applicants at farm-houses or cottages making use of any strong solicitation. Aid was generally given them without either threat or importunity; the givers make no calulations,—if the beggar's bag is already full it seems to make no difference. They would feel themselves in want of a blessing if the poor man was sent away unrelieved; and thus is the system kept up,—and many, no doubt, are its evils. The labourer and even the small farmer is really often a poorer man than the mendicant, who earns considerably more at times than his own subsistence; and the burthen of supporting the distressed is taken from the rich and thrown almost wholly on the class least able to afford it. I found, indeed, that the houses of the gentry were no places for beggars' resort; very few dared come beyond the porter's lodge. In some instances, potatoes, or a certain weekly sum of money was given them, but not by the hands of the rich themselves; nor could I accuse them of hardness on this account, for I felt that, were the case my own, I should feel extremely averse to encourage so bad and pernicious a state of things as that which exists. Very many of these rich people also expend large sums in such works as are calculated to improve the real condition of the people, and no one can doubt that by so doing they are better benefactors than the bestowers of indiscriminate alms.

I paid, however, some attention to the class of beggars themselves, and investigated many cases of most singular and distressing hardship. An Englishman is so accus-

tomed to conclude beforehand that mendicants are idle, or impostors, that it requires an effort to enquire into the actual state of things, when he sees himself surrounded by hosts of miserable-looking beings all of whose cases wear one general aspect; he does not at first reflect that a great many of these poor creatures are under the pressure of perhaps merely temporary distress, driven to this as the sole resource they have. Let a poor family be ever so respectable, ever so decent in their habits, no one can say, in the state in which Ireland is, that *that* family may not in a few months be without food or shelter; and then what can they do but beg? In these cases there is generally much of pride and shame; they do not begin till they have left their native place far behind; and they gladly leave off the occupation as soon as they can; but for a time there seems no other resource. One labouring man said to me, "Last summer I was in great distress myself, sir; I begged then, and, if it be the will of God, I may expect next summer to do the same; yet now when a beggar comes to me and asks for God's sake, I cannot hold back part of what I have. You see, sir," pointing to the potatoes on his board, for he and his family were at dinner, "I am eating dry potatoes; the beggar can have better food than that, he sometimes gets broth and meat, and more potatoes than he wants, so that he can change them away for soup, or tobacco, or clothes, but yet I don't think one in an hundred would beg, if they were not forced to it. A neighbour of mine," he added, "went to find work or beg in Leinster last summer; he got a pair of shoes just afore he went, and he came back without a penny, and forced to sell the shoes too; for you see, yer Honour, he was not fit to beg, poor fellow! he was too bashful, and there's many bear the pains of hunger long, afore they try. The childer of that very man used to come and stand at my

door at meal times, not asking for something to eat, but looking with the hungry eye. Och! them that have felt the craving in themselves never forget it. They know the *raal* look in a thousand: those same childer, poor craturs! lived for two days on one poor meal of praties, ere they spoke; but then the mother and all five turned out and went one day to beg, while the father went another, poor craturs!"

"And are they home again now?" asked I.

"They are, yer Honour; Garrett has got work, and they have been pretty dacent;—but who knows if that will last?"

My informant was a fine athletic man, with a most intelligent, honest countenance; and I had afterwards ample opportunity of hearing his statements confirmed. Let me here, once for all, say that the further I went in Ireland, the more was I struck with the fine and noble traits of character evinced in the midst of their real misery, and the more astonished to find that physical wretchedness had not more completely extinguished the *man* and degraded them into the *animal*. The self-denying benevolence, the tender and deep sympathy for others, and the unbounded gratitude for trifling instances of kindness, fairly won my heart. The grand defect, and a serious one it is, in the national character, is want of sincerity and good faith; but, (for this point I particularly enquired into,) it does appear to me that this fault is one chiefly, if not solely, manifested towards those whom they have been taught to regard as a race wanting in just and proper feeling towards themselves, and whom they think they may lawfully endeavour to outwit in return. I say not who is the most to blame for this state of things; but I know that it is rare to talk with a poor Irishman who does not show that he thinks you have a purpose of your own to

serve with him, and who is not therefore suspicious and on his guard. I did my best to lull these suspicions to sleep, and believe I sometimes succeeded; and when once I could discourse with him on fair and open terms, I found the Irishman might be fully trusted, and that his statements were clear and correct. The priests and the protestant clergy, too, concurred in assuring me that no people can be more true to obligations among themselves. On several occasions, when in company with a respectable priest, I conversed upon this subject, and could not forbear using the opportunity to urge upon him and his brethren the importance of attending to this defect of moral principle in their people. I found him quite willing to admit and lament it; but his opinion was that it originated in a sense of oppression, and that time, if in its course it is permitted to remove the cause, will remove the effect. "The fact is, sir," said he, "though I am sorry to say it, that so much selfishness, so much heartless disregard for the interest of the many has been evinced in your treatment of Ireland for a long course of time, that the people have a great deal to unlearn of what they have learnt from you; and though I cordially believe you are now directed by a far different spirit, you must not be surprised if the old feelings of distrust awhile remain among the lower and more prejudiced of my countrymen: besides, you must be aware that the time of individual provocation is not yet gone by,—many an Orangeman and many a clergyman, I fear, will yet outrage the feelings of the people, in spite of all that a wise and liberal Government can do to prevent it; and this will of course provoke retort, and keep up the national fault you so much deplore!"

I could not but assent to the justice of this, while still I kept to my point of the duty incumbent on all who had

influence over the people to mitigate and remove, as far in them lay, the evils complained of in them.

To return to ourselves. From Kenmare, after having satisfied ourselves by making many excursions, we proceeded to Killarney. This is a most rainy region; scarce one day had passed without soaking showers; but being now well accustomed to these, and provided with double sets of cloaks and umbrellas, which can always be lodged safe and dry in the centre of the jaunting-cars, we set out, though under the shadow of so black a cloud that there could be no doubt we should soon feel the full benefit of what it was storing up for us. We reasoned, however, that it was far better to have it early in the day, for thus our chances of a serene evening at Killarney would be the better. Here we were deceived,—no such calm fell to our lot on this day; there was but one interval of about an hour's fine weather, and this, wet as we were, we could scarcely enjoy, even though it disclosed to us the descent towards Killarney, and gave us beautiful glimpses of Turc Lake and Turc Mountain, as winding through forests of beautiful arbutus-trees, we reached the town, a busy and populous one, full of tourists from almost every land in Europe, and drove up to an hotel as good and as dear as some of the best in London. It is very unsentimental to speak of the dearness of Killarney in the first place; nevertheless I feel bound to say that it is a very expensive place: boating, in particular, the greatest pleasure to be met with, is enormously high. Besides your boat, you must engage four men at two shillings a day each, and provide them with their dinners and a bottle of whiskey each; you must also in general be favoured by the company of a coxswain, gunner, and bugleman, each of whom must be fed. To see the whole properly you should embark at the head of the upper lake

and descend the chain, a distance of about fifteen miles, which requires a day, and a fine day. There are three lakes all contained in one mountain hollow; but the variety of scenery in these is great. There is also a fine road skirting the lakes, which includes extremely beautiful views of their scenery; and by this road we travelled the next day, passing through what is called the gap of Dunlow in order to reach the head of the upper lake. Our first evening, I confess, was not a little dull :—it was disspiriting to be within a mile and a half of the lakes, and unable to discern any objects but houses and chimneys, and common men and women. However, we had the consolations of vanity ;—the Irish landlord seemed to be never weary of complimenting us on our patience and forbearance in remaining quietly in our quarters, and contrasting it with the heady rashness of many of his guests who were perpetually bribing the poor boatmen to embark with them on the lakes at the hazard of their lives, in spite of all remonstrances. Even as he spoke, came in an English dandy, crest-fallen and dripping, who I found had been spending the afternoon in vain attempts to get backward or forward from an island in the centre of the lower lake, under whose shores the boatmen had been necessitated to take shelter against the repeated squalls which every moment threatened to upset the vessel: our gentleman, we learnt, had been sick and frightened to his heart's content, and probably might have derived a wholesome lesson, if blessed with sense enough to apply it in his future career, which I greatly doubted.

Next morning the heavens and earth were rife with beauty, and our host took care to intimate that the blessing was especially intended as a reward for good children like ourselves,—not greedily bent on snatching the green and unripe fruit. We had indeed a glorious and happy

day,—light and shade, morning and evening tints, all were displayed before us in perfection: the ride to the upper lake was not the least beautiful part of the excursion. The domains and gentlemen's seats are fine,—that of Lord Headly in particular; and the mountain views striking. The upper lake, where we first embarked, is the smallest of the three; but I know not if that very circumstance does not make it more beautiful,—every object is distinctly seen, and not one is tame,—the mountains look the grander for being nearer, and the islands are as lovely as the noble arbutus contrasted with the grey rocks and deep water can make them. The long passage from this lake to Turc Lake is in a different style, of course:—it is close, river scenery for five miles, and, in its way, is perfect. The Eagle's Nest is a very picturesque rock on this passage, and the echoes which our bugleman awakened while passing under it were truly beautiful. Shortly after passing this point, the boat shot over the only really dangerous part of the voyage, (supposing the weather to be moderately calm:)—this is the ruined arch of a bridge, called Old Weir Bridge. On this boats have often been wrecked in stormy times, and the bugleman said he had been twice upset there, and the last time nearly drowned. He seemed rather unwilling to pass the spot again; but the boatmen would not set him on shore, and we all got through very safely. The strait leading from the upper to the two lower lakes would terminate here, and passengers would have a full view of both of them, but that they are divided, and the entrance guarded by Dina's island.

This beautiful island, rich in green lawns and groves, and decorated by a pretty cottage, where parties often dine, contracts the passage into one still narrower. By taking a course to the right, the boat will soon be brought into the expanse of Turc Lake: the left will conduct more

readily into the Glena Bay, which is the commencement of the lower lake. We coasted Turc Lake, first, and though I will not say that, it is, by any means, so fine, on the whole, as the upper lake, it is beautifully soft and pretty in its details :—such colouring on the sides of its small bays and coves; such abundance of ferns, lichens and mosses, and such picturesque masses of rock! The Lower Lake, which we afterwards entered, is by far the largest. The glory of *this* is the Island of Innisfallen. I never saw, I never expect to see, any thing more rich, more varied and fruitful in beauty, than this one spot of about twenty acres. Here are trees worthy of primeval forests; ash, holly, arbutus, finer than I ever saw them elsewhere. There is a ruin, too—for Killarney has its charms for antiquarians as well as lovers of the picturesque: and the remains of Mucruss Abbey, which afterwards we visited, are as interesting to the former, as the gigantic yew-tree, which grows in its cloisters, is to the latter. The peasants bury their dead in great numbers here; and the slight manner in which interment is performed, is very objectionable, and takes off greatly from the perfection of one's interest in the whole scene: the place is absolutely strewed with sculls and bones; and no-one likes to treat with indifference or disrespect the poor remains of humanity. It was while quietly coasting this lake, or passing from one beautiful isle to another, that our boatmen undertook to explain to me the origin and occasion of the Killarney Lakes. I might look incredulous—I suppose I did; and Edward laughed outright; but, still, I thought the legend worth recording; and here it is.

"In former times, a great and powerful city occupied the valley now filled by the lakes; and the ruler of this city was a mighty chieftain, called O'Donoghoe. The

city wanted nothing for its prosperity and comfort, except water: it had but one little spring, and this was the gift of a saint or sorcerer, who called it up at the prayer of a beautiful virgin, warning her that it must always be closed every evening by a silver cover left for the purpose. This order was long religiously obeyed.

"But O'Donoghoe, in unbelieving mood, made merry with the legend; and one day being heated with wine, he commanded the silver cover to be brought into his own house, saying, it would make him a bath. In vain did his vassals remonstrate. Terrified by his vehemence, they at length dragged in the ponderous cover, while O'Donaghoe laughed, and said, 'Heed ye not; the cool night air will improve the spring, and to-morrow the water will flow fresher than ever!'

"There was one man who feared the event more than the rest, and he fled alone to the mountains; and when the morning broke, and he looked down into the valley, city and land had disappeared; the rich meadows were gone; the little spring had become an unfathomed lake, and O'Donoghoe's last bath was taken; and the fishermen now, (so says my informant,) in bright clear evenings, can

> 'See the round towers of other days
> In the waves beneath them shining.'

Palaces and towers glimmer as through glass; and O'Donoghoe is seen riding on a snorting white horse, or even on the bosom of the waters in his spirit-bark."

"I saw him once," whispered the old boatman to me, in a confidential tone. I started, and looked hard at the man, a strong figure of about fifty, with long black hair, which the least breeze scattered about his temples. I looked, because I did not at first believe him to be in earnest, but I was soon perfectly convinced that he was

so. I have no doubt the legend had taken full possession of his belief, and that he was fully persuaded he had really met the chieftain; nor was he at all eager to tell me the particulars, seeming to regard it as a sort of profanation to throw away fresh details on a heretic. By dint of much questioning, however, I drew from him, that he had stayed out one night late fishing; it had rained hard all day, and but for his bottle of whiskey, he thought he must have perished. He was, and had been for a long time, the only living being on the waters, when all at once a boat, as if dropped from the clouds, came sailing towards him; it came rapidly on, but only one steersman was visible; a gigantic figure dressed in scarlet and gold, with a three-cocked hat trimmed with broad gold lace: just as he passed him, Paddy saw two large black eyes glaring forth, which scorched him like coals. His wife called him drunken fellow, but "it was not the whiskey done that," though he did not come to himself till the boat was ashore and all right. He seemed rather sorry afterwards that he had told me so much; he repeated over and over that, O'Donoghoe, though terrible, looked like a *raal* gentleman, "a perfect gentleman," he added; "he was, is now, and ever will remain." The younger boatmen I found were much less credulous than this man; they were inclined to joke him, but his seriousness and anger soon silenced them.

I was afterwards amused, as it was late in the evening and moonlight, by the boatman's request to be allowed to name one of the many small islands of the lake after me, which they said could not be properly done except under the light of the moon. No doubt the said island had received many a traveller's name before it was consecrated by mine, but I had a wish to indulge the poor fellows, who seemed to enjoy the ceremony. I had first to land on the island; then the boatmen, resting on their oars,

formed a circle round me, and the ghost-seer pronounced a sort of incantation in Irish; he then broke off a sprig from one of the arbutus's and fixed it in my hat; then asked me my name, and, with O'Donoghoe's permission, desired the boatmen to repeat it three times, which they did with loud hurrahs. Another took a bottle filled with water and repeated an address to O'Donoghoe, threw it with all his might against a rock, so as to break it in a thousand pieces. They afterwards drank a bottle of whiskey to my health, and gave three cheers more to me and my island kingdom. Thus am I now an Irish proprietor, though, alas, an absentee!

On leaving Killarney we might, by a good and easy few hours' journey, have reached Tralee; but I wished much to skirt Dingle Bay, and particularly to visit the famous estate of Lord Headley, of which I had heard so much. The road we took for this purpose, led us first to Castlemain, which is at the head of the bay, and from thence we turned towards its southern shores; in fact, we turned back toward that part of the country lying between Kenmare River and Dingle Bay, only we kept close to the shore of the latter, in the direction of Cahir. A very few miles' ride brought us to the property I mention of Lord Headley. The estate comprises about 15,000 English acres. Till his lordship began the work of improvement it was the most desolate of regions; half bog, half rugged mountain-land: but the people!—no words can describe the savage, brutal, untamed character of the population. Iveragh was an asylum for all the smugglers, robbers, and murderers in the district; it used to be the people's boast that no criminal had ever been caught or brought to justice here: shipwrecks were their harvest. They used to build their cabins upon the wild cliffs, in order to have a good look out for the wrecks; and when they came on shore there

was nothing but fighting and quarrelling for the spoil. There were perhaps fourteen or fifteen partners in one occupation of land, and they were never without disputes. They lived in the worst possible dwellings, without windows or chimneys, and very few had shoes or stockings. One wild rough road wound the side of a great sea-cliff, like Penman Mawr, and this was the only road in the country: there was not a car to be met with. They had cows indeed, miserable, half-starved creatures, perhaps 1200 of them on Lord Headley's estate; but they were too many for the food, and were so weak and famished, that they got the name of *lifters*, from being unable to get up without being lifted. Upon this barren region, and these bad subjects, Lord Headley's agents set to work, and in a few years the transformation is truly astonishing; 2000 acres of mere bog have been reclaimed; the people are now neat, well-clothed, and industrious. About one hundred and fifty new houses have been built, and they are as neat as you will find in a country village in England, the old cabins being turned into cow-houses or stables. The rough road has been converted into a fine mail-coach road, surpassing even that at Penman Mawr in grandeur; and Lord Headley has made another road at his own expense. The farmers have now almost all cars; and in a time of great distress, the people of this estate were actually able to sell food to the rest of the country. All this has been done by the constant mixture of encouragement, with firmness in the management of the tenantry. A liberal allowance for all improvement, has been made. Money was lent, occasionally given; and so peaceful and civilized a district cannot perhaps be found in the south-west of Ireland as this of Glenbegh. We had great debates at this point about our route. I had had no intention of proceeding towards O'Connel's town, but had

meant to return to Castlemain, and from thence procced to Tralee; but what we saw of the magnificent scenery along this road had so struck us, that we willingly listened to the advice of a gentleman, like us, a traveller, but possessing more experience than ourselves. He recommended our proceeding westward to Cahir, and thence crossing Dingle Bay in a boat, which would save us a long land expedition, and enable us to see more of the coast. Besides, he advised us strongly to visit Valentia Island, the most westerly point of the British dominions in Europe, with the exception of the small isles called the Blaskets. The same grand scenery still accompanied us as we made our way to Cahir; but we soon quitted the range of good farm-houses connected with the Glenbegh property. Still I have no doubt the effect of his improvements has extended itself much beyond Lord H's estate. The Kerry peasantry are a most industrious, active, intelligent race; and though I found them so ignorant as scarce to know the number of weeks in a month, I can testify that more willing labourers are nowhere to be found. The rents they had to pay for very poor cabins and small lots of land I am sorry to say were enormous, and the only wonder was to see that so miserable a reward for industry had not quite broken the spirits of these poor people.

Fishing is a very difficult, dangerous occupation off Cahir-siveen and Dingle Bay: the westerly gales drive the huge waves of the Atlantic upon the rocks with tremendous force; and the passage between Valentia Island and the Iveragh coast is all but inaccessible in such winds. It was rough enough when we crossed; yet not so as to alarm our boatmen, and we were very glad we had visited this island, which furnishes another specimen of what may be done by good and judicious management on unpromising regions. It nearly all belongs to the Knight of

Kerry, who has built good houses, improved the land, and worked the slate quarries, which are really valuable: numbers of hands are employed upon them, and consequently there is far less of distress in this neighbourhood than in many others which we visited. Beggars are forbidden to resort to it; but the prohibition, though to some extent effectual, is sometimes evaded. The ferry-man told me he took the poor cratures over occasionally, though the Knight forbade him, "because he would not like to have the curse put upon the boat."

We had directed the innkeeper at Castlemain to forward our luggage to Tralee; and being unencumbered by portmanteaus, took our passage in a fisherman's boat to Dingle. Both my son and I rather repented of this enterprize, when once embarked; the heavy, rolling sea breaking on the high shores of the bay which hemmed us completely in, and the sight at a distance of the waves beating on the bar of Castlemain did not please us; besides the sky looked black, the sea-fowl screamed, and our boatmen were not so obliging or conversable as the Irish usually are. We could not get them to say what were their opinions of the weather, or the length of time it would take to cross; nor did they care to explain their movements, which seemed to us rather singular. In fact we appeared to be going far out to the west,—leaving the place of our destination on our right hand; but I soon found that they knew their business, and that as soon as they reached the point which experience had marked out to them, they veered about, and, creeping under the rocks eastward, made their way to the desired haven. Unnatural as it is for Irishmen to be silent and sullen, I can well conceive that a Dingle-bay boatman would not often escape the dangers of this part of the coast unless his whole mind was employed in his business; and I felt very

grateful to our guides for their taciturnity before we parted. I should add, too, that ere that time, when they saw us in what they considered a safe position, this taciturnity abated, and they began cheerfully to answer our questions, and point out objects of interest. Many an awful tale of shipwreck has the Iveragh fishermen to tell. Had we chosen it, we might have gleaned materials for volumes of horrors; but I never had a taste for these, and was too well pleased at the idea of being safely landed at Dingle to wish for one instant's unnecessary delay. There is something exceedingly fine in the situation of this town,—the most western town in Europe:—lofty mountains form the back-ground, and shelter it on all sides excepting one, where the sea entering forms a lake. The buildings stand on sloping ground, and the houses, inn, &c. are respectable. Very fine fish are caught here, and transported to Tralee, &c., nearly 1200 men, indeed, are employed in the fisheries, and there is a pretty good inland trade. Still I saw many, very many unemployed; and when I enquired and found a very common rate of wages to be 7d. or even 6d. a day, without diet, I wondered not at the symptoms of poverty I saw; I found, too, that the day's work in this part of the land is reckoned from five in the morning till seven in the evening, rendering it scarce possible for the labourer to find any time for the cultivation of his own bit of ground, if he have one. Fuel, too, I learnt was dear, although provisions were certainly cheap.

Before I came to Ireland, I had heard continually of what is called the *con-acre* system. I did not understand it, and enquired its meaning particularly,—a melancholy meaning it has for the poor Irish. The *con-acre*, or *corn-acre* system then, is this:—a poor man wishes to rear his own crop of potatoes or grain; but without capital he

cannot till or manure the ground. He goes, therefore, to a richer neighbour, a farmer or land-agent. This larger proprietor manures, ploughs, and prepares some land to receive a crop, no matter whether he be himself the owner of it or only the original tenant. The poor man then agrees to take a portion of this prepared land, perhaps a half, a quarter, or perhaps only an eighth of an acre for one season only; all then that the subtenant has to provide is the seed that is to be put into the ground. A high rent is generally fixed, such as indeed cannot be paid but in good seasons, perhaps as much as ten or twelve pounds per acre, and higher too. If the crop seems not likely to reward the labourer after he has paid the rent, he throws it up, and the landlord takes what he can out of the crop. Thus the land comes to be subdivided, and the poor racked to the uttermost to pay what is often no more than a bare subsistence.

In travelling from Dingle to Tralee we fell into company with a farmer from England, settled on one of the estates of an English proprietor, who gave us a very intelligent account of his neighbourhood. My son was curious to hear his opinion of the effect of absenteeism. "Why, sir," he replied, "it is as the landlord is; I should like, no doubt, to see my lord living amongst us; but then we know very well that lords and gentlemen from England cannot be fond of spending their lives here, besides that they have often their fine places in England. What I think we have a right to ask is, that they choose good agents, and come among us sometimes to see how we go on; but I never will join in the cry against them merely for being absentees, when I see many of these absentees doing more for us than many who live close by us. When they spend thousands of pounds in useful public works, which pounds might have been kept in their own pockets, and will profit them but little for many years to come, it

would be very ungrateful to run them down because they are absentees. Besides, sir, I must tell you, to be fair, that it is often no such very great blessing to have a resident English landlord. If a high church tory comes and settles down here, we know full well that he will lend himself to those who do Ireland mischief; who set the people quarrelling, and by meddling with their priests, inflame all their animosities. Of course I am a Protestant, and should be very glad to see the people here Protestants too, but it is downright nonsense to talk as Englishmen often do of the whole fault being in the Catholic religion. If the people have employment they are neither wretched nor idle; if they have neither they are both."

When we reached Tralee we found the town in the bustle of a fair. Tralee is the county town of Kerry: it is a cheerful, busy, improving place, and having many public-spirited proprietors in its neighbourhood it is always full of life, and not without an appearance of respectability, and even gentility. The harbour is bad, which has been a great disadvantage to it as a place of trade; but a ship-canal is constructing from the bay to the town which may remedy this inconvenience. There are few countries in the old world which perhaps have more instances to show of a rapid rise in particular towns and districts than Ireland, in spite of its *general* distress. Tralee is one of these. Only a few years ago this was a mere assemblage of hovels and poor fishermen's dwellings; occasionally a family of respectability might, for cheapness, put up with its inconveniences and encounter its positive discomforts; but now it is really a handsome, prosperous town, with good streets of genteel houses, and many pleasant villas in the outskirts. There is also a spa, much resorted to for its waters.

From Tralee we took a car to Ardfert, which used to be the capital of Kerry, was the seat of a bishop, and a

famous university. Here are to be seen the ruins of the ancient cathedral church, as well as those of a Franciscan abbey, founded so early as 1253, by Thomas Lord Kerry, and long the burial-place of the knights of Kerry. Ardfert is situated close upon Ballyheigh Bay; and, following the windings of the coast, we came to Kerry Head, which is one of the promontories that mark the entrance of the River Shannon. Here it was that we first saw that very noble river, whose breadth across to the opposite cliff of Cape Lean is here eight miles. The scenery looking towards the Atlantic between Ardfert and Kerry Head is fine and bold, but savage, and the sea comes with tremendous force upon the caverns of the rocks. It is about Kerry Head that those pretty violet and rose-coloured amethysts, called Kerry stones, are found. We continued our circuitous route, following the course of the Shannon, till we reached the river Feale, which falls into it; and then we took advantage of a boat and hailed the steamer, which was on its way to Limerick. The Shannon here divides Kerry from Clare, and we thought we could not do better than avail ourselves of the conveyance, which had offered so opportunely, to take a view of the country on both sides of this fine river. Here we passed Scattery Island, near Kilrush, in Clare; and then Tarbert, a pretty little town, situated in a snug bay on the Kerry side. Glynn, also, which is *not* in Kerry, though on the same side, but in Limerick, looks very inviting with its fine woods, and the handsome residence of Mr. Fitzgerald, the knight of Glynn. The river is now sometimes, for a short space, contracted by here and there a headland, pushing itself forward; sometimes it sweeps round deep bays; rich woods and villas and green slopes border it, and it rolls on, itself a mighty mass of waters, sometimes stormy and agitated as the ocean itself. The finest point, however, by

far, is that in which a large arm or estuary from the river branches off, and spreads itself high up into the county of Clare, thus giving the scene the appearance of a vast branching lake, being studded with islands of the most vivid green, covered with grazing cattle. On the Limerick side we presently came in view of the deep woods of Mount Trenchard, Mr. Spring Rice's seat; Castletown domain, and a fine ruined castle; while on the Clare bank there were not wanting many beautiful villas and lawns. We did not see the city of Limerick itself until very near it, as it has not any building of great elevation, and is wanting in spires and steeples. The river contracts as you approach, and is spanned by a new bridge, part of which is a drawbridge; a fine structure it is, of five arches, each seventy feet span.

The city itself is a very interesting one, but I ought to speak of it as it is, namely, two towns in one. There is an old Irish town, consisting of narrow and gloomy streets and tall houses, and an English one, regular and handsome. In the first of these is a very ancient bridge over an arm of the Shannon, said to have been built in the year 1210; and the cathedral, containing several monuments of high antiquity, besides its own intrinsic claims to attention, for it certainly is handsome within, though without rather shapeless. From its tower we surveyed the neighbouring country, and traced the windings of the Shannon, which otherwise, when only beheld from its margin, are rather perplexing. My son and I soon saw, that if we meant really to explore this city, we must prepare ourselves for having our feelings shocked and disgusted by the sight of much misery; indeed, though I had before often been grieved at the distress of the lower orders of Irish, till I came to Limerick I had no conception of its depth and extent. The old parts of the town contain scenes of des-

titution and woe, such as I at this moment cannot think of without shuddering. Can it be believed, and yet it is literally true, that I saw human beings in cellars wholly dark and ill ventilated, and in a state of absolute nakedness, without bedding, with scarce a mat to place under them, emaciated, diseased—all but starved? The gaunt, hollow countenances haunted me for weeks after, and the sickening smells occasioned a fainting from which I did not immediately recover. The children in these abodes were many of them naked, or with nothing but the barest possible covering. There was no furniture in most of them, except an iron pot for the potatoes; no table, chair, bench, or bedstead; perhaps a few little bundles of straw for the wretched people to sleep on. I went, it is true, not to many of these dwellings, perhaps about forty; how could it be expected that, unable to relieve this misery, I could encounter it for days together? I made no selection of the worst places: I might have entered hundreds of hovels as bad as these forty; but who can stand such sights as these? It was even more painful to see and know that there are a number of individuals in the place not yet quite so wretched as these, but fast approaching to it.—Hand-loom weavers, working from five in the morning till eight at night, for wages varying from two-and-sixpence to four shillings per week! If they had, as many had, wives and families, could it be possible they would long be able to keep from utter destitution? A day's sickness, or the failure of labour, would instantly throw them into the state of those wretched creatures to whose sufferings I have adverted; as it was, I found them living on one scanty meal of potatoes per day. It may be judged that I deeply felt here the urgent necessity of something being done for a country in such a deplorable situation as this—the means of removal for the surplus population, employment for

those who remain, and food, clothing, and habitation for the aged and absolutely destitute. Who can doubt the duty of a government to exert its utmost diligence to provide these for the people under its protection? After seeing all this wretchedness, I could not immediately recover myself so as to enter into the beauties of the scenery round Limerick. The taste, splendour, and luxury displayed in the princely villas round, claimed my admiration in vain; everywhere I saw famine, nakedness, and disease. I could hardly conceive the possibility of enjoyment, while a few hundred yards divided the man rolling in luxury from the miserable, despised wretch in the cellar: but I would not be understood to intimate that the rich inhabitants are guilty of the misery I witnessed, nor that any effort of theirs could effectually relieve it: they do give employment, they do give money; they support hospitals and loan societies, asylums and schools; they many of them, and among these may be honourably named Mr. Rice, do all they can to promote the improvement of their city, both as to its trade and internal arrangements; but to purify Limerick from its miseries, it would require that a crusade should be preached, and something like a superhuman energy put forth. Whether either that or a plainer and homelier agency will be most effective, or effective at all, remains to be shown. It seems as if the city of Limerick were destined to suffer, in larger measure than any other place in Ireland, the miseries of privation, both in peace and war. Every one conversant in any way with Irish history knows the important part assigned to it in the war of the revolution. Limerick is to the Catholics in some degree what Londonderry is to the Protestants, a scene of past heroic and patient daring and sufferance. I own the recollection of the narrow escape of the Protestant power in Ireland from utter destruction at this place, and

of the benefit which Ireland unquestionably derived from the obstinate stand of her native chiefs here, came strongly in aid of the sympathy I entertained for the present sufferings of her people. Here there wanted but a few days, a few hours, a little favouring breath from heaven, and the Catholics, as the General of King William well knew, might have been the predominant party, might have obtained terms of at least perfect equality to the Protestants. In spite of the battle of the Boyne, and the succeeding contests, the position of the Protestant forces before Limerick was hazardous in the extreme; and the arrival of the French fleet, which was near at hand, would have unmade all the past conquests. Happily, however, and on the whole, favourably for Ireland, the treaty of Limerick was signed, and foreign mercenaries ceased to forage the country. I ran over in my mind the different events and the object of this war, and I could come to no other conclusion than that of my historian;* it was "a war of confiscation;" it sprung up from an attempt, originally unjust, to dispossess the native Irish, and plant English and Scotch emigrants in their stead; and all the massacres and attempts at insurrection made by the natives arose out of the sense of this oppression, and fear for their future liberties and those of their religion. Many motives were afterwards mixed with these; but whoever can doubt that the claim of right and ultimate justice was that of the Irish and Anglo-Irish Catholics, must have read history with other eyes than mine. I visited all the scenes rendered memorable by this siege. As to the details of the horrors committed by the besieging army I tried to forget them; but surely, never was a less edifying lesson taught to the world than that inculcated by William's foreign troops. They were, as it

* O'Driscoll.

has been well said, "the sweepings of Europe, and spotted with the foulest vices that could be raked from the pollutions of her great cities." "Every writer who has treated of the affairs of this period, the sturdiest Protestant, the stanchest Orangeman, has admitted and deplored the extraordinary depravity of this army."* All allow, too, that the comparison was, on the part of the Irish, most favourable; their army was a national one, contending for country, home, and religion. Barbarities might be, and were committed by the wild refugees who had been turned from their homes and driven into the mountains and bogs, but these were no part of the army, and the commanders were no more answerable for their offences than were the more quiet Protestants for the excesses of William's soldiers, which he tried, but in vain, to repress.

From scenes like these, and reflections upon them, I turned with calm pleasure to the more recent memorials of one, whose praise is among all parties, of Jebb, late Bishop of Limerick. It was delightful to think of such a man,—of his meek, unobtrusive merit, gradually winning its way to the mitre, and preserving in high places the same conciliatory spirit which had made itself so eminent in the smaller confines of a parish. I went to Abington glebe, the quiet parsonage so long the scene of his ministrations, and thought of the sabbath when the Christian clergyman of the church of Ireland did not disdain to enter the Catholic chapel of his neighbour the priest,† to hear an impressive exhortation from him to the people, and then to address them himself, from the same altar, in behalf of order and peace. "He was heard," says his biographer, "with breathless attention. Some

* O'Driscoll.

† On occasion of a very threatening insurrection in the county of Limerick, 16th December, 1821.

were affected even to tears. All eyes were rivetted upon him as he told the men of Abington that he lived among them without fear; that his doors were unbolted, his windows unbarred; and that they should remain so; for that the only safeguard he sought was in *the hearts of his parishioners;* that he had now lived among them for more than ten years, and had always found them, what he knew he should ever find them, a loyal, affectionate, peaceable people." The people pressed round the altar as he spoke, all eager to subscribe to a set of resolutions framed by their clergyman, in conjunction with the priest, the purport of which was the repudiation of all secret oaths and associations, and a determination to prevent among themselves any proceedings which might have a tendency to endanger the peace of the country. They kept the promise of that day religiously, so that while all the surrounding country became a scene of fire and desolation, Abington parish, to the end of the disturbances, remained peaceful and untainted. Abington is about nine miles from Limerick; the circumstance to which I have alluded was afterwards alluded to in parliament by Lord Glenelg, then the Honourable Charles Grant. "In the county of Limerick," said he, "there is a parish, untouched to this moment by any of the disorders which have distracted that country. It contains a very crowded population, almost entirely Roman Catholic; yet, in that parish the Protestant clergyman keeps no arms, nor has he in any respect increased the fastenings or defences of his house; and at night he sleeps in security, confiding in the protection of Providence, and the good will of his Roman Catholic parishioners; the neighbourhood has been visited by nightly marauders, and many excesses have been committed, but in this parish not a single outrage has taken place." After detailing the circumstances I

before alluded to, the sabbath address &c. from the altar, Lord Glenelg goes on to say, "Now to what must we ascribe these effects? Not to any sudden burst of enthusiastic kindness, suspending, on a special occasion, habitual distrust and estrangement; not to a momentary impulse urging Protestant and Catholic to unite for a particular purpose. No, but to a settled and regular habit of conciliation between the Protestant and Catholic clergyman and their parishioners, a habit formed and built up during a kindly intercourse of twelve years. It is the result, therefore, of a system silently matured in the time of peace, and at length manifesting its efficacy in time of danger."

When we walked round the parsonage and surveyed the neighbourhood, we could not but feel that it was no wonder Mr. Jebb's friends, who knew his powers, should lament that he was while there "buried in a desert," but, as he beautifully says, "they little knew, nor was I properly conscious myself, that there was manna in the desert, and living waters from the rock. I can now look back with gratitude to my long sojourning there: and were it not that I have had such experience of a graciously protecting power, above me and around me, I should now tremble at what may await me in the new and arduous sphere on which I am about to enter. May it be ordered that the see of Limerick shall be to me but half so productive of use and of enjoyment as the quiet rectory of Abington!"*

I had not yet visited the county of Clare,—now a county of Munster, though formerly included in Connaught, and anciently called Thomond. It is a backward tract of country in many respects, though fine as to natural scenery. I entered it by the Fergus River, which falls into that part

* Jebb's Life, Vol. i. p. 82.

of the Shannon spreading out as a noble estuary towards the north, some way above Limerick. A boat took us direct up the river to Clare, a pretty, small town, not the county town, however, as its name and situation would seem to deserve; but that distinction is reserved for Ennis, about two miles to the north. In those two miles the river ceases to be a navigable one, and we walked the distance, not proposing to do more than pay a few hours' visit, and return to the river whose course we meant to retrace to the Shannon, and again to follow that stream to Killaloe. It was scarcely worth our while to make this digression to Ennis, and we rather repented afterwards, as we were thereby obliged to curtail our visits to places better worth seeing; but there is, notwithstanding, some fine scenery about Ennis, and the town is populous and busy, though containing much wretchedness. During the last few years some very productive lead mines have been discovered in various parts of Clare, and others which, though long known, have been unprofitably worked, are in course of improvement. These I did not visit; but I heard enough to be certain that mining enterprise is well directed in this part of the world, and will in all probability bring in rich returns.

We were not at all sorry to return to the banks of the Shannon; and nothing, indeed, can be more beautiful than the views along the river from Limerick to Castle Connell, and again on the other side to Killaloe: green lawns, fine timber, handsome dwellings, abundant flocks and herds.

At Killaloe I was again in Clare. The antiquities of this place are, we found, well deserving of attention, as well as its natural beauties. It has a fine old Gothic cathedral of much architectural merit, and close adjoining to this building is an oratory, supposed to be built by the

Danes in the ninth century. With regard to its present condition, Killaloe is improving : it has a fine salmon-fishery, and it is the head-quarters of the Inland Steam Navigation Company, which is extending its projects in various directions, and promises to render the resources of Ireland much more available to her prosperity than they have hitherto been. There are also slate quarries near Killaloe, of great value in themselves, and affording much employment to the immediate neighbourhood. The river navigation between this town and Limerick is impeded by the rapids; but a canal is cut in two places, so as to enable both towns to keep up water-communication. And here a sad mortification befel us : we had fully reckoned on an excursion through Loch Derg, a noble expansion of the Shannon, bordered on its eastern coast by Munster, on the western by Connaught. It properly came within the limits we had assigned to ourselves, but the weather set in just at this point so steadily rainy, that we could not stir from Killaloe for nearly a week. In the meanwhile our friend ——, who had agreed to meet us from Dublin, wrote to apprize us that he should be at Cashel the day succeeding that on which we received his letter; and we had but just time to secure a vehicle to take us to Thurles, which I particularly wished to see, and make our other necessary arrangements before starting. To console us for the disappointment of not being able to proceed further northward, we had, however, the pleasure of witnessing a gradual breaking of the clouds, and the prospect of a good journey through Tipperary, which is a pleasant county, and in parts remarkably fertile. Richer harvests I never saw than those which waved in the breeze by the side of our road. After crossing the Shannon from Killaloe, we came to Newport, about three miles above Castle Connell, situated on a stream which falls into the Shannon. From

thence our road was not one of the best; but it led us across a chain of interesting mountains which divides the county almost in two; and on our descent into the vallies on the eastern side, we made our way with great readiness to Thurles. From this place I knew there were plenty of public conveyances to Cashel; we were now again within reach of Bianconi's establishment, and there could be no difficulty, so that we availed ourselves of the little time we could spare for Thurles. It is not picturesque, though pleasant, and I had been disappointed in part of our ride, which lay alongside of a branch of the Bog of Allen for some miles. Nevertheless as we proceeded in Tipperary, I found the reports of its high cultivation were fully borne out by what we saw. Large farms inhabited by substantial and wealthy farmers were to be seen round Thurles, which is itself a handsome town, boasting some fine new buildings,—a Catholic chapel and college, in particular. There are upwards of eight thousand inhabitants in Thurles; and it is a remarkable place from its insular position, being the only town of consequence in a circuit of forty or fifty miles; it supplies the neighbouring districts, and conveys the market produce by means of the river Suir, upon which it stands, towards Cashel, Clonmel, &c. But my principal concern in this part of Tipperary was to see the ruins of Holy Cross, certainly one of the finest ruined abbeys of which Ireland can boast. We ordered one of Bianconi's cars to be at the door of our inn very early in the morning:—these ruins being on the high road to Cashel, we could visit them without any digression; they stand about three miles from Thurles, and are, indeed, well deserving of a far more accurate survey than we were able to give them. Their extent, as well as their beauty, surprised us; mausoleums, crosses, towers, chapels, and arches alternately attracted our attention.

We saw them in the very early morning light, and nothing could be more interesting than the solitary, folorn character of this seat of former ecclesiastical grandeur. It is curious how, at every turning, one is reminded that Ireland was a scene of learning and comparative civilization when great part of Europe was sunk in barbarism. When we think of Virgilius going forth from her schools, ages before Copernicus, to teach the true system of the universe, and astound the timid head of Christendom with his speculations, it makes this little island rise in one's account surprisingly; and when a traveller in France sees one of the ancient tombs of those men of learning to whom "Ireland gave birth, and the Gallic land a grave," when he finds memorials of Irish scholarship in Lorraine and Alsace, in Germany, in Switzerland, in Italy, and Sicily, he is apt to think that English pride has somewhat under-estimated the claims of the sister-land to consideration. Onward, however, we were obliged to hasten towards Cashel; and this is a ride of great beauty. The country on either side is rich, and very thickly populated, while the eye is continually led across the fertile plains to the singular rock of Cashel, which may be discerned at many miles distance. There is nothing in Ireland more curious than this rock and its accompaniments, covered as its top is with the vestiges of former splendour, beautiful in decay.

At the inn we found our friend, and in the warmth of greetings, and the multitude of our communications we passed great part of our afternoon; but in the evening we sallied forth, determined to see the sun set from the top of the Rock of Cashel. We first, by permission, entered the archbishop's garden. This is a lovely domain, from whence a private way communicates to the rock. We ascended it, and were truly lost in admiration at the

beautiful and interesting objects around us. The ruins themselves, those of the ancient cathedral and chapel in which Cormac, the first bishop, preached, nearly cover its grass-grown surface. Saxon and Norman arches, and a round tower, differing as usual from all the surrounding buildings in its form and the material of which it is built, crown the singular elevation, and the view is equally extensive and beautiful.

I enquired, but could not learn satisfactory tidings of the celebrated Psalter of Cashel, said to have been compiled in the year 900, in the Irish tongue, by order of Cormac, the king and bishop of the province. I should like to have seen this curious relic of ancient times, which I had understood was in the archbishop's library; but we were not able to obtain admission. We found Cashel a pretty town, but not very flourishing: wages are low,—only eightpence a day without diet, and numbers without employment. There are about 1700 inhabitants, and about 150 Protestant *communicants*.

We followed the course of the Suire next morning to Cahir, where we breakfasted, on our way to Clonmell. This was a beautiful drive; the banks of the Suire are every way lovely; and the fine back-ground of the Galter mountains to the right complete the picture. The heights bordering the river, and clothed with wood are also beautiful, and I should prefer Cahir to many a more renowned place as a permanent residence: the whole deep valley of the Suire may compete with many a famous Italian vale. It is warm and rich, abundantly fruitful in flowers and fruits, and I was surprised at the luxuriance of many tender evergreens. From Cahir to Clonmell is nine miles; this, as I before stated, is the head-quarters of Bianconi's car establishment, and it is judiciously chosen. I found the population in the present year (1835) about 18,000; of whom

15,000 are Catholics. It is a respectable, thriving town, with an intelligent society; and the environs are extremely pretty. Several noblemen and gentlemen have their country seats in the neighbourhood, and the town is well supplied with necessaries and even luxuries for their accommodation: its staple articles of exportation are butter and bacon.

At Clonmell we held a counsel as to our future movements:—my term of absence was drawing to a close, and yet I could not think of leaving Munster without visiting Waterford: but in order to do this I meditated giving up the idea of returning by Cork at all, though that had been my plan from the first. My friend, however, would not hear of this; his knowledge of the country enabled him to estimate the extent of my loss in giving up Lismore and Youghall; and as we could not do both, by his advice, I "let alone" Waterford till the time, whenever that may be, when I can again visit Ireland. This being decided, there was nothing to do but to face about to the west, and pursue our road to Mitchelstown. Although by so doing we retraced our steps a few miles, as far as Cahir, we did not regret this; the views going and returning are very different, and the day too was different, and different was the hour of the day: the sun was setting behind the Galtee range, and the shadows were beautifully thrown upon them: then, as we approached Mitchelstown, though twilight was deepening on all around, the moon was rising, and the same mountains were silvered over by her beams. Mitchelstown offered us comfortable quarters, at most reasonable prices, and we were in no haste to leave our beds next morning, I must confess, being a good deal tired. I was the first up, and strolled into Lord Kingston's grounds, admiring as I walked, except that, I must confess, I was not greatly struck with the castle; a large,

princely dwelling, no doubt, but heavy, and to my mind not a little staring. Coming back I found my companions ready for their breakfast, and afterwards for a walk. It is no easy matter for pedestrians fully to explore Lord Kingston's grounds, which are very extensive: a mountain lodge possessed by this gentleman, about five miles from Mitchelstown, among the Galtee mountains, pleased me better than the castle. The situation is delightful:—a hill rising out of a hollow,—thick fir-woods, and a back-ground of the dark mountains. It is really an Alpine scene, the effect of which is heightened by a rushing, dark stream, circling the mount on which the lodge stands.

Mitchelstown has acquired some renown and obtained many visitors in the last few years, in consequence of the discovery of some curious caves in its neighbourhood, which are sometimes called the Kingston caverns. Very exaggerated accounts respecting these caves have been put forth; but there is no doubt they are curious, and even, in a degree, beautiful. After two or three steep descents, passed either sliding or by ladders, you enter a hall where there are four crystallized pillars reaching from the floor to the ceiling, brilliant spars covering the bottom; and all the apartments, of which there are several, are beautified by graceful folds or festoons of crystallization. Even in this neighbourhood, which possesses the advantage of having Lord Kingston as a landlord, I found very great distress, and was greatly struck by what I heard of the change for the worse since, from family circumstances, these proprietors have been unable to expend a large annual income in the country. There are about 5000 inhabitants in Mitchelstown, and 1800 persons have lately been found in a state of nearly absolute starvation! The employment of 1200 labourers

being suspended, all this misery immediately has followed. Rents are not exorbitant, but the demand for labour very slack.

From Mitchelstown we proceeded to Fermoy, which looks a larger place than it really is, owing to the extensive barracks, which are spacious enough to contain sometimes several regiments. Owing to this circumstance, I suppose, it commands many accommodations and luxuries, and has, besides, a genteel neighbourhood.

I had heard so much of the scenery on the Blackwater, with which I here commenced acquaintance, that I was, perhaps, disappointed in its course, till within a short distance of Lismore. Not but that the country is beautiful and well cultivated, and adorned with gentlemen's seats ; but it is not till one comes in sight of Lismore Castle that the river assumes its most picturesque appearance, and even then it is not equal to the exquisite scenery between Lismore and Youghall. I shall quote here literally the words of a modern traveller, since I despair of finding any more truly descriptive of the scene. "The Blackwater," says Mr. Inglis, "both above and below the bridge which leads into Lismore, flows through one of the most verdant of valleys, just wide enough to show its greenness and fertility, and diversified by noble single trees, and fine groups. The banks bordering this valley are in some places thickly covered, in other places slightly shaded with wood. Then there is the bridge itself, and the castle, grey and massive, with its ruined and ivy-grown towers, and the beautiful tapering spire of the church, and the deep, wooded, lateral dells, that carry to the Blackwater its tributary streams. Nothing, I say, can surpass in richness and beauty the view from the bridge, when at evening the deep woods, and the grey castle, and the still river are left in shade, while the sun, streaming up

the valley, gilds all the softer slopes and swells that lie opposite."*

Lismore Castle and much of the neighbouring property belongs to the Duke of Devonshire. The outward walls of the building are ancient, but the interior is recently built and laid out, and the grounds are delightful.

There is another object of interest within a few miles of Lismore, which I regretted being unable to visit; it is an establishment of Catholics of the order of La Trappe, consisting of about fifty members, who possess a farm of five hundred and seventy acres of moor and bog-land, a great part of which they have reclaimed. The land is not absolutely their own, but they have a lease for a hundred years, rent free, from a neighbouring gentleman; and the veneration of the Catholic tenantry and peasantry for the brotherhood is such that in all their farming operations they can command the services of man and beast, gratis, to almost any amount; not that all their work is done without pay, for they can afford to remunerate their labourers, but as an act of piety many are willing to work for them. They are mostly young men,—almost all Irish,—a very few English. When their convent is finished, and it is no longer necessary for them to communicate with their neighbours, they will strictly conform to the rules of their order, among which the most prominent is entire silence.

Though we were unable to visit this singular place, we left nothing in the immediate route to Youghall unnoticed: we saw several fine seats, and agreed in thinking the ride from Mitchelstown pre-eminently beautiful. Throughout the whole the eye is feasted by the view of the lovely river, as it takes its way, now round bold rocks,

* Inglis, Vol. i. p. 164-5.

then soft, grassy slopes, and decorated pleasure grounds. The approach to Youghall is pretty, indeed beautiful, by a road which has been cut through the cliff, just above the sea, near the mouth of the Blackwater river. So many of the Irish towns are situated at the bottom of deep creeks, or some little way up the rivers, that it is rare to meet with one commanding an unobstructed view of the sea. Such a view has this road, which is, therefore, a favourite walk with the inhabitants of Youghall. The town itself is old, and many venerable ruins appear mixed up with the more modern erections: the church is a large, ancient, massy building, and the view from the church-yard very fine; but my son and I were most anxious to visit Myrtle Grove, the residence of Sir Walter Raleigh, who was once Mayor of Youghall: it adjoins the church-yard, and retains its venerable character. Through the kindness of the present proprietor we were admitted to see the interior; and we found a profusion of oak wainscoting, and fine carved work. On repairing this house, a Bible, one of the oldest printed ones extant, was found built up in the wall.

But we did not wholly neglect the state of Youghall and its neighbourhood, with reference to its commercial prosperity, and the means of livelihood afforded to the poor labourer. With regard to the first point, there is a considerable export trade, particularly in corn, cattle, and butter; its imports are chiefly timber, culm, and coal; but the labourer is poorly paid by eight-pence a day, when he has to furnish £2 per annum rent for a very mean cabin; nor, indeed, can he raise the sum in money: the landlord's hope, therefore, is in his labour;—for sixty days' labour he may be *housed*:—his other requirements are but scantily served. Coal costs him from tenpence to one shilling per week. "We buy it," said a poor man,

"by the stone; sometimes two stones for three-pence half-penny. I walk, yer Honour," continued the same man, "six miles a day, to and from my work, every day."

"But cannot you have your dinner sent you? Why come home to it?"

"It would be too bad to eat cold potatoes in a wet ditch: no, it is worth the walk. I am hired regular at eight-pence a day; sufficient of potatoes for us all would cost one and nine-pence to two shillings a week. We have a pig, which my wife earned from the master, making hay, and we feed her on potatoe-skins and bran. We shall sell her for a pound, and she cost us fourteen shillings."

"Do you never contrive money for a little whiskey, Pat?"

"Is it whiskey? I did not taste a drop these ten weeks, —not at my own expense; two or three glasses were given me. I have a son and daughter married. The poorest man marries soonest, if he have but the marriage money: it was twenty-five shillings my son had to pay, so he did not marry so soon as if it had been twenty shillings."

"Now tell me, Pat, is it not true that the priests encourage early marriages for the sake of the fees?"

"Mayhap they do; but then I can tell yer Honour this, that here in Ireland half the country would run to get married if there were no marriage money!* It is not bad for the young at all that the priests ask so much!"

"And what do you pay for your christenings and churchings?"

"Both together, three tenpennies!"

"And funerals?"

"We don't pay the priest for the *berrin'*,—only for the

* "Selections from Evidence," &c. p. 249.

anointin'; but it always costs much to have a body *waked*, —even a little child. I had a little one died just sixteen weeks old: and though we could ill spare it, we had the wake as usual. Two nights and a day the people were in the house, and we burnt mould-candles, and there was smoking all night."

"And no drinking?"

"Not a drop, yer Honour! I'll stake my life, only the 'baccy to keep us from falling asleep. It cost us somewhere about five-and-sixpence that wake."

I thought these details worth noting down, as showing the mixture of poverty and extravagance in these poor creatures' expenditure: they may starve and go half-naked; but on no account will they omit the wake.

Our acquaintance with the poor of Ireland seems little likely to terminate, if the state of things above described is to continue. No wonder the miserable creatures present themselves at the doors of our English farm-houses, and proffer their labour for whatever price it will fetch! and no wonder I am come back to my home, after what I have seen, doubly willing to do the little I can to help them; but, alas! such aid is but a drop of balm poured into an ocean of misery; and here we are, after all the moving pictures which have been given of the distress, no nearer towards a remedy. For my own part, my children and friends will be apt to wish I had never paid this visit, for let our conversation *begin* where it may, it seems likely for some time to end in Ireland. If we speak of past times, of the trials and sufferings of older nations, still what nation has been bruised and broken like *this*? If political economy be the subject of discussion, from what land can we derive such warnings? and, further still, if religion be the theme, what country furnishes more emphatic lessons to rulers and people?

But I will stay my moralizing. The most cheering part of the consideration is, that so many hearts and minds are alive and aroused to energy on the subject. May that energy be well and prudently directed; and we will not yet despair of the peace of this lovely land!

ULSTER.

[Counties—Nine.]

DOWN.	TYRONE.
ANTRIM.	ARMAGH.
LONDONDERRY.	MONAGHAN.
DONEGAL.	FERMANAGH.

CAVAN.

JOURNAL

OF

A TOUR IN ULSTER.

My travels in the South of Ireland having afforded me much matter for interesting reflection, I still felt dissatisfied with the state of my knowledge of that country. I heard from various quarters that Munster differed widely from the northern provinces; that Ulster might be called *Protestant* Ireland; and that by visiting it I should be able to judge how great had been the effect of the introduction of a purer faith into this country.

I confess I was inclined to suspect that there were other causes to which this superiority might be attributed. I wished to know the rate of wages, the quantity and constancy of employment, and a variety of other particulars; for it did not appear to me that there was any thing in the one form of religion which must certainly entail misery and beggary, nor in the other which should invariably bring prosperity.

The summer succeeding that on which I visited Munster, business most unexpectedly called me into Scotland. I had no particular wish to extend my travels *there* beyond the necessity of the case; for some years before this time, I had made myself pretty well acquainted with both highlands and lowlands; but the circumstance of being

brought very near Port Patrick, within a short passage of the very part of Ireland I desired to visit, tempted me, and with my younger boy, who on this occasion was my companion, I crossed to Donaghadee, the usual place of landing, by the steamer. From hence to Belfast is about twenty miles by the shortest road, but I preferred coasting the loch, and was well repaid by a beautiful ride, with fine wood and water-views the whole way. The houses, too, were neat, and even elegant; country villas standing on rising grounds, sloping to the broad, winding lake, and sometimes neat clustered villages, much frequented as bathing-places. When I heard one of these called Bangor, my mind went back at once to very ancient times. "This," I said to myself, "perhaps is the very Bangor or Banchor often confounded with the place of the same name in Wales which gave birth to Pelagius." I believe I was not wrong; and over the waters was Carrick Fergus, celebrated also in ancient Irish story.

I was struck on my arrival at Belfast with its un-Irish appearance. Here is a town scarce half a century old,—the commercial parts date at a later period even than that. Think that, seventy-eight years ago, this place had only 8,000 inhabitants, and now behold it with a population of 65,000. Enquire about the rate of wages—you find labour by no means superabundant, and eagerly paid for at the rate of one-and-threepence per day. On all sides are to be seen manufactories or mills, vying with the very best at Manchester. The linen trade, the calico trade, the muslin trade, all employ multitudes of hands: the rate of pay varies in all these. Boys employed in the bleaching-grounds earn from three shillings to four shillings and sixpence a week; girls in the flax-spinning mills from two shillings to four shillings; and the men who are employed as weavers perhaps about eight shillings. These are low

wages as compared with English, no doubt, but compared with those of the Irish in general are good; and it is to be observed that the labour of boys and girls is well paid; a large family is rather an addition to prosperity than a drawback. There are also very many women employed in working muslins for the English market; and the shipping, ship-building, &c., besides the business of the export, are constant sources of employment. Take into account, too, the number of masons, carpenters, &c., constantly busied in enlarging and building new houses, manufactories, &c., and it will be readily conceived that at Belfast there is no occasion for willing hands to be idle. Yet I see not what all this has to do with the religion of the people: they are, in a great degree, a different race; they are of modern Scotch descent; they have brought in the hardy, industrious, shrewd, calculating spirit of that people; they are far-sighted and provident. The landlord does not gripe his tenants, for he feels the bad policy of such conduct. The tenant having scope allowed for improvement, does improve. The landlord in the north minds his business; he is close in his application, looks into the real state of his workman's affairs; while the merchant of Cork will only trouble himself so far with business as to earn the needful, and let the rest take its chance. I found no hunting parties at Belfast. There was no deep drinking, no carousals; but sober, brisk activity, good sense, and a shrewd attention to interest. I should have been better pleased to say truth with the inhabitants of Belfast, if they had not appeared to me to pique themselves on being as little like the native Irish as possible. I willingly concede that there is difference enough to give them very high advantages, if they use them with temperance. It is, however, painful, to see the native inhabitants of the soil often rejected as tenants merely because they are so. Dis-

tant landlords have no opportunities of investigating for themselves; and an English or Scotch agent, coming over with plenty of prejudice and partiality, is sure to give the preference to his own. This, no doubt, has, in some situations, occasioned a great degree of bitterness between the Irish and the Scotch and their descendants. When the Catholic looks from his barren bit of land, at the warm, sheltered allotments of the Protestants and Presbyterians, he is naturally inclined to jealousy, even though he may own that his neighbour's thrifty character is deservedly held at a higher per centage. Moreover, we are not to estimate as absolutely worthless the ancient associations of a people. I will not say that the Irish peasant can know any thing of his real claims to precedence over the more modern Scotch; but the better informed among them are well aware of their higher antiquity: *they*, the native Scots, the progenitors of the colonists in the northern parts of Britain, well understand their claims; they can number up, too, the seats of learning they established in the land they thus colonized—the holy men they sent to preach all they knew of Christianity—the abbeys and monasteries with which they covered the western isles: they are proud of the comparative light and learning they used to possess; they know their own native language to be the oldest among the still-spoken languages of the north, and have annals written in that tongue of earlier date than those of any other northern nation. And even grant the northern Irish to be forgetful of traditions like these, there are things written in histories of far more recent times which they can scarcely either forget or forgive. It is not now much more than two centuries ago, since their forefathers, the O'Neils and O'Donnels, were driven out of Ulster, and their estates partitioned by the crown among the Scotch and English, part being held by

a sort of company in London, whose business it was to form *plantations*, as they were called, which should, as far as possible, exclude the ancient race from any interest in the country of their fathers. The manifest hardships of this case, and the manner in which they beheld their lands made an object of barter by the rapacious English, might well irritate the people; and it is not to be wondered at if they struggled long in defence of their claims; but even these might have been forgotten, and the breach healed, by the sacrifice of a few powerful chieftains, had it not been for the peculiar aspect of those times with regard to religious opinions. The *plantations* made in the reign of James the First and his successor were chiefly formed from men who had drunk deep of the Presbyterian spirit, and who regarded with feelings of unmixed abhorrence the religion of the many in Ireland. Hence, when civil war began, and again after the Restoration, all the hope of the ancient Irish was turned towards the monarchs who were believed to be at heart favourable to Popery. Their loyalty to the Stuarts was the instinct of self-preservation. The men of the north were fighting against a narrow, bigoted set of intruders upon their country, who held them in abomination; these, in their turn, struggled bravely and successfully, thanks to our third William: but something may well be forgiven to the people who refuse to hail *Him* as a benefactor who gave the finishing stroke to the triumph of those they regarded as interlopers.

The few days we passed at Belfast were neither unprofitable nor unpleasant. We visited the Linen Hall, the Academical Institution, and various chapels and churches. I ought to mention the Institution more particularly, for it richly deserves praise. There is a school and college, both providing a most liberal and extensive system of

education. It is *most* sought after by dissenters of the Presbyterian persuasion, and its certificates rank with a degree of M. A. from the Scotch universities; but I found the sons of Churchmen and Catholics there, and was glad to see that it was possible to render it useful to persons of all parties. We also found that Belfast abounded in scientific and literary associations, and spent what time we had to spare most pleasantly with two or three very intelligent families to whom I had letters of introduction.

It was soon, however, time for us to proceed on our northward route. We proposed coasting it to the Giant's Causeway, and accordingly passing through Carrick Fergus, whose fine old castle, on a nearer view, struck me yet more than at first, we came to Larne. There is a plan in agitation for making this the port of embarkation for Scotland instead of Donaghadee, and of crossing to Loch Ryan instead of Port Patrick, a distance of thirty-three miles, but supposed to be more favourable for the trade of Glasgow.

I was extremely struck, while travelling this road, with the number of antiquities, the old churches, ruins of monasteries, &c. Even on the little islands of the sea are the remains of abbeys, churches, and all scenes of the past glory of the ancient Irish Church. The Gobbins, stupendous rocks, rising almost perpendicularly about two hundred feet from the sea, and stretching near a mile along the coast, possess several of these remains; and to me they were also interesting from the immense flocks of birds which build their nests in the natural cavities of the precipice, and which, when once roused, make a tremendous uproar, scarcely to be deadened by the sound of the sea in its fury. The whole of this northern coast is wild, cold, and stern; but I should not think, from all I could gather, that it equals in grandeur the north-west of Ire-

land, nor certainly in beauty that of Munster. Ballycastle was my next stage from Larne, passing by Glenarm. The *old* road here was one of immense difficulty to cattle; it used to wind up and down the rocks, to ascend and descend the most frightful hills; but the engineers employed to construct a new and safer way have spared no pains to overcome difficulties. They have had to cut away huge cliffs of limestone, to fill up valleys, and to guard against perils from rocks above and waters below; and they have constructed what, when complete, will be one of the finest roads in the United Kingdom. We were much struck with the situation of Glenarm, at the bottom of a deep glen, through which runs a brawling rivulet which falls into the sea close by the village; one side of the glen being covered by the castle and woods and park of the Antrim family. The finest part, however, of this stage, was that in which the sea-view opens within about two miles of Ballycastle, and you come in sight of Fairhead or Benmore, a promontory five hundred and fifty feet above the level of the sea, composed of vast basaltic columns, many of which extend out a great way under water, seaward. This whole promontory, together with a passage or cleft in the rock, across which a huge fragment has fallen, making a sort of bridge called "Grey Man's Path," is certainly very sublime. Between this and the town lie the collieries, which, though not now very productive, have perhaps hardly been fairly worked; added to which, the turbulence of the sea at this part of the coast has formed an obstacle to ready exportation of the commodity. There is a very remarkable fact connected with these collieries, which has occasioned great speculation. It was in the year 1770 that the miners, while opening a vein at Ballycastle Cliff, broke through the rock into a very narrow passage: it appeared that there was an open-

ing of some extent beyond it, and the men not being able to force themselves in, sent in two lads, as a stout master-sweep compels his poor little 'prentice to mount the narrow shaft of a chimney. The lads had candles, and made their way for some time, but at length came to a complete labyrinth of branching passages, among which the poor fellows were bewildered and lost. Their lights soon burnt out, and their voices, now quite hoarse with shouting for help, could do them no further service: there, then, they sat down, despairing of escape from this miserable dungeon. The workmen, however, alarmed at their non-appearance, set to work to open the passage, and several of them entered; but the two lads were still too far away to hear their noise and shouting. One long day and one night did they remain thus buried in the heart of Benmore; but their friends still persevered in their search through the night as well as the day. At length, one of the party thought he heard a noise, like that of a hammer striking the rocks: he listened and heard it again; then he bethought him of making a like sound in reply: to his great satisfaction this was answered; and, guided by the noise, he and his party of miners followed the windings of a passage till they came to the chamber where the two poor prisoners were found, much exhausted by confinement and hunger. The noise was accounted for by one of them saying that when he found himself too hoarse to cry out any longer, he had recollected that the sound of the miners' hammers is often heard at a great distance, and he took up a stone and struck the sides of the rocks with it, in order to produce the same effect. It may well be conceived that it was a pleasant thing to them to behold the rising sun that morning, when led out of their gloomy cave. But now began the real wonder of the place. It was found, on close examination, that these passages and chambers were not

of nature's workmanship, but that they had been wrought out by men's hands at some very distant period. It was a regular, extensive mine, and had been worked with skill and sagacity by their predecessors. Some remains of tools were found, even of baskets, though in such a decayed state that they crumbled to pieces as soon as touched. Small pieces of iron were also found, which seemed to prove that these ancient miners were acquainted with the uses of that metal. There is not the most remote tradition of coal-works in this part of the country; and some who have written on the subject deny the probability of any such having been carried on later than the eighth century!

In Ballycastle are some memorials of one of those men whose

"*Good* is oft interred with their bones,"

while every one has something to tell of the blemishes which rendered that good less effective than it might have been. Mr. Boyd, a worthy individual of small fortune, and not shining abilities, is the hero of Ballycastle. He devoted himself and all his powers to the improvement of this part of Ireland: he constructed roads, formed a harbour, built a town, established manufactures, and certainly brought a wild and lawless region into a state of cultivation, order, and comparative prosperity, by means of immense personal exertion. The collieries were opened by him, and a glass manufactory for awhile prospered; but from some errors in his management, and a variety of untoward circumstances, all these things went to decay as soon as he expired. He lived to see a chapel, the favourite work of his last years, completed; but by a singular concurrence of circumstances, it was not actually opened for public service till *the funeral* of its founder.

I was curious about the island of Raghery or Rathlin,

which lies out at sea, about six or seven miles from the Antrim coast, just opposite Ballycastle. I knew that in former times this bare and chalky island had afforded refuge to Robert Bruce, though even here his enemies pursued him, and obliged him to put out to sea in his little skiff once more. I desired the waiter at the little inn to procure me a boat, and finding the passage (which is often very dangerous) could be safely attempted, we set out the afternoon of my arrival at Ballycastle. The boat seemed very unfit to encounter the heavy rolling swell which sets in between Rathlin and the coast, for it was built of the slightest materials, and I observed that a good deal of water entered it. But our guide and boatman assured me there was not the slightest danger, as not a breath of wind was stirring; and with regard to the water, he coolly took off his brogue and began to bale it out of the boat, soon clearing the vessel, and then putting the brogue upon his foot again with the utmost indifference. I looked at Henry, fearing he might be somewhat timid on the occasion, for even in this beautiful and calm afternoon the long rolling waves from the Atlantic as they broke upon Benmore hid that lofty promontory from our sight. We afterwards found that all depended on the state of the tide. In a few hours came the ebb, and the return of this body of water to the ocean in opposition to the great western swell occasioned a most boisterous commotion—the stoutest boats then would not venture out. Twice every day, independent of storms and breezes, is there thus alternate peace and war upon this coast; and it is by observation of these circumstances that passages can be made in safety. Henry was, I found, quite as eager after Rathlin as myself. We got safely over in about two hours and a half, and landed nearly opposite Ballycastle. The island is five miles in length, but little more than three

quarters in breadth, yet this surface maintains from 1200 to 1300 inhabitants. The western end is craggy and mountainous, but the valleys between the mountains are rich and well cultivated. The east end is more barren, but more open and accessible, has some convenient harbours, and many of its inhabitants are fishermen. Native Irish continues to be the language of the western end, while at the other the English is well understood and frequently used. We crossed the island to Bruce's castle, the place in which the Scotch hero made his defence, and in doing so made our observations on what was before us. There was some good cultivated land, on which barley was growing; and we observed the sheep, a small race, but celebrated as to the quality of their flesh; the horses, too, were small, but strong and serviceable. As for the people, we found them a simple, plain race, much attached to their island, and regarding Ireland as a foreign kingdom, with which they have no connexion except in the way of trade: they have both Catholic and Protestant ministers, being divided in religious faith. I should not omit to mention the kelp trade as one principal resource of the natives: this is chiefly manufactured by women and children, and nearly pays the rent of the whole island in good seasons; but besides this, the fishermen and fowlers earn a tolerable livelihood by their laborious occupations.

"It is almost unnecessary for me to give any account of the dangers and hardships of the poor fowlers in their pursuit of the sea-birds' eggs: so many writers have described these perils that they are familiar to every reader; no one, however, who has not looked up or down upon one of these tremendous rocks rising out of the sea, and actually seen human beings suspended by ropes, swinging themselves from one ledge to another, while the noisy birds are screaming over them, and the sea roars in concert be-

low, can have an idea of the awful nature of the employment. Nor is the salmon-fishing at Carrick-a-Rede less formidable; and I must describe this, for my son and I were particularly struck and interested by the whole scene, which is totally unlike any thing I ever witnessed. There is one time in the year when the salmon-fish comes along the coast in search of the different rivers in which it casts its spawn. This fish, guided by unerring instinct, keeps in as close as it can to the shore, that it may not miss the opening of the rivers, and it is very important to the fishermen to intercept it, if possible, in some narrow passage or channel; but there is no such place on this coast, except the rock called Carrick-a-Rede. A strait of about sixty feet in breadth intervenes between this rock and the main land; and the little island is inaccessible, except at one point, where a fisherman's cot is built; but even here it is impossible to land, unless the weather be extremely calm. The fishermen every summer, therefore, make a bridge of ropes across to this rock; they lay planks along the ropes, fastening them with strong cords, and thus form a pathway just wide enough for a man to go, but one which swings about in the wind, and is most frightful to contemplate as a bridge for the passage of human beings. Here we saw the fishermen spread their nets and drag them to the shore, and witnessed several draughts of most beautiful fish brought to land. One of these fishermen possessed a dog, a most sagacious animal, so trained as to be of great assistance in driving the salmon towards the net. Of course we now proceeded to the Giant's Causeway, and a most curious and interesting spectacle it certainly is; but to me, who had seen Staffa, it was, I confess, disappointing:—the basaltic columns, their clustered beauty, the immense assemblage of them piled one upon another, is certainly a very remarkable sight,

but I should say that it may be so well represented by pictures or models, that the person who has seen the latter will not find any thing grand or very striking in the original. But perhaps we are unreasonable, and expect everywhere the same *kind* of impressiveness, which is not according to the order of nature. Nothing, certainly, can be more truly wonderful than the regularity of these jointed columns, fitted one into the other with the most perfect correctness. Afterwards, when I saw the neighbouring promontory of Pleaskin, I was extremely struck with the effect of these columns when they form, as here, several steps or terraces separated by irregular rocks, this separation adding relief and distinctness to the whole.

Henry and I had by this time seen nearly enough of the coast: we did not, therefore, go to Port Rush, a pretty watering-place, but turned our heads towards West Coleraine, which is in Londonderry; and here we found all hands as busy, though on a smaller scale, as at Belfast. The linen trade was employing many people, and much flax is of course grown in the fields. The corn crops seemed to testify to the goodness of the soil, although the land was not cultivated in the very best manner, and rents were not exorbitant, but such as to admit of the farmers earning a living, though certainly not a fortune. I was now travelling towards Londonderry, a town I had long very particularly desired to see; I had always been told that it was the most picturesque town of the United Kingdom, Edinburgh alone excepted: I was impatient, therefore, to reach it, and judge for myself, and halted not long at the town of Newton Limovaddy, on our way from Coleraine, though pleased with this place, which has really a thriving neighbourhood, and is most agreeably situated. It is very near

the right bank of Loch Foyle, another of Ireland's great lakes, which, however, is not on this side very picturesque or striking, as we pursued our way to Londonderry. However, when we drew near the latter place, the lake became an estuary, spread out between fine wooded slopes, and was still further contracted in the river Foyle, which, yet a fine and broad stream, sweeps round one side of the steep hill on which the town stands. We were travelling in one of the jaunting-cars of the country, and had therefore a full view of all that was to be seen; and I soon found that my accounts of Londonderry were in no way exaggerated. The first view is exceedingly striking:—situated on a steep mount, from all sides of which there is a rapid descent, at the head of Loch Foyle; its tall cathedral spire rising in the midst. At high-water I really know not a town that, with all its accompaniments of hill and dale, wood and water, is so magnificent in situation:—it is not Loch Foyle alone that is beheld from the ramparts, or eminences around, the eye reaches to Loch Swilly; and the manner in which the buildings of the city are grouped adds to the picturesque effect. The cathedral is a large, handsome Gothic structure, standing on the highest part of the mount, and retiring from the main street; and here are several interesting monuments. Among others is one to the memory of Dr. Hamilton, a learned, scientific, and liberal man, who fell a sacrifice to the fury of a mob some years ago. He was a clergyman, and had laboured in his parish with great goodwill, and some success; he had warmly defended the Irish against many slanders, and had written elaborately on the natural wonders and antiquities of the county of Antrim; but, unfortunately, on one occasion he made himself odious to the people, by taking the part of government against smuggling. They vowed revenge,

and for some time he was obliged to leave his parish, and remain in concealment: at length, venturing home, he halted for a night at the house of a friend. The tidings spread: the house was surrounded, and the mob threatened to set it on fire immediately if Dr. Hamilton were not given to them: the servants, in the hurry and panic, scarcely knowing what they did, complied with this request, and the victim was immediately murdered by these savages. His remains were brought to Derry, and there interred.

Londonderry is a fortified town, surrounded by a rampart, which adds to its remarkable character. On this rampart, a tall, fluted column is shown, erected to the memory of the Rev. George Walker, a clergyman who, in the year 1690, defended the city against James the Second.

Many were the remarkable events of the siege of Londonderry,—perhaps none more so than this:—A clergyman seizing the reins of government out of the hands of a weak or treacherous commander, and resolving, in co-operation with many of his townsmen, to defend the place to the last. In Derry were gathered together the boldest among the Protestants of the North. They had seen enough of the spirit of the Irish Catholics, excited as it was by the sense of repeated aggression, to be well aware that, should Catholicism again obtain the victory, there would be small hopes of their ever again resuming the possession they were but beginning to enjoy: many of them were influenced by a higher and better feeling, and many by the mere fanaticism of the times. Altogether they were a battalion of strong, resolved men, and their defence was truly heroic. On the other hand, the Catholics had a strong cause; and, if commanded by a more manly and generous leader, might have done better things; but James

the Second never seems to have had the art of infusing a grain of additional warmth into those who surrounded him. It must not be omitted, as one other remarkable point connected with the siege of Derry, that the garrison were crowded and encumbered by the presence of 30,000 fugitives from the neighbouring country, men, women, and children. How with such numbers, and only a small store of provision, they could have sustained a siege of a hundred and five days must always be a marvellous circumstance. Towards the conclusion of this period, a most tantalizing circumstance occurred:—a fleet of thirty sail was perceived steadily approaching the city over the beautiful waters of Loch Foyle, bringing all the people wanted,—arms, ammunition, and provisions. Suddenly, and to the amazement and bitter disappointment of the besieged, these ships, when just, as it were, in port, hauled round, spread their sails to windward, and stood out again towards the sea, leaving the hungry and despairing garrison to endure the pangs of disappointment. At length, after enduring hardships and sufferings almost incredible, the number of the garrison being reduced from 8000 to 4000, and numbers of the needy multitude having perished, supplies found their way into the city, and the king's general broke up his camp, and raised the siege in despair, leaving the brave surviving victors to glory in their successful heroism. Walker did not return to the peaceful pursuits of his profession: having obtained, of course, great celebrity among the Protestant party, he appears from this time to have been much consulted in military and civil affairs, and he fell fighting at the Battle of the Boyne.

I found here more of the spirit of party than I had yet seen. The guide who showed us about was an Orangeman, who seemed to regard the Catholics of our day

exactly as if they were the Jacobites of 1690. He appeared to me rather to wish for an opportunity of bringing them to open warfare with the Protestants. Henry observed that he did not point out the memorials of Protestant success as matters of history, but as tributes to his own Orange vanity and partizanship. Such a person as this it was hardly worth arguing with; but I was really chagrined when a gentlemanly townsman came up, and chimed in with him, echoing and exceeding every illiberal sentiment. "I have served my country well, and I like rest and quiet; but yet, I do assure you, sir, I should not be sorry to see 'a good sound rebellion' in Ireland: that is the only thing to bring us to a right state;—the Catholics must lose thousands and millions before there is peace in Ireland:—an open rebellion, and an English army to put the rascals down, would do the business at once!" Then he ran into a most furious triade against the Melbourne ministry. Lord Mulgrave and Lord Morpeth were traitors, infidels,—no name was too bad for them: the Education Board was an atheistical device:—and Orangemen and Orange-lodges were the only instruments for the regeneration of Ireland.

Henry coloured and bit his lip, and struggled with his indignation, and I gave him a look intimating my wish that he should be quiet, while I steadily, and with the respect I felt due to a gentleman, expressed my entire dissent from him. I said I had inspected the schools, talked with many of the priests, and with not a few of the clergy of our own church; that in the wildest parts of the south I had found the clergyman, if a man of exemplary character, was respected and attended to; and that I knew of more than one instance in which, when a priest had improperly interfered with the Church of England pastor, the people had expressed themselves decidely

against him. I did not of course deny the excesses of which the Irish had been guilty, nor palliate them; but owned my steady conviction that they had never till within a short period received a fair measure of even justice from the English.

To all this my acquaintance only replied by anathemas against the Church of Rome, and all who supported her idolatrous and intolerant principles. I pointed out to him the intolerant passages which still disgrace our own canons, and asked him how he would like a stranger to form his opinion of the Church of England from them. Of these he appeared ignorant; and I found him so hopelessly bent on viewing every thing through a party medium alone, that I soon dropped the discourse.

The harbour of Londonderry is a very fine one; vessels of six hundred tons burden come up to the quays at high tides. The trade of the place is large and increasing: besides the linen trade, the exports of grain, flax, and butter, keep a great many hands employed. The great bulk of the more respectable people are Protestant, either Presbyterian, Church, or Methodists: the lower orders, as elsewhere, Catholic. In the town I saw scarce any beggars; and at first was in hopes there really were not many objects of distress in the neighbourhood; but I found there was no such happy exemption, and that the freedom of Derry itself was owing to a mendicity society, and some rather severe enactments put in force in the place itself. The obstinate mendicant is for a *second* offence confined in the black hole for twenty-four hours, without food: for a *first* he is merely driven away; and if proved at last to be a hopeless vagrant, who will not submit to any conditions of relief, has even been transported. The beadles, who have acquired the name of "Bangbeggars," have but an uneasy life in Londonderry. The poorer people, generally

speaking, are opposed to them in the performance of their duties towards vagrants, and are ready to tear the bang-beggars to pieces when they are arresting them. The mendicity society alone enables the magistrates to act with this strictness, and this institution is hardly competent to its work, being unable, from the state of its funds, to give *full* support to the destitute, and of these only individuals who have lived two years in the town, and can obtain a line of recommendation from a subscriber, are admitted. As many as one hundred and seventy-three vagrants were taken up in the suburbs of Derry in the year 1834; and it is well known that nothing but the local discipline applied keeps the numbers down.

I should now have preferred taking coach for Donegal, as I had been told that to go further north would only involve me in difficulties, and that there was little to repay me for my trouble; but one of my Scotch mercantile correspondents addressed a letter to me at Derry, earnestly requesting, if I could oblige him without inconvenience, that I would stretch as far as Buncrana, (a little town situated on the right-hand shore of Loch Swilly,) in order to see a person connected with him on business;—and when there, I was so well pleased with the scenery of the lake that I determined to cross it, descend the left bank to Letterkenny, and thus, having coasted this fine body of water, return into the high road to Donegal. The views well repaid us for this extended journey:—fine timber fringes great part of the borders of the lake, and the island of Inch, 4000 acres in extent, close to which we passed, is covered with refreshing verdure. We had crossed the lake at Fahan, a little town about four miles from Buncrana, after having fulfilled our errand at the latter place, and landing at Rathmullin, on the opposite shore, a drenching rain compelled us to halt at a very

poor inn for half the day: towards evening the sky cleared up, and we succeeded in prevailing on the landlord to accommodate us with a sorry vehicle and a wretched horse, and so equipped we managed to pursue our course to Letterkenny, and to arrive there the same night, though very late, and sorely tired with the jolting of our carriage. We found, however, that the town, though not large, is a place of some consequence in the neighbourhood, and contains many excellent shops, and a fair proportion of the comforts and accommodations of modern genteel life. Lord Southwell is its chief patron and benefactor; and his property, and, above all, his mode of managing it, renders him universally respected. It was at Letterkenny that, by a very singular concurrence of circumstances, our destined route was again changed. We were walking the morning after our arrival towards the lake, with the intention of bathing: we arrived at a sheltered little cove, where the water appeared particularly cool and refreshing, while the beach was firm and clean; and were congratulating ourselves on having found the very spot we wanted, when we discovered it to be already occupied. We were about to pass on and seek another spot for our bath, when my ear was struck by a sound of distress. I ran towards the spot, and found it proceeded from a youth who was making vain efforts to drag to land some floating body heavier and bigger than himself. I am a practised swimmer, and it was but a few moments' work to strip off my coat and plunge into the lake, which I did just in time to save the life of a fine young man, elder brother, as I found, to the youth on the beach. It seems they had both been bathing, but had imprudently gone into deeper water than usual, and the elder had been seized with cramp: the younger, being not quite out of his depth, had struggled to land, dragging his brother part of the

way with him; but all his efforts to bring him clear out of the flood had failed, and he was nearly spent with his endeavour to keep his head above water. We were the first persons who had passed while the poor youth was in this trying situation, and his joy at the sight of us nearly took away his power of utterance. We soon succeeded in reviving the elder brother; but both were exhausted with the struggles they had made: and my son ran, by my direction, to Letterkenny for assistance. Several men soon appeared, and we made them carry the young man who had been rescued to the inn, according to the direction of his brother. We found they were the sons of a gentleman of Donegal, resident near Dunglo, a small place on the coast, due west of Letterkenny; that they had been making a summer excursion together, and were about to return to their father's house. Hearty expressions of gratitude for our services were succeeded by such earnest entreaties that we would prolong our stay in this part of the country, and allow their father an opportunity of thanking me himself, and showing us whatever was to be seen in their remote district, that I found it impossible to resist, especially as my son was delighted with his new acquaintance, and joined his request to theirs that we would cross the mountains with them the next day; and I must confess I was not without curiosity to see this part of the Ulster coast.

The youths had only each his own strong, rough pony, and they advised us to accept the landlord's offer of two animals of the same sturdy breed, assuring us that if we wished to traverse this part of the country in any tolerable time, we had better not think of any other conveyance. We therefore left chief of our luggage, with directions for its being forwarded to Donegal, our friends undertaking for our conveyance thither from Dunglo,—a guide from

Letterkenny attending us, whose business it was to take back our hired poneys when we should have arrived at our host's abode. We found the plan altogether a very feasible one, and perhaps no part of our journey was more enjoyed. As our young friends (whose names were O'Donnell, lineal descendants, they told us, of the ancient kings of that race) proved themselves well acquainted with the country, we jogged on through the rugged and lonesome passes without any anxiety, and only occupied with seeing every thing that was to be seen. It is true we encountered some tremendous showers, and one severe thunder-storm, and were not always fortunate enough to have shelter; but we were all hardy, and travelling on we contrived to extract materials for mirth from our little misfortunes. The hills were in some places bold, and the passes not without a kind of grandeur; the little lakes, too, embosomed among them, put me in mind of Wordsworth's description,—

> "In rugged arms how soft they seem to lie!
> How tenderly protected!"

We scared the wild-fowl from their haunts as we brushed past these lonely spots, and we gathered nosegays of beautiful mountain flowers, which seemed to live and die unseen. Having left this hilly chain, however, a good part of what remained of our ride was bare, unpicturesque, and boggy; but as we drew near its termination the hills again rose, jutting out into the sea; and we caught glimpses of the Atlantic rolling its big waves towards the coast. As is frequently the case, however, on the Irish coast, there was no unobstructed sea view; islands lay thickly scattered all about, and the surge dashing upon them made a thundering sound as we approached. Dunglo itself is a sequestered little village, situated at the head of

a creek swarming with islands, called the North Arran Isles, the largest of which, Rutland, is three miles distant from the main land. Upon this island were formerly some government works, which, however, have fallen into decay, with the fisheries, which were the object of patronage. Here, on the sunny side of a hill, and surrounded by plantations of evergreens, stood the house to which we were going. It was well screened from the west and north by projecting hills, and we found the home prospect a remarkably pleasant one; and here we were welcomed with a true Irish welcome by a fine erect specimen of a tall Irish gentleman, and by a gentle, lady-like woman, the father and mother of the youths, our friends. I saw, it is true, at a glance, that some town luxuries would probably be wanting,—that the furniture was not of the newest, nor the general appearance of the establishment fashionable; but, to my infinite pleasure, I soon found that Mr. O'Donnell was not one of the drinking and fighting squires, once so common in Ireland,—that his guests were not absolutely forced to take more liquor than was agreeable to them,—they were not made prisoners in the dining-room, and compelled either to quarrel with the host, and enact a duel on the spot, or swallow as much of his port or claret as he thought proper. Here, on the contrary, the dinner-hour was four o'clock, and we had liberty to retire as soon as we pleased, and enjoy the pleasant evening air in the shady garden, or mount the hills and catch the sea-breezes.

My hosts were Catholic, of course:—an O'Donnell can be no less; but they were too well-mannered to make their own faith or their own politics the prime subject of conversation. And, for my own part, though I felt anxious to make use of every opportunity which offered for coming at the knowledge of the varying feelings and

opinions prevailing in Ireland, I have learnt that it is absurd in this country, of all others, to expect that one party should be able to form a fair opinion of another. Thus, much as I liked Mr. O'Donnell, and believed he would not willingly misstate any thing to the prejudice of another, I was quite aware that I could not trust his account of the recent proceedings on Achill Island: I knew he would, of course, look on conversionary attempts made by Church of England clergymen with that mixture of irritation which the depressed Catholic many are sure to feel towards the triumphant Protestant few, and which goads them on and makes them wield the weapons of annoyance they possess with tenfold energy and effect. However, Mr. O'Donnell *did* express some disapprobation, I was glad to find, of the language and conduct of some of the priests of his religion, and anxiously disclaimed the use of every unhallowed weapon. The young men were ardent in their wishes for good government, and seemed to me well disposed to do their part in their own sphere; they had a civil and well-managed tenantry, poor but not beggared, and they did their best to encourage the fisheries on the coast. I visited, but without them, one or two clergymen, whom I found to be worthy men, but without much energy. Occasionally a zealous pastor had, however, been placed here, and his labours had not been without fruit. With all my heart I wished such success, for the more I see of the Catholic religion, the more anxious I am that, wherever it is planted, the Protestant faith should have, at least, a fair opportunity of contrast and comparison. If I felt this in an early stage of my journeys in Ireland, how much more did I feel it when I had visited Lough Derg. But of *that* more in its place.

We spent two days with our friends at Dunglo; and, on the third, the young O'Donnells mounted us on their

father's car, and themselves accompanied us to Killybegs, a post-town on the way to Donegal, situated on the bay of the same name, and famous for the shoals of herrings which visit its coasts. The shores are deeply indented, and along our road the young men frequently pointed out the ruins of abbeys and castles. Even the little islands of the Atlantic abound with these remains, particularly the island of Enniskill, which has an ancient chapel and holy well, and is a place of as great sanctity as Holy Island.

Once at Killybegs, we had no difficulty in finding a car to convey us to Donegal, and parted with the O'Donnells with no prospect of inconvenience or delay, but with real regret, under the idea that we may probably never meet again. Their lot seems fixed in their native land; they will probably succeed their father in the task of tilling the paternal estate, and take their chance of fair and foul times. May they find less to lament, and more to awaken hope, in the condition of their country every year, and may their patriotism never be chilled or polluted by the dark streams of hatred and party revenge! Independently of the pleasure our acquaintance with these good people afforded us, I was delighted and surprised by the beauties of the country into which I had been led. From Killybegs to Donegal it was one succession of beauties:—Inver Bay, in particular, is as lovely as any thing I had formerly seen in the south; and Loch Esk, a pretty lake within about three miles of the Donegal, is very striking, from the fine forms of its boundary mountains, and the noble trees near it. Donegal itself, though a small, is a neat and improving town, the population being about 1000 souls: it has a pretty church and chapel, and two or three meeting-houses. We were here quite in the O'Donnell land. In the market-place stands a beautiful ruined castle,

once the residence of the chieftains of that race; and a mound rises at a little distance from the town, on which it is said they were formerly crowned. If this be so, they had excellent taste, and were good judges of effect; for I cannot conceive a more kingly-looking station, commanding a noble view both of the land and ocean. I admired, on recalling it to my mind, the quiet manner in which the young men had spoken of this site of their ancestors' greatness. Coxcombs would have enjoyed the sight of my surprise and admiration at the ruined banqueting halls of their fathers, but they had simply recommended me to observe the magnificent prospect from its windows, and I did so, and thought of them at the moment. Henry was still more excited than myself, and half tempted to regret that we had formed so imperfect an idea of the birth and former consequence of the family of our friends; and I, on my part, was not sorry that he should have had an opportunity of entering into the feeling of a dispossessed Irishman.

More ancient, however, by far than O'Donnell's castle, was an edifice discovered about three years ago, sunk deep in a bog, near Inver. Most people are aware of the value of what is called bog-timber, oak, fir, beech, yew, and holly, which are often found at a considerable depth, and which, whether for building or furniture, are invaluable; in the latter case taking a beautiful polish. In searching for these, which is done by probing the bog with long iron rods, they came upon this building, the roof of which was flat and composed of broad oak planks, strongly put together, about twelve feet in length. The building was divided into two rooms by a second floor at about the half of its height. A sort of stone chisel was found near, which appears to have been used in the workmanship of the building; a paved way was also discovered leading

from the house. No iron appeared to have been used in any part of the edifice, which was evidently unfinished, and, it is probable, was suddenly overwhelmed by the flowing of some neighbouring bog upon it, a circumstance which is not without example even in our day. At all events the antiquity of this dwelling is indisputable, and probably extends beyond any of our historical records of Ireland.

And now we were to visit Lough Dergh, the crack scene of Irish Catholic superstition, and to witness for ourselves the doings of Patrick's Purgatory. It seemed as if nature had put on her darkest array, as best suited to the gloomy haunt we were to visit, for black clouds rolled sternly up in our faces, and threatening winds began to sigh and howl around us. We had nothing for some time in view but bog,—to the right, to the left, before, behind, bog only: it was not all level ground; there were hills, some steep ones; and we got on the sides of these: but here we were deceived, for here, too, was bog.

It was a perfect scramble as we drew nearer the lake; and our guide told us the priests were not desirous of making a better road, the present way being more suitable, I suppose, to the penitential frame of the real pilgrims, and better fitted to deter idle and curious heretics.

I should have said before, that, like true pilgrims, we had resolved to make the journey on foot. We left Donegal, it is true, on a car; but when arrived at the place where a path branches off to the lake, we sent on our vehicle to Pettigo, and took our chance for the rest; not, however, without the precaution of loading our guide with our umbrellas, and a cloak apiece. After walking about three miles, we found abundant reason to rejoice at this act of prudence, for surely never did I behold such a deluge of rain as suddenly poured down upon us from the

opening clouds. We were entering a sort of gorge among the hills, through which the wind rushed, bringing the torrent along with it in our faces, as if through a funnel. We were obliged to turn right about, and creep under the projecting shelter of a friendly rock. For a full hour this went on, and we remained prisoners, certain of being soaked to the skin if we went backward or forward; yet so chilled and uncomfortable in our nook, that we finally resolved upon moving on as the least hazardous measure of the two. Our cloaks did us pretty good service; but no umbrella could stand the force of such a gale as that, On, however, we went, and soon we found ourselves not alone in our misery. Women were on the road, closely pinned up in their coarse, grey cloaks, with linsey-woolsey petticoats coming several inches short of the ancle; each had her little bag slung across her back, in which, I found, were contained the provisions for the journey, the *sconns* (round cakes,) baked hard for the pilgrimage. Most of those whom we met or passed were without bonnets, and, in lieu thereof, a spotted cotton handkerchief was pinned over the head, and each had a staff in her hand. Those who were coming *from* the lake appeared to me extremely feeble, and unfit for their homeward journey; but they had all cheerful, self-congratulating faces, and seemed to claim our greetings with peculiar heartiness. By the appearance of some, I should suppose they had travelled on foot from the very extremities of the country; indeed, I afterwards found some had been six weeks on the journey. "And what did they expect to gain by their trouble?" I enquired. They looked shocked at the doubt implied in my question, and immediately begun enumerating a variety of bodily cures, as well as spiritual benefits, received at the holy island. One woman told me it was her ninth journey: she complained of having "a wicked heart-burn, that

tormented the very life out of her all the year round; but it was sure to leave her clear a fortnight before she made the pilgrimage." But many came on more important errands; and I was certainly very much impressed as we drew nearer the dark lake, and as the weather improving left more opportunity for observation, with the sobered and deep attention of the various parties of pilgrims to the business before them. Every face looked solemn and thoughtful as the boundary mountains appeared before us; the talkative women were silent,—even children looked up with awe in their parents' faces; while some, with tears and groans, and others with looks of wild excitement, pursued their way. Altogether I found I had not calculated on the depth of reality, the earnest devotion of these poor creatures: and, whatever my after-feelings might be, I felt too much respect for their evident sincerity to hazard at that moment any remarks upon the mistaken character of their piety. I saw enough, however, before the day was over to make me vexed and indignant, though not with the people themselves.

The lake is about nine miles in circumference: upon it is the island called Patrick's Purgatory, on which the station is held. The holy season begins on the 1st of June every year, and continues till the 15th of August. On our arrival at the borders of the lake we found about two hundred pilgrims in waiting to be ferried over, no one being allowed to enter the boat kept for the purpose without a ticket from his priest. The object of his going is to perform certain penances, consisting of prayer, fasting, and watching. No one is allowed, while on the island, to eat or drink any thing but bread and water, or meal and water; and they may, and often do, remain three or four days crowded together on this little space of ground. Part of the time is always passed in what is called the prison,

where they are neither allowed to eat, drink, or sleep. The whole of the penances are under the direction of a prior, who remains at the island during the station; and they are more or less severe according to his discretion. In some cases penitents remain as long as fifteen days; and the ceremony of going on the bare knees round certain stones, called the saints' beds, repeating prayers, &c. is added to the usual rites. Each pilgrim pays one shilling and fourpence halfpenny,—sixpence halfpenny of which is for the use of the ferry-boat.

I had a letter to the prior, and was allowed to go to the island, but the moment I arrived there the devotions of the people were suspended—no one moved or spoke. Every spot was crowded. There might be as many as 2000 persons upon it, but all were quiet, and I could see nothing of the usual penances: there were, however, a good many priests, each surrounded by pilgrims; and the sight of this, and the knowledge that the Catholic bishops encourage these poor creatures to waste their time, strength, and money on this pitiable superstition, gave a severe shock, I must confess, to my kindly and charitable feelings. Granting that the common clergy are little better informed than the majority of their hearers, one cannot make a like excuse for their highest dignitaries; and what shall we say to the lay proprietor of the island, who receives a rent of from two to three hundred pounds a year for it? The multitude of the pilgrims during a single season proves the extent and power of the superstition which is thus upheld by those who ought to know better. In one station it has been known to exceed 20,000! In short, I came away from Lough Dergh saddened and overpowered. One look to the bright heavens above, one thought of the pure Being who made man a rational creature, and whose revelations have all been

adapted to his improvement and not to his spiritual abasement, brought (I am not ashamed to say it) the tears into my eyes as I again turned them on this miserable perversion of his kind designs. Men talk in abhorrence of Juggernaut, but the Hindoos have not drunk at Christian fountains; *they* act in accordance with their own religion; they are consistent; but what are those men who profess to follow the teachings of the pure and dignified Saviour of the world, and yet enjoin and patronize such deplorable instances of that Pharasaic spirit which he condemned!

On our leaving Lough Dergh we turned our steps towards Pettigo, where we found the car with our portmanteau. The driver, who had been anxiously enjoining us, on our way from Donegal, to pay due reverence to the priests and pilgrims at the station, was eager to hear our report, and not a little scandalized at the burst of feeling with which Henry (who had been much affected at what he had seen) expressed his pity and sorrow for the people whose devotions we had witnessed. I will not say he was prudent, but he was certainly sincere, and the man was not, I think, after the first shock, displeased with his warmth; in fact, the Irish are willing enough to attend to a stranger, however heretical, if they have no suspicion of his being governed by motives of self-interest. If they think he is an interested advocate, a clergyman, for instance, bent upon collecting his dues, or a Tory, an enemy to "the glorious Dan," and a friend to those systems of misgovernment which have so injured Ireland, they will not care for his words; they may hear them civilly, but it is not with the slightest intention of remembering or being influenced by them; but a rough speech, and even a hard name bestowed on the priest from the lips of one whom they respect are tolerated, and excite no angry feelings.

From Pettigo we made the best of our way, assailed by

frequent showers, however, to Enniskillen, on the borders of Loch Erne, between the upper and the lower or smaller lake. The appearance of these beautiful waters differed indeed widely from that of Lough Dergh. The upper lake is crowded with islands: so numerous are they as to take off much from the beauty of the general effect; but the lower lake is more expansive, and also boasts of having on its southern shore a noble mountain called Poola-fooka. At a little distance from these lakes are the beautiful seats of the Earl of Belmore and of Lord Enniskillen: we visited them both, and we also enjoyed a delightful row upon the lake to Devenish Island, which, beautiful in its situation, is also interesting from the circumstance of its round tower—one of those curious buildings which have occasioned so much speculation among antiquarians. I have not myself, in general, any great taste for these discussions, but I must say, I never in my Irish travels could look at one of these towers without a strange mixture of curiosity, awe, and veneration, quite unascribable to any thing in the buildings themselves, but occasioned by the very mysterious nature of their original uses and their remote antiquity. To stand and look at a real building, complete apparently as far as it goes, and to think that it is older by far than any ecclesiastical remains in Great Britain, older by centuries, perhaps, than Christianity, akin to no erections that we know of in Europe, and finding its prototype, as far as we yet know, only in Hindostan*—all this is not a little remarkable and astonishing. No doubt (as has been observed by enquirers) these buildings, as well as most others, were seized on by Christianity, and, if formerly appropriated to the rites of heathen worship, were purified and consecrated to the uses of a better faith; but

* Moore's History of Ireland, vol. i. p. 30.

all the attempts as yet made to identify their *existence* with that of Christianity have failed: the most probable conjecture appears to be that they were fire-temples. It is known that the worship of fire formed a part of the ancient religion of Ireland: her early and long-continued intercourse, through the Phœnicians, with the east, was the means of introducing many eastern superstitions. The worship of the sun was among these, and wherever this took place astronomy was sure to be cultivated, and the four windows of the towers, looking to the four cardinal points of the compass, may possibly have been used as posts of observation of the heavens. The moon also was adored by the early Irish. Confirmatory of the conjectures above adverted to, is the circumstance of the towers being called by some of the Irish annalists "Celestial Indexes."

The tower I now saw on Devenish Island, and which my son sketched while I was observing and measuring it, is eighty-two feet high. There were four human heads rudely sculptured in the cornice at the top, facing the four cardinal points. The door of entrance, as usual in these structures, is at a considerable height from the ground, and cannot be reached without a ladder: higher up by twelve feet is a window, and higher still the four apertures. Near the tower is the ruin of an old church, common to all these structures, as old probably as any in the country, and proving, as in other instances, that, if the round towers did not owe their erection to Christian architects, they were very early surrounded by Christian buildings, and probably themselves appropriated to religious uses. There is also the remains of an abbey on Devenish Island, a place of extraordinary interest and beauty.

I have heard that the lower Loch Erne, take it for all in all, is the most beautiful lake in the three kingdoms.

Whether this be so I cannot take upon me to say, having often experienced the impossibility of bearing away that distinct recollection of other scenes which may enable us to come at a fair judgment. Remembering, also, the immense variety afforded in such scenes by changes of weather, I never would venture to pronounce without a *residence* near each of them: I can only say, to *us* Loch Erne was replete with beauty: our minds and hearts were full to overflowing as we revelled in its soft and majestic scenes, and I felt no desire to leave it and seek for finer prospects in any corner of this fair world.

From Enniskillen we took a car to Florence Court, Lord Enniskillen's residence, beautifully situated at the foot of a fine chain of hills. Thence to Swanlinbar, where there is a medicinal spring, at one time much frequented. It is not in itself by any means an attractive town; but I could not look upon it without interest, for it was the scene of the first pastoral labours of the late excellent Bishop Jebb; and I gazed on the church, the parsonage, and the scattered cottages which that good shepherd used to visit, not without emotion. It must indeed in winter have been a dreary prospect; and I recalled the account he has himself given of his walks and rides, through darkness and intense cold, over the bleak and marshy tracts.

From hence we took coach to Cavan, the capital of the county of the same name. This place owes its chief attractions to the beauty of the neighbouring scenery, which is adorned by several pretty lakes; among them is situated the seat of Lord Farnham. His lordship has done much for Cavan, and has beautified the town by public gardens, &c. I could not be so near without visiting Kilmore, not so much because of its present objects of interest, as out of the love and reverence I bear to that best of all Ireland's bishops, Bishop Bedell. Long as I have dwelt with affection

and admiration on the simple memorials of him handed down by his biographer, I could not see rising before me the small, poor edifice, almost miscalled a cathedral, in which this pious prelate officiated, without feeling my heart stirred within me. It may not be known to all my readers, that Bedell was so quietly performing the duties of a parish priest in the county of Suffolk, before Sir Henry Wotton earnestly moved King James the First to give him preferment, that the learned Italian Diodati, coming over to England, and making it his business to enquire for one who, on the continent, was esteemed as extraordinary a man for talent and acquirement as any that age could boast, could nowhere hear of Bedell from any person he met with, and only by mere accident fell in with the object of his search in the streets of London. From this state of retirement being at length drawn out, and finally presented to the united bishoprics of Kilmore and Ardagh, he very soon perceived how great an abuse was permitted in the Irish Church, and particularly in his own diocese, by the multitude of pluralities, and consequently of absentees; and yet he thought it would be wrong to arraign his clergy without first setting them a good example. Ardagh was considered as a ruined see, and had for some time been reckoned as one with Kilmore, but Bedell, conceiving them as in reality distinct, resigned the former to another clergyman, in order that he might with clearer conscience attack the pluralists. This he proceeded to do, and from this time would never give a benefice to any one without obliging him by an oath to perpetual and personal residence, and also never to hold any benefice in conjunction with it.

Bedell was fifty-nine years of age when he came to Kilmore, and it was not until several years afterwards that, moved by the sense of what was due to the poorer part of

his people, he set himself to learn the Irish language, in order that he might hold freer communication himself with them, and contribute towards their instruction: perhaps there is not a more remarkable circumstance in the annals of Christian benevolence than the manner in which this venerable man followed up and carried on this idea. It was no easy task to fix and construct, as he did, the first grammar of the tongue ever printed. Afterwards he had the Common Prayer read in Irish once every Sunday in his Cathedral: the New Testament being also translated into the vulgar tongue. From thence he proceeded to the great task of superintending a translation of the whole Bible into Irish. Not only did he with infinite labour revise and collate the work, going back to the fountain-head, with the best Hebrew copies in existence, and correcting the English version where wrong, but he was actually about to begin the printing at his own private expense, when hindered by the petty devices of some little minds, who grudged so good a work to the Irish; the MS. however fell into good hands, and was afterwards perfected and printed by Mr. Boyle. When I reached Kilmore I could not but call to mind the circumstances of distress under which this excellent man ended his useful life. It was during that outbreak of the Irish which followed Strafford's recal, that Bedell suffered; and yet he was not without many testimonies of personal affection; and it was plain that the hatred of the Irish was to the system, and not to the mild and excellent Bishop of Kilmore. "He was the only Englishman," says his biographer, "in the whole county of Cavan, that was suffered to live in his own house without disturbance;" the rebels seemed to be overcome by his exemplary conversation, and by the tenderness and charity that he had, on all occasions, expressed for them; and they often said "He should be the

last Englishman that should be put out of Ireland." There, in his house, in the church-yard, within the walls of his church, numbers took refuge, believing that no one would harm them in the neighbourhood of the good Bishop of Kilmore; and still he went about among them, comforting and encouraging them. But they were not suffered to retain possession of the little cathedral. A new Catholic bishop being appointed by the insurgents, this man, whose name was Swiney, gave notice to Bedell that he was merely come for the protection of the prelate, and begged to be permitted to lodge in his house. The letter of Bedell in reply has always seemed to me a masterpiece. He begins by thanking Swiney for the offer of his protection, declining it, however, for many reasons, one of which is, that his "house is strait, and there is a number of miserable people of all ranks, ages, and of both sexes, that have fled thither as to a sanctuary, besides that some are sick, among whom his own son: but that," says he, "which is beyond all the rest, is the difference in our way of worship; *I do not say of our religion, for I have ever thought, and have published it in my writings, that we have one common Christian religion.* Under our present miseries, we comfort ourselves with the reading of the Holy Scriptures, with daily prayers, which we offer up to God in our vulgar tongue, and with the singing of psalms; and since we find so little truth among men, we rely on the truth of God, and on his assistance. These things would offend others, if not yourself," &c. "For my own part," he adds, "I am resolved to trust to the Divine protection. To a Christian and a bishop, that is now almost seventy, no death for the cause of Christ can be bitter; but, though I ask nothing for myself alone, yet, if you will require the people under an anathema, not to do any more acts of violence to those whom they have so often beaten, spoilt,

and stripped, it will be both acceptable to God, honourable to yourself, and happy to the people, if they obey you; but if not, consider God will remember all that is now done, to whom, reverend brother, I do heartily commend you."

Little moved, however, by this gentle and touching address, the Catholic bishop proceeded through his emissaries to command him to dismiss the numerous company which had gathered about him, telling him that, "though they honoured and loved *him* above all the English that had ever come into Ireland, yet, orders had been received from their council of state at Kilkenny that, if he would not put away these people, they must take him from them."

Bedell persisting in his refusal to give up those who had fled to him for refuge, these threats were finally put into execution, and he was taken, with his sons and another gentleman, all except the bishop being ironed, and carried to a small fortress on a small island in the neighbouring Loch, called Lochauter. This also I went to see. The ruins of the good bishop's prison are yet remaining: it was so surrounded by water that scarcely a foot of land intervened between the walls and the watery element. Here, in the midst of winter, in a cold and ruinous habitation, poorly provided with clothes or necessary accommodations, these prisoners were immured. A change, however, was effected in the space of about three weeks, and the bishop was removed to the house of a minister, one Denis O'Sheridan; but it came too late: the exposure to weather, and the various other trials to which he had been subjected, brought on ague; and on the 7th of February he expired, after a period of much bodily suffering, supported with all his wonted cheerfulness and resignation. The Irish gathered about his grave, and though it was not deemed advisable to read the burial-service of the English Church, in the then excited state of the people; the in-

surgents discharged arms over his tomb, some exclaiming, "Requiescat in pace, ultimus Anglorum;"* expressing thus both their respect for *him*, and their desire to have no more of his order in their land. He was buried, as he desired, beside his wife, in the most remote and obscure part of the church-yard of Kilmore, having ordered in his will that his tomb should bear only this simple inscription—"Depositum Gulielmi quondam Episcopi Kilmorensis."

My plan was now to take the direct road from Cavan to Rostrevor, which place I would on no account omit, being desirous of comparing the beauties of this part of the eastern coast of Ireland with those of the south-west. In order to do this more effectually, I was advised to take a car at Castle Blayney, a post-town in the county of Monaghan, which I was about to cross, and where we visited with much pleasure Lord Blayney's seat and grounds, including woods of noble evergreens, and a lake studded with islands. Our driver recommended our proceeding by way of Jonesborough, which is in the county of Armagh, and in the direct road from Dundalk; from thence he anticipated no difficulty in my progress, and indeed we found his advice good. At Jonesborough we were again in the midst of mountains, desolate summits, and richly clothed slopes, a healthful mixture of heath, hill, wood, and dale, interspersed with carefully cultivated gentlemen's pleasure-grounds. All this tract of country was the scene of the most sanguinary and repeated contests during the war between the misguided James the Second and the English under William the Third. "Here," as the historian observes, "the corn lay rotting on the ground, the houses were ruined, the gardens waste—no human voice, nor sound of village dog, nor chirp of do-

* Rest in peace, last of the English.

mestic fowl, greeted the stranger." The Protestants had been driven out by the retreating forces of the Stuart, and the Catholics fled in their turn at the approach of King William. But above all scourges of the country at that time, were the Enniskillen and Derry men, a band of fanatical soldiers, imbued with the spirit of the Scotch covenanters, who justified the most savage murders, provided they were done upon Catholics. These hunted the native Irishmen from one fastness in the mountains to another, and drove some chieftains to take up the robber's life as the only means of preserving a precarious existence. I looked with interest upon one mountain stronghold, which was pointed out to me as the retreat of Redmond O'Haulan, from whence, surrounded by a few fierce followers, he used to issue and attack those whom he considered as intruders on his own and his father's lands. The ride between Jonesborough and Rostrevor is eminently beautiful. One catches everywhere lovely views of the sea at Carlingford Bay, at the north-east point of which the village is situated. Its white villas rise on a gentle acclivity near a little cove, while hills and broken rocks screen it behind and on the sides. Rich woods of forest-trees fill the ravines; and behind, and forming a vaster amphitheatre, are dark, abrupt mountain-tops. In fact, this part of the scenery may well rival some of that I had seen among the wilds of Kerry; but the contrast is in the sheltered slopes, the land-locked bays, not filled by the rough waters of the Atlantic, impelled by raging westerly winds, but generally calm, smooth, and glassy as a lake. I remembered, and did not fail to visit the spot mentioned in Bishop Jebb's Memoirs, where he and his brother so narrowly escaped a watery grave while bathing.* Rostrevor is decidedly one

* See the account of this circumstance in Bishop Jebb's Life, vol. i. p. 54.

of the most beautiful places I ever saw, and I wonder not at its being the resort of so many visitants every summer. I proposed returning to this place on my way to Newry and Armagh, but could not forbear digressing in order to approach the celebrated mountains of Morne. In order to do this we resolved to go to Dundrum, which is not more than nineteen miles from Rostrevor, and is in itself a place of some interest, having an extensive ruined castle, built in former times by the powerful Baron John de Courcy, who first aspired to the conquest of Ulster, and continuing long the property of the Knights Templars. From this place, and on various parts of the road, we caught repeated views of the sterile mountains of this barony. From the heights of one or two hills which we ascended, the prospects seaward were very extensive, stretching over the Isle of Man to the Scotch and Westmoreland coasts. I have been told that on a clear day the Morne mountains may be seen very distinctly from eminences in the neighbourhood of Dublin, a distance of about 80 miles. The principal among them, Mount Donard, rises 2810 feet above the sea, which is 580 feet lower than the Reeks, south and west of Killarney, but is higher than any mountain of the Connaught ranges. The scenery, which though certainly grand, is wild and inhospitable in a remarkable degree, did not tempt us to extend our rambles very far; and we returned the following day to the smiling beauty of Rostrevor, thence, however, proceeding almost immediately to Newry. This is a delightful ride: the road skirts the river nearly the whole way; and there are various striking points of view, particularly one, where the passage for the water is contracted by a huge rock, immediately jutting out of which arise the walls of Narrow Water Castle, an ancient and important military post. Newry may be considered as one of the keys of

Ireland, and it certainly possesses immense advantages as a place of export. A canal communicates with Carlingford Bay, and again, another canal connects it with Loch Neagh. It is a thriving, respectable town; and, while greater part is handsomely built, even the oldest houses are not absolutely shabby; in fact, being nearly burnt to the ground by James the Second's forces, it has been better laid out than most Irish towns of equal size. I found, as usual, great competition for land, and was annoyed by that violence of political contest between Orangemen and Catholics which may truly be called the curse of Ireland generally, but more especially of the north. It seemed to me, indeed, that I never heard less candid or kind language respecting the original inhabitants of Ireland than in this part of the country: excepting at Derry, where I have recorded my conversation with an Orangeman, I met with no such violence. From Newry I proceeded to Armagh. On every account I was interested in this place: its antiquities and historical recollections are numerous, and it is also an agreeable, well-inhabited, well-situated, well-built town, containing, I was told, about 10,000 inhabitants. The shops are genteel, the houses handsome, and the country round is pleasing and well cultivated. Wages were good, and the linen-trade increasing; but Armagh has many other claims to notice: it has been favoured by some most exemplary bishops, among others the learned Usher. The very ancient character of its cathedral and the interest of its early history delight the antiquarian; and there is abundance of beauty in the old structures themselves, and in the grounds and appurtenances of the archbishop's palace. The cathedral, rebuilt from its former ruins in 1260, is still the oldest cathedral church in Ireland. St. Patrick (for whom, without pretending to faith in the miraculous powers ascribed to him by the Irish, I

yet entertain considerable respect) was the founder of this see, probably about A.D. 452–3; and it is to be concluded, that in his choice of a situation he might be influenced by the circumstance of the neighbourhood having been formerly the residence of the ancient kings of the province. My son and I were exceedingly struck with the venerable Minster: it has recently undergone repairs of great extent, and involving large expense. Beautiful arches and windows have, in the course of the process, been laid open, having been built up under the hands of former and more clumsy repairers. The pillars were discovered to be bent from the perpendicular, and the architect has, with great care, labour, and skill, succeeded in restoring them, in a great measure, to their proper station. This has been done by means of the contracting and expanding forces of heat and cold applied to iron rods, which are passed from one pillar to another, the pillars being braced round with irons. The present archbishop has given largely to the restoration of this cathedral; more than £8000, besides endowing and building a hospital in Armagh; thus, though his income may be considered as too large, the neighbourhood, certainly, benefits by it. There is a valuable library appended to the cathedral, and residents within thirty miles may partake of its benefits.

The grounds of the palace I found very beautiful. The celebrated Archbishop Robinson built the dwelling itself, the observatory, three churches, and a school, besides an obelisk of white marble within the grounds, one hundred and fifty-seven feet high: this was built entirely for the purpose of employing labourers in a time of distress: whether the money might not have been better spent in enabling some industrious families to emigrate to a land of fairer promise I leave my readers to question and answer,

as I was inclined to do; but of the benevolence of the bishop's intentions I entertain no doubt.

Our plan was now to navigate Loch Neagh, in our way back to Belfast; and, accordingly, I enquired for the nearest point to Armagh at which we could embark. We were advised to proceed to Charlemont, now a place of little consequence, though there are still barracks, and a depôt for military stores, but a fortress of considerable strength in the time of James the Second, when it held out a straight siege against King William's troops, headed by Schomberg. It was situated on the Blackwater river, and was defended by a morass approachable only by two narrow causeways, both of which were well guarded. The Irish had destroyed the *town*, that no protection might be afforded to an approaching enemy; and the garrison was commanded by a brave old Irishman, called Teague O'Regan, who managed to keep the Orange army at bay for a considerable time. At length his stores fell short; but in the hour of his need, a company of five-hundred Irishmen, headed by Colonel M'Mahon, with great generosity and bravery contrived to bring in some provisions to the relief of the besieged. Of course these were gladly received;—not so the friendly hands by which the supply came;—the surly old governor positively refused to admit them, telling them they were more than enough to eat up all they had brought, and desiring them to make the best of their way back again. This was found impossible;—they were forced back under the castle walls; but still the inhospitable governor refused to take them in, and they were compelled to encamp between the castle and the enemy, unprotected and starving. At length, matters having come to extremity, proposals of surrender were made to Schomberg, who granted honourable terms to the besieged, and they marched out with their arms, horses, baggage, and

personal property. It was found that the garrison consisted of eight hundred men; but, to the surprise of Schomberg, two hundred women were also marched out; O'Regan declaring, when this was noticed, that had he parted with *these*, his men would not have kept their ground so well. Duke Schomberg, who was touched by the bravery and fortitude of the besieged, gave a loaf of bread to every man, woman, and child belonging to the fortress;—no unacceptable present to those who had been feeding on horse-flesh and every kind of offal for many days past.

We took boat a little above Charlemont, near the Dungannon canal entrance to Loch Neagh, and were soon upon this huge basin of water. We could not praise its picturesque beauties: except for its size it is no way striking, and the western shores especially are low, the lake overflowing about 10,000 acres of land annually. It is about seventeen miles in length, and averages ten miles in breadth; nor can its capabilities as an assistance to the inland navigation of Ireland be easily overrated. Already several canals communicate with it; and when, as is proposed, it is connected in this way with Loch Erne, vessels may pursue an unobstructed course from Belfast, or from Carlingford, to within four miles of the western sea at Donegal Bay. Between Loch Neagh and Loch Erne is about the distance of forty miles, which, with the four miles between Loch Erne and Donegal Bay will alone require to be opened by a canal communication. The difficulties will be found to arise chiefly from the different level of the two great lakes, Loch Neagh being only forty-four feet above the level of the ocean, while Loch Erne is one hundred and forty-eight feet. Whether the great number of locks which will be thus rendered necessary will make the undertaking too expensive remains to be proved.

There was but one other object I particularly wished to see in this neighbourhood, and that was Shane's Castle: but it would have taken us quite to the north-east extremity of the lake, from whence we must either have returned the way we came to the Belfast canal, or made a circuitous land journey. We, therefore, merely crossed the southern end of the loch in an easterly direction, and entering the Belfast canal, were not very long before we found ourselves proceeding up the Logan River, and coming in sight of the busy town which we had quitted some weeks before, on an excursion which had afforded us both multiplied objects of present and future interest.

LEINSTER.

[Counties—Twelve.]

DUBLIN.
CARLOW.
KILDARE.
KILKENNY.
KING'S COUNTY.
LONGFORD.
LOUTH.
EAST MEATH.
WEST MEATH.
QUEEN'S COUNTY.
WEXFORD.
WICKLOW.

THE

TRAVELLER IN LEINSTER.

"See now, yer Honour! isn't it a beautiful country? Do but look at the iligant bay, and the Sugar-loaf, and the Divil's Bit far away among the clouds yonder, and to your right the famous hill of Howth, that looks for all the world like a giant lying and taking his rest, forenent the harbour. We're in it now, yer Honour,—in the bay, sure, only the government steamers have left off going over the Bar. There's Kingstown; *that* that used to be Dunleary in my time, and would have been so to this day, only King George the Fourth, God bless him,—*the Ragent*,—lighted there first of all, when he came to see his Irish dominions, and it's gone by the name of Kingstown ever since. Yer Honour sees the pillar! that's where the *Ragent* put his foot first, and the people didn't like the print should wear out. It's all right and natural, and so is the new pier, sure!"

"Very fine indeed, Brady! Those really are beautiful mountains; and it is the loveliest bay I ever saw! I do not wonder you are proud of it!"

"Is it proud of it we are? Troth, well we may! sure there's no country in the whole world like it! Your Honour's going to step ashore?"

"Presently! I was looking at those poor creatures on the pier. They seem ready to jostle the passengers into the sea, they try so hard to get themselves noticed!"

"Oh, the craturs! the mendicity hasn't, nor never can, *drive* all the beggars off; but it is a bare handful now to what it wonst was! Sure there's nothing in life to care for!"

"Why, Brady, I never saw so many half-famished, ragged creatures gathered together before!"

"Then yer Honour has lived in a grand country, and not in Ireland at all! 'Tis many a worse sight nor this ye must see, if ye come amongst us! God bless yer Honour, it does one good to see your heart so kind; but if the purse is open already, it will be soon light enough! Don't give 'em the white money,—pray don't, yer Honour. Copper suits the likes o' them better!"

"Well, Brady, now how shall I get to Dublin?"

"Whichever way yer Honour pleases. There's the new rail-road that takes ye like a thought into the very heart of it! and here are chays and cars plenty."

"Is that what you call a car? Well, I will take that! 'Tis a beautiful morning, and I shall enjoy the ride!"

"Yer Honour's right entirely! Sure it's more Christian and properer every way to take the air quietly when one comes out of great danger, than to dash and hurry along the way those people are going!"

The English gentleman, Mr. Mowbray, who was now for the first time on Irish ground, had won the heart and devoted services of his present attendant Brady, by relieving him in a period of extreme distress. Finding the poor fellow clever as well as attached, he had determined on taking him as his servant on an autumnal excursion to Ireland. In England Brady would have been objectionable from his national

peculiarities; but Mr. Mowbray rightly thought that it was worth putting up with these on the present occasion. The voyage from Liverpool had been a rough one, not unattended with danger; but to a stormy night had succeeded a lovely morning, and, once fairly seated on a car, there was nothing to interrupt the pleasure which the first view of a rich and interesting country was capable of affording. The road, though so near the capital, (five and a half Irish miles,*) was at this early hour fresh, and free from dust. The noisy train of passengers had passed, and were far on their way along the railroad to Dublin. They kept along the sea coast; yet sufficiently elevated by the nature of the shore to command fine views across the bay, and sometimes green hills, smiling in the sunshine, contrasted with the deep blue of the ocean even on its very brink. Green did we say? Yes, indeed, and *such* green! The traveller arriving from England will surely own that he had formed a very imperfect idea of the best and brightest livery of our mother earth, before he had seen the suit that clothes the Emerald Isle. To the humidity of the climate this may doubtless be in a great measure ascribed, but it tells well also for the richness of the soil; and something must also be ascribed to the mellowing softness of the atmosphere. This cannot surely be imaginary. We have seen combinations of forms, skeletons of scenery, far more picturesque than any we ever beheld in Ireland; but never have we beheld so harmonious a blending of colours, skies often more warm and blue, more rapid and brilliant changes in the effects of light and shade.

"That's Black Rock, yer Honour!" said Brady, pointing to a collection of houses and villas on the edge of the sea. "'Tis a famous bathing-place, and the houses have a

* Eleven Irish miles are equal to about fourteen English.

beautiful prospect. The cars are coming out thick from Dublin now! Ye may see parties pleasuring, or coming to bathe, may be."

"A pretty load you make your horses carry, Pat! Do but see! there are seven people on yon car, and only one poor beast to drag them, and the road hilly too!"

"It's what they're used to, and not unkind, at all: they like it! Do but see how they scamper along the road! In regard to the cattle, none are to be named with the Irish; and as to the hills, sure when they're going up they remember the coming down, and don't mind it! and then the gentlemen always light at the bad places! Have a care, yer Honour, of your legs! Och! you vagabond! Arn't you a disgrace now to the country, to be driving at that rate right up against a gentleman's legs, and he a stranger?"

"Why do you speak so to him, Pat?" asked Mr. Mowbray: "he did not come near enough to do any harm."

"I saw the whiskey in him, yer Honour, and so thought it best to speak in time! Besides, English gentlemen arn't used to outside cars; and, ye see, here's no purtection to the knees, seeing the natives don't want it, being used to it, and *sinsible!*"

When they reached Dublin, Mr. Mowbray became *sinsible* that Pat's caution was not wholly unnecessary. In a narrow part of the street they encountered a cart, the wheels of which came in very close contact with the footboard of the car on which he was sitting; and there seemed considerable awkwardness in the construction of the vehicle when its capacities were thus exhibited. Mr. Mowbray could compare it to nothing but a laden ass, the seats representing huge panniers, the middle part or well the broad back of the animal; and if you fancy three or four individuals riding, two on each pannier, with their

backs to each other, and their feet resting on a foot-board, while the driver sits on a dickey in front, you will have a not unapt notion of the outside jaunting-car in common use in Ireland; some of these vehicles being of course much lighter, smoother, and smarter than others. The convenience of the machine makes itself acknowledged in a very short time: no carriage is so easily mounted and so conveniently constructed for frequent changes of position.

Entering Dublin, our traveller found himself more at home. He was quite prepared for the beauties of a very handsome city, and Dublin did not disappoint him. In its streets, squares, and public buildings, it was all and more than he expected. Not that there is any such combination of fine natural scenery with architectural beauty in Dublin as in Edinburgh—far from it. The *environs* of the Irish capital are beautiful; but once enter the city, and you must content yourself with buildings and wide areas. It is a town, and nothing but a town: no commanding glances over hill and dale and water, as at Londonderry. No castle-crowned rock, as at Edinburgh. London itself cannot be flatter, or more under the dominion of the genius of business. When we come to speak of little excursions, indeed; of days and half-days spent by the citizens in all the luxuries of glens, caverns, and cool streams, we shall see the difference; and even the lodge of his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, in the Phœnix Park, is vastly superior, in point of situation, to any thing which London has to offer. In Sackville Street our traveller was told he would find one of the best hotels in Dublin; and behold him accordingly at Gresham's, surrounded by all the luxuries, and rather more than its proportion of the fineries of similar establishments in London.

After a good breakfast, and a short attempt to sleep off an uncomfortable swimming of the head left by the

voyage, and not quite dispelled by the ride, Mr. Mowbray took his hat, and sauntered along Sackville Street in a southerly direction towards College Green. Crossing the Liffey, he stood on the bridge for some moments, in admiration of the group of buildings before and behind him. Looking back, his eye took in Nelson's Pillar, the whole length of Sackville Street, including the new Post Office; on the right hand was to be seen the Custom House; and considerably down the river, to the left, the dome of the Four Courts. Looking north, the very beautiful Bank of Ireland with its magnificent colonnades, to the right of the spectator on the bridge; Trinity College with its gardens on the left; Grafton Street with its numerous well-furnished shops, leading up to St. Stephen's Green; Dame Street, opening a broad and handsome line of buildings, to the left. These and many other objects, among which may be named the Castle and St. Patrick's Cathedral, standing in the old part of the town, might be beheld from Carlisle Bridge, where Mr. Mowbray stood. He had sauntered out without any summons to Pat, not coveting his constant attendance, and wishing his first observations to be made in silence; but that worthy had been on the watch, and not conceiving the possibility of any rejection of his services, was now on the bridge beside him, and soon made his presence understood. Here, however, he was not destined to remain: Mr. Mowbray dispatched him with two or three of his introductory letters, and signified his intention of calling, unaccompanied, upon a gentleman in St. Stephen's Green, to which he had no doubt of finding his way without difficulty, a point which Pat could not deny to be very probable, seeing they were not half-a-mile from the spot, and the direction was almost in a straight line. The appearance of wealth and prosperity as he passed along Grafton Street, and glanced

down Dame Street, surpassed his expectations; the city was more alive, the shops more splendidly set out, and at the doors stood greater numbers of handsome carriages than he had calculated upon. On after-enquiry, he was sorry to learn, however, that these shops were frequently changing masters, and that in many of them the business was chiefly carried on by commission. There seemed a want of steadiness in the habits of the tradesmen, many of them having no patience in accumulating; but withdrawing from trade, and setting up expensive country establishments as soon as a respectable sum had been realized; thus squandering in a short time the capital which, if still continued in business, would have been a permanent fortune to themselves and their descendants. All this, however, only by degrees unfolded itself to the stranger: we have now but to follow him to a handsome house in St. Stephen's Green, a larger if not more striking square than any in London. It was too large, indeed, Mr. Mowbray was inclined to think, for effect; the buildings (excepting the handsome front of Surgeons' Hall on the west side) dwindling into something like insignificance in surrounding so extensive an area, rather more than an Irish mile in circuit. Its centre encloses seventeen acres of shrubbery and garden-ground, in the midst of which stands an equestrian statue of George the Second.

The gentleman whose dwelling our Englishman entered was a physician of eminence, and his reception was polite and cordial. There was nothing vehement or overstrained in his display of hospitality, but rather, Mr. Mowbray thought, a tinge of exactitude and formality; and with no disposition to underrate the kindnesses he afterwards received in Dublin, he was soon quite convinced that those labour under a great mistake who expect, in the better circles in Ireland, to meet with that

sort of jovial, familiar, and rather vulgar hospitality, which is not characteristic of refined society anywhere. He found ease and elegance and ingenuous sprightliness in the best Irish circles, but found he must go considerably lower in the scale, if he wished to see the more common and almost proverbial elements of the national character broadly displayed. An invitation to dinner at six o'clock next day, and a proposal to visit one or two of the principal charitable institutions, meanwhile, with Doctor ———, followed this call. The physician was on the point of visiting, in the course of his usual duty, the House of Industry, in Brunswick Street, and he offered Mr. Mowbray a seat in his carriage thither. In answer to the stranger's enquiries, Doctor ——— told him this institution was considered one of the best managed in Ireland, and he believed very little fault could justly be charged on its internal regulations. "The parliamentary grant," said he, "in aid of its support, amounts to £21,000, but there are also many donations, and the labour of the poor in part pays for their subsistence. A great part of the establishment, however, consists of persons incapable from age and sickness of pursuing any employment whatever; and another large department is appropriated to lunatics. In the present state of Ireland," continued Doctor ———, "I see no possibility of our dispensing with extensive charitable institutions; and though I have often occasion to think that the sums of money granted by parliament might be better managed and distributed, I must see a regular system of poor laws, and provision for emigration established, before I can think the government justified in withdrawing them: that they are wholly inadequate to the cure or effectual relief of our evils I well know, but numbers are saved from absolute starvation, and rendered in some degree more moral and religious beings by their means."

"I am not ignorant," observed Mr. Mowbray, "of the efforts which have been made to better the condition of your poor; but I must confess I think as yet we have acted rather like foolish nurses, bribing their children to silence by sugar-plums, than like wise and careful guardians of morals. However, I dare say there is reason in what you say, with regard to the ill-timed withdrawal of our bounties."

"To be frank," said the Doctor, "all these things need to be placed on a new footing. The jobbing and the multiplicity of frauds practised among us are most disgraceful: a large share of the money which you English conceive is devoted to really charitable purposes, goes to swell the fortunes of a few individuals who very poorly perform the duties for which they are lavishly paid: *here*, however, it must be confessed, a great deal of solid comfort and many good results may be pointed out. You will find at least 1700 destitute creatures in this institution," added he, as they alighted from the carriage; "and I do not think there is reason to find fault with the provision made for them, either on the score of excess or defect."

So thought also Mr. Mowbray, when he had carefully inspected the whole: cleanliness and decency reigned throughout, and employments of various kinds were pursued by those able to work. The aged and sick were well tended and lodged; and the lunatics, who formed a very numerous body, were either amusing themselves in the airy yards or the spacious wards. The classification seemed very complete, nor was the establishment in any thing handsomer, or more showy, than so extensive a building, and the requirements of its large family rendered necessary.

"If you will accompany me to the Mendicity House," said Doctor ———, "I think you will have seen a pretty

large sample of our poverty; and alas! it must be owned, that of all remarkable things in Ireland, nothing is so remarkable as this. Poverty in the many and ostentation in the few,—I believe this may be observed with truth to be the general condition of my country."

To the Mendicity House they drove. What a scene presented itself! Hundreds and hundreds of poor creatures in filth, rags, and disease, lying about the court or on the steps of the buildings, waiting for their daily dole, for that "once for all" portion, which they had found it a degree better policy to accept, rather than infest the streets, or take their chance of begging in the country. Numbers of children, too, were assembled for the day, to be fed, and to receive some sort of instruction, after which they were consigned every evening to the care of their parents, sharing their miserable quarters wherever these might be, and bringing back their rags and wretchedness next morning to the Mendicity again. For some of these people employment was found; but the greater part were systematic beggars, whose claims it had been found more convenient to refer to this place, the richer inhabitants gladly subscribing to it in order to be free from the constant nuisance of beggars. Let the reader imagine the effect of a procession of more than 2000 of these wretched objects through the streets, a measure which has actually been adopted more than once, in order to excite the charity of the inhabitants. The Catholics, generally speaking, are not friendly to this mode of relieving the poor; for fifty pounds subscribed by Protestants they give scarce one pound. They have a feeling about almsgiving quite at variance with the calculating and reasoning mode of procedure which modern practice and precept seem likely more and more to sanction. "To give to him that asketh" is a precept *literally* observed by them; and they do not seem to

ask themselves the question, whether they may not, by their indiscriminate charity, be really violating the spirit of the commandment. If "to give to him that asketh us" does *not* mean that all we possess is to go to the first claimant, that claimant, perhaps, utterly incapable of using our bounty aright, it surely *may* mean that we should reserve to ourselves the power of directing the best appropriation of our alms; that we should "have to give" to *him*, among all who ask, whom we regard as best fitted to improve the gift. It cannot surely mean that we should cease to be rational creatures as soon as our charitable propensities are to be put in action.

At the door of the Mendicity House Mr. Mowbray took his leave of the Doctor, and pursued his walk towards Sackville Street. On his way he met several females dressed in a religious garb, whose lady-like appearance struck him as forming a contrast with the coarseness of their habit, and their business-like appearance, for most of them carried baskets or packages in their hands. These, he found, were the "Sisters of Charity," who have three different establishments in Dublin, and are constantly employed in visiting the sick and distressed. During the severe visitations of the cholera morbus these invaluable women were always to be found at their posts; and they seemed to bear about "a charmed life," for few, if any, suffered from the disease. Many of the nunneries contain large schools for the education of the poor and orphaned; and the greater part of these appeared, by Mr. Mowbray's enquiries, to be respectably conducted; nor can they be thought of small importance, when it is considered that the poor are naturally far better disposed to receive instruction from those of their own faith than from others.

Being by this time pretty well fatigued by the round he

had taken, Mr. Mowbray ordered dinner on his return to the hotel. Brady was not yet returned, but this circumstance did not surprise him, as he concluded the poor fellow had taken the opportunity of visiting some of his friends; but he was considerably annoyed when, late in the evening, he came in with a black eye, a broken head, and a bloody nose and mouth; neither was he exactly sober. His master did not choose to question him this night, but ordered him to go to bed immediately, and not to present himself in the morning until called for. The morning came—poor Brady had a great deal to say in his own behalf: his mother's cousins, whom he had not seen for years, had laid violent hands on him, and obliged him to treat them to whiskey; afterwards, he said, they had words about a little sister of theirs, to whom it was declared Brady had behaved ungenteelly, "though, barring a civil word or two," said Brady, "I never spoke to her in my born days: but I saw what they were arter well enough; and now that I was come back a gentleman's gentleman they wanted to 'tice me into paying court to her, so I said, very short, says I, Boys, not maning to be at all unhandsome, times are changed now; I am not my own master, but bound to follow his Honour all the world over, beginning at Ireland; and I don't intend to be fast with any till I've done all his bidding: with that, one of the boys whips out an ugly word against me I could'nt stand at all, and I struck him a neat blow with my fist; and then down they all came upon me, bad luck to 'em, and I only one to four, and they kicked and cuffed me till I was almost kilt; and in the scuffle the tin box, where I kept your Honour's bounty, dropped out, and may be they took it, for after they'd left me for dead, and I came to myself, I looked everywhere and could'nt find it; so I came back here, grieved enough, ye may be sure; and all I hope is, as

it was all out of pure love to yer Honour I got beaten, that ye'll think no more about it at all."

"I do not know what to say to *that*, Brady: by your own confession you took these cousins of yours to drink, and how can I tell that you may not have twenty more relations, all ready enough to entice you into liquor, and perhaps to beat and rob you when they have done?"

"Oh then, I'll tell you what yer Honour'll do;—keep my money yourself, then the cousins won't care so much for poor Brady; and another thing, sure you were in fault yourself, begging pardon for saying the same, not to take me with you. Let me only stick by ye like yer shadow, and ye'll see how sober I'll be."

"Well, Brady, I forgive you this first offence, but a drunken servant I am determined not to keep; so remember, if you wish to stay with me, there is but one way. What did you do with my letters of introduction?"

"Safely delivered, all of them, sir. Sure, ye did'nt think I was going after cousins or any one till I'd done yer bidding!"

And in this he spoke truth, for in the course of the morning Mowbray had proofs abundant of his letters having reached their destination. Calls from some, and cards from others, and offers of civility, well-timed and acceptable, from most of those to whom they had been addressed, impressed him with an opinion most favourable to Irish politeness and attention to strangers. He had also time to visit the College, in company with one of the professors, to whom he had been particularly recommended. He found much to interest him within the walls of this building: though many of its treasures are but duplicates of those possessed by our English universities, it has its own original and unique sources of interest. The library and MS. room, in particular, contain valuable treasures; among

others, the valuable library of Archbishop Usher, which Oliver Cromwell had the good sense to purchase for Ireland, when it was already eagerly sought for by foreign collectors, enriches the College of Dublin. In the latter are many of those relics of ancient Irish literature which exhibit the advanced state of the inhabitants of the island during a period of great general barbarity. The museum also of the college contains some genuine Irish curiosities; fossil remains from the bogs, ancient utensils, and an antique Irish harp. In the examination-hall, Mr. Mowbray looked with interest on the portraits of Bishop Berkeley, of Archbishops Usher and King, of Dean Swift, and Mr. Speaker Forster. In the refectory he also gazed with attention on the pictures of Grattan, Flood, Hussey, Burgh, Lord Avonmore, and the unfortunate Lord Kilwarden. Surrounded by all these figures of men who had played so conspicuous a part in Irish history, it was impossible not to feel that he stood on interesting ground. Mr. Mowbray knew before that this college was one of the most richly endowed in Europe, and was glad to find that it possessed so many claims, besides its wealth, on the interest of strangers, and the patriotic affection of the Irish. The principal of these is its liberality. Dissenters and Catholics are freely admitted, and denied no college honours, but such as are by statute connected with the discipline of the university. The study of modern languages is also carefully attended to, but it was complained that the duties of some of the professorships were but carelessly performed. He also went to the house of the Royal Dublin Society, in Kildare Street, an institution for improving husbandry and other useful arts, and which the English government has done its best to encourage, parliament granting £5300 per annum towards its expenses. Here is a museum, statuary rooms, and a large botanic garden. It

has a professor of botany, one of chemistry, mineralogy and geology, and masters of design, for the instruction of pupils. There is an annual exhibition of articles of Irish manufacture of all kinds, and premiums are awarded according to merit; there is also an annual exhibition of live stock. One of the most beautiful buildings in Dublin, Mr. Mowbray's first and last admiration, was the Bank, formerly the Parliament-house, in College Green; he was never weary of looking at its fine Ionic colonnade, one hundred and forty-seven feet in length.

A more bustling scene, however, often drew his steps towards it. The hall of the Four Courts is a splendid building, and under its lofty dome it was curious to watch the characteristic transactions which were continually taking place. This hall is in the centre of the courts, a noble, spacious, antiroom, in which are assembled, from the hours of twelve to three in particular, a vast concourse of people, interested in the legal matters which may be pending. The *din* of this place is tremendous: some thousand voices are perhaps raised in loud discussion; country clients are hearing the reports of counsel; the tipstaffs are calling out for the gentlemen of the special jury; the attorneys, or their clerks, are seeking out each the barrister who may chance to be engaged in his service, quickening him into court, because his cause is about to come on. Then there are quarrels enough,—materials for future law-suits; beside which this hall is the resort of all strangers in Dublin, and plenty of gay parties are to be seen pushing through the crowd and endeavouring to catch glimpses of some popular advocate. It is to be observed that in Ireland the counsellors generally pactise in *all* the courts, hence the difficulty and labour is greatly increased, as it often happens that two important causes are going on at the same time in different courts, for which the same ad-

vocate is engaged, and he is driven to the necessity of doing injustice to one or other of the parties.

"The multitudes of Irish barristers," observed Mr. Mowbray's friend, "may well astonish you! Crowds, as you see, fill our courts to the brim, and yet numbers are every term flocking in. It would truly surprise you to know the many fine young men, gifted with excellent abilities, who waste their lives here, waiting for practice which never comes; they enter the profession without interest or fortune, without, we may say, any reasonable chance of success, and here they live and die; for many, no doubt, die of disorders occasioned by the impure, heated atmosphere; besides which, the situation of the building is bad and unwholesome."

"And what can it be," asked Mr. Mowbray, "that occasions this amazing eagerness after the profession in Ireland?"

"Many causes co-operate," replied his friend; "family pride is one; and I am inclined to attribute much to a genuine *taste* for legal disputation. Almost every man in Ireland is mixed up in some way with these matters; the love of going to law is a most predominant passion with us. That must certainly be a very strong stimulus which produces such a result; and when an Irish barrister has worked his way to eminence, *his* is a post of immense labour. There are, however, many solid advantages connected with the profession to those who can obtain them: there are a good many judicial offices in the gift of government which fall into the hands of the lawyers, and which keep up the hopes of the junior members. I must add," he continued, "that the independence of the Irish bar is very remarkable. There may be many causes in this country which lead an obnoxious individual to fear he may not be fairly dealt with when he comes to his trial; but he is always sure of

meeting with honest, courageous, indefatigable counsellors to plead his cause."

"I suppose you miss O'Connell," observed Mr. Mowbray, "in this scene, above all?"

"Indeed we do! He was for general business, perhaps, the best advocate at the bar; and accordingly he was so much in request that scarce a day passed when the attorneys for two different causes (perhaps more) were not battling for him at the same moment. He is truly a wonderful man in diligence and activity. Even in a winter's morning he might be found between five and six o'clock immersed in the business of his profession, writing or reading by candlelight. In the course of the day you would find him all life and spirits, in the more active exercise of his profession. Again, in the evening, you would probably hear him making a long and vehement speech at some popular meeting, retiring to rest at a late hour, and again busied at day-break in the same pursuits!"

The new streets and squares in Dublin were quite equal to Mr. Mowbray's expectations; but the Castle where, when in Dublin, the Lord-Lieutenant resides, appeared to him a very uninviting dwelling. Situated in the old part of the city, surrounded by narrow streets and shabby buildings, itself dark and dingy as the Tower in London, it looks far more like a prison than a regal dwelling. Yet the chapel is a fine building, very handsomely fitted up. The representative of royalty is more pleasantly lodged in the Phœnix Park, though *there* his dwelling does not equal that of many a private gentleman and nobleman in England; but it is a lovely residence. Once enter the gates of this demesne, and you have all the variety of hill and dale, ravine, copse, and underwood; majestic trees, and lovely and changeful views of the distant scenery. The extent of this park may be about 3000 English acres, in-

cluding the Zoological Gardens, constructed only within the last three years.

"And when will yer Honour go to Wicklow?" asked Brady, one morning, with some anxiety, as Mr. Mowbray was enumerating his engagements for the next few days.

"Why, Brady? what makes you in such a hurry about leaving Dublin? surely here is plenty to amuse you?"

"Indeed, and to say truth, in regard of Dublin being in Ireland, 'tis the finest city in the world! and none beside near to it! Your Honour's right enough there! but, sure, the city's a great one, and there's not the *natural* look about it, as in the country! Wasn't I born and brought up on the iligant mountains in Wicklow? and is it strange, now, if the big city of Dublin tries the head? not but what it is, as your Honour says, a beautiful city! Queen of the world it is!"

"Well, Brady, it is natural for you to wish to go to see your own friends; and I shall join you, probably, in another week. Meantime, I desire you would go down without me. I have really no particular use for you here; and you had much better spend your time among your mountains!"

Brady protested and shuffled, and endeavoured to prove it was not to be thought of, leaving his Honour's Honour; but it ended in his being packed off that evening in a return car to Wicklow, while Mr. Mowbray, not at all sorry to be rid for a few days of his companion, whose loquacity was apt to be annoying, devoted himself to a more leisurely survey of the beauties of Dublin and its neighbourhood. He dined several times in the course of the week with different families at their country villas; and here, indeed, it was that he found the neighbourhood of Dublin unrivalled in beauty. When a landscape is composed, like this, of mountains, valleys and bays of the sea, green

lawns, and rich gardens, there must be an infinite variety. Every site shows something different in the outlines of the mountains, the windings of the coast, the glimpses of near and far-off promontories. Some exhibit the broad, still waters of the bay, spread out like a large lake, reflecting the hills and white houses on the opposite coast in its blue waters, while some present to the eye the wider expanse of the channel, with the bold headlands of Howth, and the picturesque island of Ireland's Eye; a rich basin of green slopes filling up the space between one projecting point and another, beautifully contrasted with the blue of the ocean. Again, some of these villas are among what are called the Dublin mountains, a chain of hills lower than their sister-elevations in Wicklow, and lying between Dublin and the latter: from them the prospects are far more extensive; all Dublin lies below, the panorama is crowded with objects of interest,—the bay, the city, the river, the shipping, the Wicklow coast, the vast assemblage of country-houses and gardens dotting the sides of the hills. Sometimes, on a very clear day, a glimpse is caught even of the Welsh mountains. The foreground is probably well arranged, for the Irish are passionately fond of the picturesque, and their country-houses are all planned with a view to the enjoyment of the prospect.

Luxuries of other kinds are not wanting; but it is pleasant to see that pride in the beautiful scenery which surrounds him is the predominant feeling in an Irishman's mind. And here I must mention another trait;—you may admit the poorest beggar in Ireland into your grounds, with confidence that he will admire without destroying what is your pleasure and pride. There is none of that wanton spirit of destruction which is so remarkable among the lower English. You will find the poorer Irishman doing mischief, no doubt, at times, when drink has made

him irrational or quarrelsome; but the destructive acts of our poor, which are so much the more provoking because they are often committed in the coolest and most sober manner imaginable, would, I am sure, excite nothing but indignation in Paddy's breast.

At another time, a friend of Dr. ——'s took Mr. Mowbray up the Dublin mountains, not to visit a smiling villa; but to admire the deep and wild seclusion of a small lake, distant little more than six miles from the capital. The road, a very good one, ascended in a zigzag for nearly four miles. At length, the first mountain being crossed, they entered a wild, dreary tract of mountain and bog land, hemmed in by hills on every side: after traversing this for a mile or two, they came to a barrack, the only dwelling visible for a considerable distance; here a narrow road turned off to the right, and brought them immediately to Loch Bray, a dark, still piece of water, a perfect mountain tarn, embosomed in black hills and rocks.

There was nothing soft or beautiful in the character of either the ride or the scene itself; it was all cold, dark, and stern; but, as a contrast to the smiling verdure of the mountain sides, and the gay-peopled domains which stretched down towards Dublin, it was remarkable; and from the force of contrast it attracts many a gay party, undeterred by the long steep ascent, and the impossibility of obtaining shelter from the driving showers which often attack the invaders of this secluded mountain region.

The passion of the Irish for these country excursions strikes every traveller. Go where you may among the mountains, you will meet with goodly cars full of citizens, on their way to breathe the mountain air. The poor horse first attracts your compassion: there he is, hapless animal, condemned to drag a load of some five or six people of all ages, not including the driver, up and down the

hills, unaided and unrelieved, except when the passengers are kind enough to dismount at the foot of some long ascent, which, to do them justice, is generally done by a part at least of the company. Still the load is considerable. The *well* (the centre part) of the car generally contains two cloaks, two hoods, and at least one umbrella apiece for the whole party; and if you dive into the innermost recesses of that well, reader, prepare yourself for astonishment at its capacities! Believe me, the Dublin citizens are well aware of the stimulating effect of the mountain breezes upon the appetite. They are never known to forget the inner man! Well do they know also how to dispense with the inn where there *is* one, and make up for its absence where there is *not*. Pies, puffs, sandwiches, ribs of beef, loaves, knives, forks, plates, bottles, nay tea, sugar, and all the etcæteras of the evening repast are gradually brought to light from that dark abyss. Sometimes the party is fortunate enough to obtain the liberty of spreading out the meal in one of those ornamental cottages of which there are many dispersed among the most frequented of the glens, or watering-places of resort; now and then he will even contrive not to lose his daily meal of potatoes, in the pleasures of admiring nature, for the cottagers are always willing to cook these useful and plentiful roots for the traveller for a very trifling gratuity. But woe to the pleasure parties which wholly depend for their enjoyment on fine skies and dry banks. Scarcely can a more uncomfortable spectacle be presented than that of an outside car travelling among the mountains in one of those pitiless rains which suddenly shut in the prospect, and compel the passengers to wrap themselves up in their cloaks and sport their umbrellas, the drippings from which generally meet, and lodge in a cool deluge on the shoulders of the neighbours behind or beside. All the

while the lower limbs have no more shelter than the cloak is able to afford; when *that* fails the traveller must pursue his comfortless way without further protection. So moist is the climate, and so sudden and violent the showers, that, even in the finest day, fortunate are they who can escape without a wetting; but it must be acknowledged that there is compensation in this; the streams, the waterfalls, the mountains with their ever-changing, ever-beautiful aspects are kept constantly dewy and fresh; and the firm granite roads are dry in an hour after the most copious rains.

Two roads leading to the county of Wicklow divided our traveller's inclination; the one skirting the coast, and commanding, he was well assured, fine views of the sea and intervening tracts; the other steeper, more lonely and barren, crossing the Dublin mountains, and entering Wicklow by a very remarkable rent, called the Scalp, or Devil's Bit; as, however, Mr. Mowbray had already traversed part of the coast-road on his way from Kingstown, he finally decided in favour of the latter. Nor did he repent his choice. It is true the way for several miles was not particularly interesting, and the views by no means equal to those on the Loch Bray road; but on reaching the Scalp he was well repaid, by the scene of exquisite beauty and softness which burst upon him. It was, indeed, as a peep into some land of enchantment, the rocky mountain barrier suddenly opening, as it were, its yawning portals, and disclosing a green, sunny basin, clothed in light and beauty far, far below him, while one above the other in the distance rose the Wicklow mountains; the Sugar-Loaf, always picturesque in its outline, and many-coloured in its details, crowning the whole. The road winding down the steep pointed to the little, white, clean village of Enniskerry, at the foot of the mountain; a

stream ran murmuring through the hollow, over broken rocks, and many a lovely scene well known to the frequent visitant, but only dimly discerned by the stranger, was pointed out as *that* which was hereafter to unfold its beauties to his nearer gaze. Enniskerry is ten Irish miles from Dublin, and is the head-quarters of many a Wicklow tourist, as well as a favourite lodging-place in the summer for invalids and families of citizens disposed to rusticate among the mountains. It is admirably situated for all these different classes of persons, a quarter of an hour's walk bringing you into the cool, delicious shade of the Dargle, or into the wider sweep of the lawns of Powerscourt.

At Enniskerry Mr. Mowbray found his faithful Brady, whose joy at the meeting was almost uncontrollable; he had much to tell of his happiness among his people of the "*nate* little cabin," just by the very gate of the Dargle, where his aunt, bless her, contrived to live, and pay a handsome rent from the profits obtained by summer lodgers, for she had a beautiful parlour, and two bedrooms, to say nothing of the servant's attic, and comfortable table in the kitchen, and the garden, which was as pretty a place as could be shown in Ireland, all sown with roses, and a good potatoe ground beside. And there were two lodgers now, added Brady, a young lady and her father, who had spoken very kind to him, and welcomed him back to Ireland. Then some of Brady's brothers and sisters were bestowed in the neighbouring country; one of the former was a gardener in a gentleman's family, near Dolgelly, and one of the latter was married to a little innkeeper; but all, according to Brady's account, were in a thriving way and well to do with the Wicklow gentry, and he was glad of it, for though the gentry were, what he thought, over-strict Protestants, his people had served them quietly and faithfully many a year, and had never

been hindered in their religion, if they did but keep steady to what they professed.

Brady was extremely impatient to show Mr. Mowbray the Dargle, and as soon as he had engaged his lodging for the night, he was willing to be guided to this favourite haunt of the Dublin tourists. A hill has to be ascended on leaving Enniskerry, then the road is carried on high ground for some distance, in fact, along the top of the rocky barrier which forms one side of the dark glen; but it descends again abruptly, and conducts to the base of this cliff, and the gate of the Dargle.

Mr. Mowbray had seen Matlock, and he was inclined to give it the preference, on account of the more picturesque forms of the rocks, and the peculiar beauty of the river; but there are points of superiority in the Irish glen; the depth of shade on either side, the noble trees standing out from the dark rock, the occasional openings through which one discerns the lovely green slopes of Mr. Grattan's meadows beyond, and the mountain terminations of the prospect, give a degree of completeness to the scene. The stream, too, is brawling, clear, and rapid. On emerging from the glen, and coming into the breezy slopes beyond, there was perfect contrast to the close, dark, rocky shade in the glen. Here all was high cultivation, and quiet, gentle beauty, in the rich, green basin; hills bounded each side, while the Sugar-Loaf, as usual, rose in calm majesty—the Wicklow monarch—towards whose grand form the eye is perpetually turning, whose presence finishes and dignifies, as it were, every scene.

It was painful to turn from these lovely prospects to answer the frequent appeals of beggars, troops of whom, unable to enter the private domains of the gentry, lounge near the gates or inns, or on the roadside. Many of these are regular Dublin beggars; but some are from distant

parts of the country, where poverty prevails to a far greater extent than in the county of Wicklow. That county is generally reputed rich, and well shielded from the miseries of which so much has been heard; but yet Mr. Mowbray was struck by the want and wretchedness of a large proportion of the population. He made, of course, allowances for the mere habits of the lower orders. He knew that going without shoes and stockings was no proof that the individual could not afford to buy them, and that a dirty house and the company of the pig were no discomforts to many a poor Irish woman. But when he came to question the respectable innkeeper at Enniskerry, and to visit the poor cabins themselves, he soon saw that it is quite a mistake to think the Irish labourer *well off*, even in Wicklow. He found most on wages of sixpence a day, some only fivepence: the rent of their miserable cottages, sometimes without any land, was about £2, or, in lieu of this, eighty days' labour, which, deducted from the year's earnings, left but a miserable pittance for a wife and family. The small farmers, too, were complaning: rents could not by possibility be paid out of the produce; and, though there was great competition for land, few landlords could reckon on being paid their dues. They seemed to live little better than the labourers, only adding buttermilk to their potatoes; yet *these* are the people to whose lot it chiefly falls to support the beggars.

Brady was delighted to see how much his master enjoyed the beautiful scenery around the Dargle and Powerscourt, and contrived to find so many new walks and rides that several days passed and still they were at Enniskerry. On the Sunday there was strong attraction in the simple, rural church of Powerscourt, which lies in a deep, shady valley, and owes nothing to show or ornament, though attended by the high and titled families which sur-

round it. Here Mr. Mowbray heard an excellent sermon from the respected preacher, and was pleased to witness the attention of the congregation. From Powerscourt he went to Dolgelly, a few miles distant, situated close to the Glen of the Downs,—a striking scene, but less retired and less interesting from its publicity, the high road passing through it. Dolgelly church is beautifully situated in a hollow between rising hills, at the head of a bay, and there are points of view in which, owing to the projection of the coast, the sea takes the appearance of a fine glassy lake. The church, village, and nearly all the surrounding country is the property of the Latouche family, resident at the adjacent mansion of Belle Vue. The church is considerably more *ornate* than that of Powerscourt, and the monuments are pompous; but the exterior, and the beautiful appearance of the schools, cottages, &c. made the traveller forget he was in Ireland; and, in fact, Dolgelly is a sort of feudal property, and little likely to become the scene of "agitation." The Glen of the Downs is on the high road to Rathdrum, Arklow, &c. and Mr. Mowbray pursued his way to the former place, turning off, however, after a few miles, to a more wild and rugged road, which was to conduct him to Glendalough, the celebrated valley of the seven churches. In this place, though it is undoubtedly an object of great interest to the antiquarian, and of some also to the lovers of wild mountain scenery, he was on the whole disappointed; there was neither sufficient height in the mountains, nor sufficient breadth and extent in the lake, to give it a character of sublimity, and the absence of verdure, the desolate aspect of the whole, took away all idea of *beauty*. All was stillness, ruin, and gloom; nor could the ceaseless stories of his guide, the famous Joe Irwin, dispel the melancholy of the place. Among the ruins of the churches rose one of the old round-towers of

Ireland, and farther on, on the left of the lake, the singular rock, called St. Kevin's Bed, was pointed out to him.

A far more pleasing scene was the beautiful glen, called the Devil's Glen, which Mr. Mowbray next visited. This is private property, and entered only by an order from the neighbouring proprietor. A narrow road, just wide enough for a carriage, conducts along one side of this glen, nearly at the bottom, while a brawling stream fills up the remaining space, and the rocks rise majestically and abruptly from the other side. Thus the traveller may proceed for a mile and a half; sometimes the path seems entirely barred by the projecting face of the rock, but he winds round, or crosses a small arch, and finds the glen still open before him. It is by no means so dark and sheltered as the Dargle; not that there is any deficiency of wood, but the mountains recede at the top, and admit more of the sun's rays. One great additional beauty is derived from the splendid appearance of the heath, which completely covers the side of the mountain. The peculiar scenery of the glen terminates in a small waterfall. From hence to Rathdrum was an interesting ride, and further on the traveller enters the Valley of Avoca, celebrated as "The Meeting of the Waters," a scene of soft and tranquil beauty, which, though devoid of any thing *sublime*, is, and always must be, a source of great attraction to a traveller who loves nature in her gentler aspects. The valley is about five miles long, perhaps about a quarter of a mile broad. The river is bright and flowing; and the hills on either side are covered with wood, chiefly ash, birch, and fir, together with green holly, laurel, &c. Briar-roses, too, are lavishly bestowed on this region, and wild flowers of all sorts are in great beauty and perfection. The road to Arklow from Avoca is very beautiful. The town itself is poor and uninteresting; but near it is a mountain, once an object of

great interest to the neighbourhood, inasmuch as in its bowels was discovered a gold mine, which for a little time proved productive. In less than two months after the vein was discovered, namely in 1796, the peasants had obtained 2,000 ounces of gold. It was then taken possession of in the king's name; but is now utterly neglected and profitless. A little further on is the town of Gorey; and at a short distance from the sea-coast is Courtown, one of the most beautiful demesnes in Ireland, the property of Lord Courtown. The lovely evergreens surrounding and sheltering the house, and the soft green slopes to the sea, excited Mr. Mowbray's admiration. On, however, they were obliged to go to Ferns, where Mr. Mowbray had a friend, chaplain to the bishop, whom he had promised to visit. Ferns is in itself a poor town; but the bishop's palace and grounds are handsome, and there are ruins of some interest and beauty in the neighbourhood. The country is pleasant, and under pretty good cultivation. The people looked in general rather more respectably clad than the poorer Irish usually are; the cabins had mostly windows and chimneys; and the crops were good.

The Enniscorthy and Wexford road is a fine one, and as the traveller approaches the latter town he is struck with the number of good houses on either side of the way. On reaching the place itself, however, there is disappointment; a long and very narrow street, and a longer suburb, inhabited chiefly by fishermen; a few short side streets, and a quay running, parallel to the main one, through the village. Yet the shops are good; there is much business, and, as Brady observed with pride, they were not once asked for alms from the moment of coming in to that of going out.

It proved that Wexford was a very favourite station with

Brady; one of his maternal-uncles, a farmer, lived within a few miles of the place; and he persuaded his master to accompany him on his first visit. Mr. Mowbray would have scrupled interrupting the first greetings, but soon found that his going would be esteemed the greatest compliment that could be paid to the servant; it would be the making of him, Brady said, with his own people: so good-humouredly, and very willing at the same time to indulge his own curiosity, Mr. Mowbray hired one of Bianconi's cars, and proceeded, under Brady's guidance, over a very tolerable though lonely road, towards the farm-house. It was a long, straggling sort of building, none of the most inviting in outward aspect. The yards were dirty, and the dunghill was much too near the kitchen door; when that kitchen door, too, was opened, the room looked very unlike that of an English farm-house. The floor dark and unswept, no bright show of kitchen utensils, no polished table or chairs, all rough and substantial; yet any one who had looked into the utensils themselves would have found them clean, and no one could say there was any want of care in making the butter, or preparing the family food. It was a stopping short at the point where a housewife begins to get credit for her housewifery; a total lack of that taste for smartness and polish which pervades an English establishment, though of humble degree. What Irish cook would ever dream of scouring the outside of her copper saucepans, and setting them out on the shelves for ornament! enough for her if they be clean within, and huddled up in some corner till wanted; and then, again, the floor may not really be dirty; but what does it signify to have it made of a material that will at once *show* its cleanliness? The large array of cows and calves in the farm-yard betokened some prosperity, Mr. Mowbray thought, and he soon found that the stock of fowls,

pigs, &c. was equally extensive. The noise and clatter among the domestic animals was positively stunning, and above all rose a strong, clear voice, singing an Irish melody.

"Arrah, now!" exclaimed Pat, in his broadest tone, "if it isn't the voice of my own cousin Judith O'Connor, bless her! sure I'd know it out of a thousand! Judy, my dear, and how are you?" added he, jumping from the car, and throwing his arms round the damsel's neck, at the same time bestowing a hearty kiss upon her.

Judy looked at first startled and inclined to resent the familiarity; but presently recognising her old friend and playfellow, laughed heartily, and returned his salutation in Irish.

"Whisht, Judy, whisht! can't ye speak the English now? Don't bring disgrace on the schoolmaster before the gentleman! Don't I know ye can speak it beautiful?"

Judy, thus recalled to good manners, dropped a curtsy to Mr. Mowbray, and called her mother, who was scouring the churn within, "Mother, mother! come and see who it is at the door! sure 'tis a happy day, and a glorious one!"

The mother came, screamed for joy when she saw Brady, hugged and kissed him, and called the husband and every man, woman, and child about the premises to welcome their wanderer to his native land. Yet the gentleman was not forgotten. In that beautiful and expressive strain of courtesy which often astonishes the English traveller in Ireland, they invoked a blessing on him, gave him welcome, and invited them to come in and do them honour. The horse was taken out of the car before he could answer, and he himself almost carried into the best apartment. And soon it appeared that all the business of the family was to be put aside on the

important occasion,—the churn was hastily emptied and put by, things were set into their Sunday places. The maids ran up stairs to doff their soiled caps, and put on their holiday gowns. The mistress arranged her clean apron, and gave orders for dressing a fine pair of fowls, which had been prepared for Wexford market; the best table cloth was laid, the potatoes set on, and butter, eggs, &c. produced; a fine bottle of whiskey graced the corner also; and the host filled his pipe, and invited Mr. Mowbray and Brady to do the same. Brady was at the top of his glory, and not even his master's presence could restrain his boastful accounts of his own prosperity. He told one traveller's story after another, each more marvellous than the rest, while his cousins gaped and stared. In the evening dancing was proposed, and nothing could exceed the spirit with which the amusement was kept up. Even the old farmer and his wife figured in the fandango, and Mr. Mowbray was not excused, but selected as the partner of the fair cousin Judy. Not till late at night were the festivities concluded, and few of the party went home sober.

A difficulty now presented itself, Mr. Mowbray's driver was found to be in no state to guide himself, much less his horse and car, to Wexford; but with the pertinacity common to people in this condition, he still insisted upon it that he was "capable, quite entirely capable;" that nobody else should touch John O'Toole's horse and car, while he was alive to guide them; and he put himself into a boxing attitude, and kept guard over the vehicle, swearing that he would knock down the first man, barring his Honour's Honour, who should come near him.

Willing to avoid a broil, for there were plenty of excited people around him, Mr. Mowbray called the farmer aside, and asked whether he could not compass his point

by stratagem. The farmer shook his head. "These fellows are too sharp for that!" said he, "unless you thoroughly *stupify* an Irishman by drink, there is no such thing as managing him, but by main force, and I believe that will be the best plan, and most to his master's liking."

"But how so?"

"Leave that to me," said the farmer. In a few minutes, and after a brief consultation with his wife and daughter, the good man again returned. "The mistress has it!" said he, "only let the women alone for managing a man, sober and drunk!"

Accordingly, to Mr. Mowbray's great diversion, the fair Judy came forth, and began to address the refractory driver. "I wonder, now, John O'Toole, such a sinsible man as you are should demane yourself to stand and be laughed at by the boys in that manner. Why, man, I'm ashamed of ye entirely! Why will ye condescend to drive them that don't care to have ye? Sure if ye were a lad of spirit, John, ye would leave 'em to find their way as they could, and let them break the car, and spoil the horse all to naught, if they will! Sure 'tis they must pay, and not you!"

"Troth, Miss Judy, dear, and 'tis sinsible advice! I'm thinking myself 'tis no ways becoming in me to stand here offering to them that has no mind to me! but what will I do to be left behind? and how will I get to Wexford?"

"As to that, John, them that left ye must answer it. Oh, I know what *I* would do if it were mine! Go to sleep like a Christian in the shed yonder, and leave 'em to make out their own story!"

"Indeed, Miss Judy, you're a sinsible woman, besides a pretty! only I'd like to see who'd touch the car and the

horse, bless him! and I, John O'Toole, not by to knock him on the head outright!"

"Sure, and can't I tell ye all about it as well? and won't it be time enough to knock him down in the morning?"

"True for you, and thank ye kindly, Miss Judy! where's the shed?"

"Where should it be, but here, hard by? Look in, man, and see if all isn't iligant!"

John staggered into the shed, and no sooner had he passed the threshold than Miss Judy slapped-to the door, latched, bolted, and made it perfectly secure, while the Irishman, only then suspecting a trick, began to roar and shout for release most vigorously.

"Never mind it at all!" said the farmer, quietly calling forward his steward, a trusty, sober-looking, middle-aged man, "Mick, mount the box in a trice, and drive the gentleman to Wexford in no time! I will send O'Toole up in the morning! Good evening to yer Honour! and thanks for yer Honour's company and presence!"

"And if ever the gentleman comes this way, we hope he won't forget us!" added the mistress; "And, Brady, lad, take care of yourself! Arn't ye a lucky boy, now, to sarve the raal gintleman? mind, ye rogue, ye don't disgrace yer birth and edication!"

"Thank ye, cousin, kindly! No fear n' that! sure its too proud I am of ye all, Judy specially!"

The night was far spent before Mr. Mowbray arrived at the inn at Wexford. The next morning he went to Mr. Bianconi's establishment himself, at an early hour, wishing to see the principal manager of the concern at Waterford, and intercede for poor O'Toole. Bianconi's agent smiled, but shook his head. "It is his old fault, sir; depend upon it we must turn him off, or he will do us some serious mischief. Mr. Bianconi is very

particular about the sobriety of his drivers, and would be very angry if he knew we retained one like O'Toole; besides, better now while he is young and capable of work than by and by, when he is old and feeble."

Mr. Mowbray pleaded for the poor fellow, but felt it was but just to the public that he should be removed from his station; his intercessions only extended to the point of some more fitting employment being, if possible, found for him.

"Never fear, sir," said the agent, "Mr. Bianconi is too kind not to take the interest of the poor fellow to heart: you will scarcely believe it, perhaps, but out of all his numerous drivers, there is not one whom he does not know, and treat almost with fatherly care. When they are infirm or fall sick, they and their families are sure to be taken care of, and even his horses have an hospital to go to when they are ill. Mr. Bianconi has, of course, had great experience of the faults of the people here, and though, as the proprietor of so many public carriages, he cannot possibly keep a drunkard in his service, he has great compassion for drunkards; he knows the poor Irishman, who has scarce any other indulgence, finds it very hard to abstain from occasionally taking too much of his favourite whiskey."

"Well, I see I cannot leave him in better hands, and I will leave a few shillings with you for his family, should he be for a time without work. I feel, in part, guilty of the poor fellow's offence, having taken him to a merry-making. And now, driver, let me see the Baron of Forth," said Mr. Mowbray, mounting a fresh car, and addressing a very steady, sober man, particularly recommended to him by the agent of Mr. Bianconi. Our readers may not be aware what there is in the Barony of Forth to awaken curiosity; we will, therefore, tell them

that it is a district extending for about fifteen miles south-west of Wexford, inhabited by the descendants of a colony of people from South Wales. Until very lately nothing but Welsh was spoken in this district, and it is still the language of the more ancient people; but the peculiarity of habit remains still more strongly in other respects; the people are clean, industrious, sober, and provident. Mr. Mowbray's driver proved to be one of them, and was therefore a fitting person to do the honours of Forth; he pointed out one smiling neat farm-house after another, clusters of clean, comfortable cottages, with gay gardens, and with flower-pots in the windows, and seemed to take pride in Mr. Mowbray's admiration, and to bear, with much civil contempt, a disparaging remark or two which Brady, for the honour of his countrymen, thought it right now and then to fling in; sometimes he insinuated that the people of the Barony were a set of graceless heretics, not worthy of the name of Christian, because the driver intimated that Catholic, Churchman, and Protestant Dissenter found themselves able to live at peace with each other in this district; and much did he jeer at the barley-bread and tea in which the farmers were indulging, in preference to potatoe fare. Somewhat provoked at his bigotry and impertinence, Mr. Mowbray bade him hold his tongue, and not join the ranks of those who would rather see Ireland sunk in misery and want than be indebted to the good examples of her neighbours for her improvement; and Brady slunk sulkily back in his seat.

Though the road they had taken was a digression from Mr. Mowbray's projected road to New Ross, he was well repaid for a pretty long circuit, and enjoyed some pleasant glimpses of the River Barrow as he approached its banks and drew near to Ross. This river divides the counties of Kilkenny and Wexford, and its banks are extremely

pretty, abounding in fine and extensive park-like domains. The town, unaptly called *New* Ross, is, in reality, very old, though partially re-built; it is not a thriving place, though possessed of many advantages, the river affording the means of ready exportation for agricultural produce. Here our traveller halted a night, and proceeded to Thomastown, his next stage, to breakfast next morning, but before reaching this place his eyes were doomed to behold many sad spectacles. It seemed to him, that the people in this district were peculiarly wretched and poor: so many beggars he had not yet seen as he beheld this day, or such miserable cabins, and having strongly in his mind the spectacle of the peace and comfort of the day preceding, he could not help pointing out to Brady, who was by no means restored to good humour, the melancholy difference.

"No doubt, your Honour, no doubt, the poor craturs look well nigh starving; nevertheless, I'd like to know which most desarves to be well fed—these same, or those sleek Welsh rogues we saw yesterday. Och! they're a cunning set!"

"Not more than these, I've a notion," thought Mr. Mowbray, as one set of beggars after another, with every variety of tale, wrought up to every degree of pathos or of flattery, assailed him. He gently pushed aside the applicants, whose numbers made it utterly impossible for them to obtain relief, and took refuge in the inn; but, to eat his breakfast in quiet was denied him; the beggars drew up in double file before the window—they would take no denial, and Mr. Mowbray was actually driven to the necessity of closing his shutters and calling for lights, that he might be free for half an hour from importunity. It was difficult to imagine what was the peculiar occasion of this distress; for many of these people were not wan-

dering beggars, they were the wives and children of labourers without employment. The landlords were spoken of as not unkind or oppressive; but it was plain that the people were too many for the means of subsistence: there was neither employment nor food for the greater part, and from the great competition for land, tenants promised to give, and landlords were induced to ask, higher rents than could be paid, without racking the land and ruining the farmer; few could keep the same farm long, and all were eager to snatch a corner of the soil. It was in this neighbourhood that Mr. Erris, one of Mr. Mowbray's oldest friends, resided, and he had all along planned a visit to that gentleman's house before proceeding to Kilkenny: it was gratifying, therefore, to find, by a letter left for him at Thomastown, that Mr. Erris was eagerly expecting him, and ordering the car to be made ready, he gave directions to be driven to L——— House without delay. What a beautiful residence! Were it not for the painful thoughts that *will* crowd upon the mind when, however lovely may be the paradise which wealth creates around a proprietor, he cannot close his eyes to the sight of human misery the moment his foot passes the boundary of his domain, how perfect would seem the happiness of such a place of retirement!

"I know not how it is," said Mrs. Erris the next morning to her guest, "but, with all we can do for our poor neighbours, I find it impossible to avoid a sort of self-reproach every time I enter our park and see our gate closed against these poor creatures; it needs the firmest conviction that we are *not* selfish reasoners to keep us up against the sense of our own *apparent* selfishness."

"Apparently, only, I am persuaded, Louisa," said her husband, "I have been, for these twenty years, labouring to dispose of my money in such a way as shall most con-

duce to the good of my fellow-creatures. I have asked myself again and again the question, whether society would ultimately be the better, if I and other landed or monied inhabitants were to throw all our property into one common fund for the relief of the distressed, and, I never could obtain from my heart or conscience other than a negative answer. I do not believe that even the existing race of beggars would receive more than a very small degree of benefit; and if every landed proprietor here had the heart to do what is right and just by his neighbours, I am quite persuaded there would be more good effected, tenfold, than under any system of equalization. I do not *eat* my money, nor bury it, but endeavour to employ it as usefully as I can. Another year I hope you will see an improvement, for many of our poor are now convinced of the absolute necessity of emigration; part of what we give shall be given for the purpose of fitting them out comfortably, and when the numbers are more in proportion to the means of employment, you will see that we shall do much better; your school will be far more useful, then, Louisa."

"Yes, indeed, I hope so," said his wife with a sigh. "It is something to keep those children out of idleness for a few years; but now, when they leave us, we have no chance of finding employment for them, and you know the consequences."

"And does your school, my dear madam," said Mr. Mowbray, "meet with opposition on the ground of religious differences?"

"Oh no, not at all, happily. I have a Protestant mistress, and we give protestant instruction to all who belong to our fold, separately; but the great majority of the children are of Catholic parents, and no objection is made by the priest or themselves to their attendance."

"Of course," observed Mr. Erris, "our character is established for *honesty*, or we should not be permitted to do even thus much: we have no conversionary stratagems, but we tell the people plainly, that we think, if they read the Bible, they will find it difficult to remain Catholics, and that our instruction must so far be considered as dangerous to their early belief, and I have no doubt it is so. We have certainly a much increased attendance at our church among the younger people; still I believe the priests find we have gone too far to be safely opposed, and they reserve their influence for private occasions."

Mr. Mowbray was delighted with the beautiful and luxuriant growth of the trees in this domain; again he saw the laurel and arbutus, not dwarfy stunted shrubs, but trees, full, vigorous trees, sending forth wide-spreading branches all around, while the rich, broad-leafed Irish ivy hung in festoons wherever it could obtain a hold for its tendrils. The cattle covered the green pastures, and the richly filled dairies testified to the goodness of the soil and its products. He left his friend's house with many wishes for its continued prosperity, satisfied that, in spite of all the misery he had seen, good was unquestionably working out. Mr. Erris accompanied him to Kilkenny, and as our traveller had heard little previously of that town and its objects of interest, he found ample cause to rejoice in his escort.

Kilkenny is a very striking town; it is beautifully situated, approached by a double avenue of lofty trees, and, without the prelude of a miserable suburb, one enters at once a broad street, above which are visible the gothic towers of the venerable castle, rising amid surrounding wood: the tall cathedral, the spires of various churches, all interspersed with wood; the ruins of two abbeys, the river Nore and its bridges—all these require time and

close inspection to awaken their full and just proportion of interest. The antiquity of the place is unquestioned—first, for the castle, the successive property of a long line of Ormondes, first built by Strongbow in the twelfth century: the present Marquis is almost rebuilding it, but the ancient towers are retained. The cathedral, the largest in Ireland, with the exception of St. Patrick's in Dublin, is full of interesting objects: outwardly it is striking, being surrounded by venerable trees, and standing in close fellowship with one of the round-towers of the country. Columns of black marble separate the nave from the side-aisles, and besides some interesting monuments formed of the same handsome neighbouring material, is the stone chair of St. Kievan, who is said to have preceded St. Patrick in his mission for the conversion of Ireland.

Besides the cathedral, the remains of two abbeys exhibit some fine and interesting relics of past times; and shifting from the past to the present, the marble quarries, situated about a mile out of the town, are well worthy of a visit. The mills for sawing and polishing employ a good many individuals, and the marble itself is well known and prized for its beauty; its black ground, variegated with a thousand shells, makes a beautiful polish, and is universally used for chimney-pieces in the neighbourhood. Kilkenny coal is also famous for its quality of burning without either smoke or flame, but its sulphureous exhalations are extremely unpleasant, and unfit it for culinary purposes.

At Kilkenny Mr. Mowbray had proposed parting with his friend, but just as they were preparing to take leave of each other, a letter was brought to Mr. Erris, announcing that his presence was required at a trial that day proceeding at the Carlow assizes, and our traveller readily accepted a seat in the carriage, and proceeded with

his friend across Kilkenny county towards the busy county-town of Carlow. The River Barrow, upon which this town is built, equally the property of Kilkenny and of Carlow counties, and affords an easy conveyance for the coal, marble, &c. of the former, southward, towards New Ross and Waterford. Kildare county, also, approaches very near to Carlow at its capital town. The country is populous and cultivated, and the communication with Dublin, by means of a canal, has contributed to its improvement. The bustle of the assizes being added to the usual business of the town, it presented a very lively aspect. Mr. Mowbray attended the Court-house, and was much amused at times, and often touched by the mingled shrewdness and natural pathos of the poorer Irish on their appearance before the magistrates, to plead excuse for guilt, or urge their claim to justice. Brady was of course never absent, for the Irish have a real taste for law, and nothing can exceed the eagerness with which they watch the proceedings of a court of justice. Among the cases which excite most interest are those which concern the interests of the different "*factions*," as they are called, of the people: of these there are sure to be many every assizes, and Mr. Mowbray's friend was summoned as a witness upon one of them. He had been at Kilkenny fair when two rival factions were engaged in a most desperate battle: it was easy to see that the thing had been regularly planned beforehand: they all came armed with bludgeons, and most desperate and cruel was the strife. It was sworn by Mr. Erris and one or two other respectable witnesses, that so deadly was the wrath of the combatants, that no quarter was given to a fallen antagonist, and that several of the beaten faction received their death-blows long after they had been put out of condition to fight on this occasion:—but the difficulty was to identify the offenders. Though, among

the factions, scarce a man was absent against whom no capital charge could be brought, yet the murderers themselves were missing, or, if present, were disguised beyond the power of recognition. All the witnesses of one party professed themselves to have been mere lookers-on, and all the witnesses on the other side said the same. An Irishman will deny any thing, or affirm any thing to save one of his faction from punishment. Mr. Mowbray learnt, with much pleasure, that the magistrates were beginning to bestir themselves to *prevent* these brutalizing fights. It was some comfort, indeed, to know this, for enough was made out, though with infinite difficulty, to fix the charge of homicide upon a ferocious-looking man belonging to the triumphant party at Kilkenny fair, and the execrations and threatenings of his faction sounded bodingly in the ears of the bystanders.

Mr. Mowbray would have been very willing to spend another day at Carlow with the friends who had shown him hospitality, as the fellow-traveller of Mr. Erris, who was universally beloved and respected; but he wished to return to Dublin, fearing that the season would be too far advanced to admit of his taking a farther excursion in a more northerly direction previous to his return to England; to Kildare, therefore, he proceeded on his way towards the capital. It was, he knew, worth his while to view this very ancient place, in former times encompassed by a gloomy forest of oaks, but now approached by the most beautiful of race-courses, called the Curragh, comprising an extent of 3000 acres, and presenting the remains of several barrows or raths. The seat of the ancient nunnery, founded by St. Bridget, within whose walls a perpetual sacred fire was kept burning from A.D. 500 to 1220, is still pointed out, and the beautiful and perfect round tower rises in the church-yard to the height of a hundred and

thirty feet. From this town to Dublin there are many interesting antiquities. Naas, formerly fortified by strong castles, and the residence of the ancient kings of Leinster, in which were also held many state assemblies. Half a mile south of the town is a mansion, built by Stafford in his prosperity, but soon abandoned on his attainder. From thence, a pleasant ride through a populous country, brought our traveller to Dublin, from which place Naas is distant little more than fifteen miles, and here he was glad to remain a few days, finding letters of business awaiting his arrival, and notes of friendly enquiry from some of the hospitable citizens, announcing plans for his amusement, which merely awaited his re-appearance to be put into execution.

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One of the most interesting of the excursions which, in consequence of arrangements thus made for him, Mr. Mowbray was induced to make, was one which he had indeed previously projected: it was to the Catholic College of Maynooth. This is situated in Kildare, but to the north of his former road through that county. The ride is delightful. The party did more than pass through Leixlip—they halted at this place, the attractive resort of hundreds and thousands of Dublin citizens during the strawberry season—for Leixlip is renowned for its extensive and productive strawberry-banks. Scenery, equally soft and rich, borders both sides of the river Leffy, whose clear and rapid stream accompanies the traveller to Leixlip, and when there he will only find a difficulty in selecting his domicile amid the ornamental cottages and tea-drinking places which invite his attention on every side. Three and a half miles further and you reach Maynooth. Here the grand object is the college; it is an extensive, imposing building, separated from the town by a spacious enclosed area, and

it is kept in excellent order and repair. The number of students varies, but is in general from four to five hundred, and they are admitted at a very early age. The parliamentary annual grant of £9000 for the support of this college, is a continual subject of disputation. It was done from the best motives: the Catholic being the prevailing religion of the country, it was considered highly desirable to provide the means of education for the priesthood at home; otherwise, it was urged, the numerous young men desirous of devoting themselves to that office would be obliged to resort to foreign countries, from whence they might bring home notions and habits quite irreconcilable with their position as British subjects. In fact, before the endowment of Maynooth, the Irish had no resource but in their foreign establishments: they had colleges at Salamanca, at Valladolid, and at Paris. These are, of course, now little resorted to; although Salamanca in particular, is in such high repute as a school of divinity, that the most distinguished among the Irish priesthood are very thankful to avail themselves of its advantages. Doctor Murray, the present Catholic Archbishop of Dublin, was a student of Salamanca, and so also was his predecessor Dr. Doyle. It cannot be doubted, that the facility of education afforded by Maynooth has swelled the ranks of the priesthood, and brought forward a number of persons from low ranks, who may be expected to be among the most bigotted and prejudiced of the fraternity. For about twenty pounds a year, in many cases for much less, a student may go through the college course, and be boarded and lodged gratis. The discipline is said to be good, and the professed course of study not to be objected to; but the question is, whether the students are not admitted too early and dismissed too soon;—whether Maynooth, being their all of improvement, these farmers' and small landholders' sons have not, by far,

too scanty a measure of liberal instruction to influence them during the course of after-years of professional country labour. What is said, and what has never been contradicted of their occasional coarseness, low feeling, and violence, confirms one in the fear that sufficient pains are not taken to teach those who are to be the teachers of a fierce and headstrong people.

To those who have never visited a Catholic seminary, Maynooth must be interesting. The monk-like dormitories; each cell furnished with its table, chair, bedstead, mattress, and crucifix; the regular pauses for prayer and private meditation, restricted diet on meagre days; the early summons to mass, and, lastly, at ten o'clock, the visitation of the inspector, who, looking in upon every cell, utters his *Benedicamus Domine*, understood as the signal for retiring to rest. So begins and ends each day for the Catholic student; but he is allowed two months of absence in every year, and these he generally spends with his country friends,—nor does he always return, for many a young man finds he has mistaken his vocation, and renounces it before his novitiate is completed.

It was Mr. Mowbray's plan, after spending a few more days in Dublin, to devote a little time to the nothern and western counties of the province of Leinster; and in pursuance of this idea, he set out with a Drogheda gentleman who had come up to town on business, proposing to halt a day or two in that town, and give himself time to visit some of the memorable scenery of the Boyne river. The road by which they travelled was that nearest the sea, which took them through good part of the county of Dublin, after leaving which they entered that of East Meath. Drogheda itself is situated on the Boyne, and is partly in East Meath, partly in Louth county. Mr. Mowbray looked with interest on a place which, through history,

was familiar to him as one of the scenes of Oliver Cromwell's prowess and perseverance, and also of his unfeeling severity. Owen O'Neil, one of the most remarkable men Ireland has produced, had long maintained a sturdy contest with the English government. He was himself the descendant of a long line of princes of native Irish blood, who, until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, exercised a sovereign power in their own estates. They and all the native Irish continued up to that time to be governed by their own ancient laws and institutions. They acknowledged the king of England as their king; but the English laws and form of government were only in use in that small district called "*the Pale*," which included the city of Dublin, and portions of the adjacent counties.

A number of English families had at a very early period settled in Ireland, and, having become now naturalized, were Irish in all but descent, and shared the sufferings of the natives. The struggle between the Irish people and the crown, in fact, began in the time of Edward the Sixth. Henry the Eighth, when he brought in his schemes of reformation into England, wished to extend them to Ireland; and he was so far successful by means of conciliation and flattery to the most powerful of the chiefs, that they willingly adopted the king's measures; and some even of the Romish bishops accepted the reformed religion. But unfortunately Edward the Sixth adopted a harsher mode of treatment. Two of the chief families in Ireland having been engaged in a feud, their heads came over to England to prefer their complaint to the king, being farther encouraged to do so by his Lord Deputy Bellingham; but, instead of being kindly received, they were imprisoned, and their lands divided among Englishmen. This unhappy transaction became the model of many others; from this time it may be said that Irish

dissensions were the meat and drink of needy Englishmen. It is but too certain that the colonists in this unhappy country laboured to foment divisions among the inhabitants, that they might divide the spoils. Governed by the same rapacious spirit, they also too often made use of the sacred name of religion as a plea for oppression and confiscation. Little by little the English obtained lands and authority in the sister kingdom; but much more rapid was their progress in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The vigorous attempts of that queen to impose the Protestant religion on her Irish subjects, particularly an act obliging people of all persuasions to attend the service of the Church of England under severe penalties, alienated numbers; and the powerful Irish chieftains, who saw the predicament in which they stood, gathered up their strength, and kept watch for every opportunity of resisting the encroachments of their governors, till about the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, when they broke out into a rebellion which it cost a vast amount of blood and treasure to quell. At length, however, the Irish were subdued, and the flying chieftains left their paternal lands to the mercy of the conquerors, who divided or sold many of them among the English and Scotch. From this time the whole island was brought under the dominion of British laws, and the Irish lords who were inclined to a peaceable settlement were invited to surrender their *chiefries*, and take grants for their lands by patents from the crown. But it was in the provinces lately occupied by the *insurgent* chiefs that the materials for future strife were accumulating. The province of Ulster belonged in great part to two of these refugees, O'Neil and O'Donnel; and 500,000 acres of land were, by their flight, placed at the disposal of the crown. King James the First, finding himself thus endowed, eagerly seized the opportunity of

making a Protestant plantation in Ulster, and accordingly contracted with the city of London for the sale and bestowment of these lands, endeavouring, as far as possible, to exclude the original Irish tenants. In order to accomplish this end, innumerable tenants of the forfeited lands were forcibly driven from their occupations. A large proportion of these farmers were totally innocent of the offences of their chiefs; and the cruelty with which they were forced from their dwellings, and driven up into the mountains at the point of the pike, though it does not excuse their bloody revenge, renders their motive more natural and comprehensible. In the winter of 1641 their terrible rage had vent. They poured from their mountain holds, swept the new plantations from the face of the land, and obtained their lands again. The slaughter was great on both sides: it was begun under the command of Sir Phelim O'Neil; but he was soon superseded by Owen O'Neil, who repressed to the utmost of his power the violence of his followers; but no genius nor humanity can prevent the disastrous calamities of a civil war once entered into. Many excellent men on the English side were either compelled to leave a land they were labouring to civilize and improve, or died martyrs to the spirit of rapacity and dissension. Among the first were Archbishop Usher and Robert Boyle: among the last the excellent Bishop Bedell.

The disorders were of longer continuance because of the unsettled state of England at this period. Charles the First was busied in his parliamentary wars, and both parties alternately appealed to the Irish, who alternately favoured one or other; but the Parliament having achieved the victory in England, Cromwell was sent over to finish the work in Ireland. Never was an enemy's land dealt with more summarily. His first march was

upon Drogheda, a place of considerable strength and importance, which had been taken with considerable difficulty by the rebels. Hugh O'Neil had garrisoned it with care; and its governor, Sir Arthur Acton, a Catholic, was a man of undaunted courage and great judgment. The siege was sustained with great vigour, and Cromwell spared no pains to make himself master of the place. The garrison meantime fought for their lives, and held out till all except a remnant were destroyed: these submitted upon terms. But Cromwell, exasperated at their long defence, ordered them all to be put to the sword, except about thirty, who were sent to Barbadoes, and there sold as slaves, a fate worse than death, and one which Cromwell seemed to have a particular taste for bestowing on his captives. He then proceeded to Wexford, the garrison of which place shared the same cruel fate.

Mr. Mowbray, having visited the chief objects of interest in Drogheda itself, was next disposed to see the field of the celebrated battle of the Boyne. About two miles from the town, on an eminence, is an obelisk commemorating King William's victory of the 1st of July, 1690. From this hill the eye took in the whole scene of combat; it was difficult to conceive the cultivated tract of country which now met the eye, torn up by hostile armies; and to imagine to oneself the bright waters of the Boyne, now sparkling in the sun, dyed with human blood. Here was fought the battle for supremacy between the Stuarts and the nation; and every Englishman and Protestant, whatever pity he may feel for the fate of the Irish, must rejoice in the defeat of James the Second. Nothing was ever more unfortunate for the Irish than their temporary alliance with the ill-judging, tyrannical Stuarts: a similarity of religious opinion alone formed the bond of their connexion; but they ought to have known better than to

place any reliance on those who from first to last had proved themselves the foes to civil liberty.

Our traveller's next stage was to Navan. This is a market and post-town of East Meath; and it is very pleasantly situated at the junction of the Boyne and the Blackwater. At this place Mr. Mowbray was joined by his servant Brady, whom he had left in Dublin for the day or two of his stay at Drogheda. To his surprise Brady did not come alone, or by the coach; he was driven into the inn-yard on a car by a sagacious-looking countryman, whom he introduced to Mr. Mowbray as a bit of a cousin, living near Tarah, within a few miles of Navan. He was coming to Navan-market, and had offered Brady the benefit of a free conveyance: "and for the matter of that," said Brady, "it would have done your Honour good to have seen the ould, ould place up the hill where Bill Hogan lives. It is worth more than all the Protestant mills and spinning-machines in the world!"

"Oh, you mean the old palace at Tarah!" said Mr. Mowbray, "but the best authorities say there never was a palace there at all!"

"Don't believe 'em yer Honour, pray don't! Sure 'tis written down almost like Gospel that all the ould Irish princes, bless their race, used to be crowned on the hill at Tarah; and is it likely now they wouldn't raise a covering for their blessed heads?"

"Well, Brady, I cannot deny what you say about the princes; and I believe the states used to meet there every three years: so it is possible after all that they had a palace or something of the kind."

"Certainly, Sir! and Mr. Moore, you know, Sir, has written a song about 'The Harp that once in Tara's Halls!'"

"So now let us go and see about Navan," said Mr.

Mowbray, "and I must not forget Ardbraccon: can any one show me the way?" Plenty of guides offered themselves, and one was selected who readily undertook to walk to the above-named village of Ardbraccon, about two miles distant, where is the episcopal palace, built from J. Wyatt's designs. In the burial-ground of the church are two tombs of great interest, one to the memory of Bishop Pocock, the traveller; the other to Bishop Montgomery. Another object of interest to Mr. Mowbray was also visited this morning, a round tower seventy feet high, remarkable for a cross engraved on the keystone of the doorway. This rises about a mile from Navan, near the road leading to Slieve. The next stage was Kells, on the Blackwater; this town abounds with ecclesiastical antiquities, the remains of an abbey founded by St. Columb, and a market-cross, on which are Irish characters and curious sculptures. Kells is an ancient bishopric, now incorporated with the see of Meath. There are some fine woods and grounds in the neighbourhood, particularly those of the Marquis of Headford; and the poor seemed to be employed, though at a low rate; but the beggars from Connaught, and from parts of Longford were numerous. These creatures are heavily accused by the residents. They certainly substract much from the means of support of their own inhabiting poor, and take more than their share of the farmer's potatoes. In fact, Mr. Mowbray was credibly informed that a small shopkeeper in the neighbourhood had purchased of one of these confirmed beggars as much as three-hundred stone of potatoes,* the result of his begging; yet such is the habit of giving, that no one seems to dream of refusal.

From Kells they went to Castle Pollard, near which is the

* Report, p. 345.

seat of Lord Longford, called Pakenham Hall, a noble and interesting place. This is in the county of West Meath, part of which county is beautifully ornamented with lakes and woods. In general, however, the centre of Ireland is boggy and flat, and less interesting than the parts nearer the coast; and Mr. Mowbray felt the less regret, since his time did not admit of his travelling far to the west, that he could not reach Longford county, though the name of Edgeworth proved a powerful attraction in that direction. But he began, and he did not conceal it from his faithful servant, to be tired of much that he met with while travelling in Ireland. The beggars distressed him, and yet more was he annoyed by two or three unhappy disturbances to which he was a witness, excited by the process of serving tithe notices on the small landed proprietors and farmers. One or two such sickening spectacles were enough for a quiet, humane man who, like Mr. Mowbray, had little enterprise, and being somewhat of an invalid, wished to journey on as peaceably as possible. Letters forwarded from Dublin, besides, urged his return to England, and he determined not to prolong for the present his travels in a country which, with all its objects of pleasurable interest, cannot be traversed without much of pain. Castle Pollard, therefore, he determined to make his most westerly point, and setting his face homewards, passing through Trim, the county town of West Meath, a short day's journey brought him back to Dublin. A few days more were devoted to friendly calls and visits among his friends. In the course of this time, he succeeded in persuading Brady, though with much difficulty, to exchange his service for one in Dublin, and though sorry to part with so affectionate a servant, was satisfied that the poor man would be happier among his own people. He would not, however, leave his master until the very last moment,

accompanying him to the steamer at Kingstown, and standing on the pier to watch the last moments of the rapidly retiring vessel. "To be sure," said he to himself, as he turned away at length, and retraced his footsteps to Dublin, "it's no wonder the English like their own land, seeing my heart's rising now to go back to it. But it would be unnatural entirely if an Irishman born were to desert the country that gave him birth, while he has meat and drink, and hands to keep him from a beggar's life. God bless the land, and all belonging to it! Erin ma vourneen! Erin go bragh!"

THE END.

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